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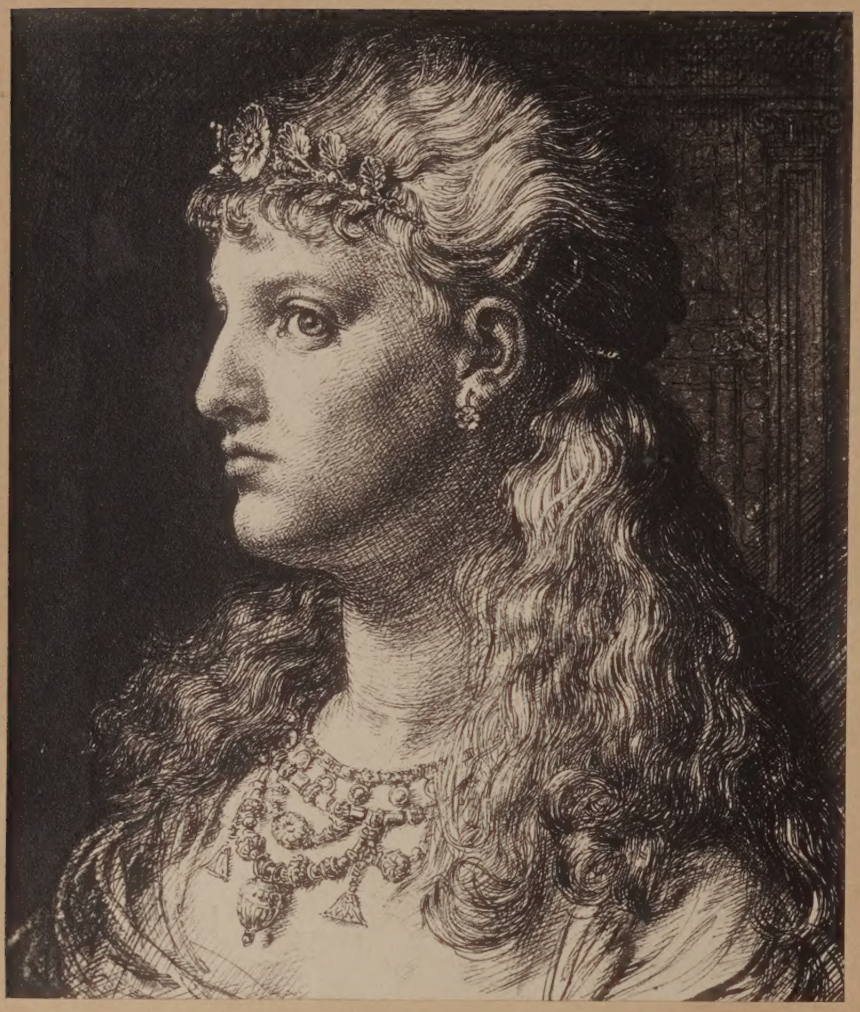

VASHTI.

REPRODUCTION IN AUTOTYPE OF A PEN DRAWING BY

E. J. POYNTER, A.R.A.

PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

With Sixty-four Illustrations.

LONDON:
SEELEY JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
1870.

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ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

I.—EDWARD J. POYNTER, A.R.A.

AMONG the younger painters of England whose work departs from traditions exclusively English, and is such as to take its place in the general stock of trained European Art, Mr. Poynter is one of the most noteworthy. So far as the public were concerned, it was something of a sudden and startling success which this artist made two years ago with his 'Israel in Egypt.' But the more careful sort of observers had found in less considered earlier works, as the 'Siren' and 'Egyptian Sentinel' exhibited in 1864, the 'Pompeian Soldier' in 1865, the 'Offerings to Isis' in 1866, qualities such as rendered the success of 1867 no surprise to them. Neither was the work in this case marked by any of those other qualities that too often belong to a sudden success—to the success which is at the same time a surprise. It was marked by no ostentatious novelty or audacity of treatment, by no vulgar appeal to ephemeral sentiments; in a word, by no charlatanry either of execution or feeling. The applause which has not seldom been the reward of charlatanry in art is what makes the popular success of the year commonly an object of suspicion to the cooler class of judges, and what is apt to render a *fureur de salon* (and that especially in France) into as grave a misfortune as can befall an artist at the outset of his career. But the artistic gifts displayed in the 'Israel in Egypt' were as precisely as possible the reverse of the gifts of a charlatan. Were one to try and analyse the characteristics of this central example of Mr. Poynter's talent, one would have to speak, first, of a clear and determined practical sense, showing itself in the carefully rational and probable arrangement of the general scene, and in the effective realization and solution of every problem, whether of archæology or mechanics, which it suggested. And side by side with these evidences of keen reason and judiciousness, we should have to point to evidences of a not less keen and not less successful industry, and of a secure and firm-handed skill begotten of such industry. Upon every detail in that conception of the Jewish company toiling, as beasts of burden beneath the thong, amid the jumbled monuments of Pharaonic omnipotence, the marks of a victorious mental wrestle with the subject were set: upon every detail of its execution, the marks of a training such as to secure manual victory with no need of wrestling. The mental resoluteness and discretion gave us the

learned similitude of huge Egyptian temple-walls and corridors and granite monsters; the groaning mechanism at which the overladen gang of captives tugged; the telling and judicious inventions of the proud parasolled driver, the fainting Israelite, the dancing women, and the rest. The firm manual efficiency gave us a crowd of figures admirably drawn and admirably diversified in posture, and a mass of accessories rendered with a workmanlike and uniform completeness. Nevertheless, it would, I suppose, be a mistake to maintain that these two leading qualities of keen judgment and industrious skill were what mainly commended the work to most of us. These gifts might have been spent to less purpose by Mr. Poynter on his picture, had not its subject been fortunately one calculated to fix the interest of everybody. Englishmen love best the picture that possesses the most narrative or literary interest, quite apart from its pictorial value. Now it was the good fortune of Mr. Poynter's work, over and above its very high pictorial value, to possess the fullest measure of narrative or literary interest,—of the interest that belongs to books rather than properly to pictures. The book especially concerned in this case was the Bible. The realized spectacle of the children of Israel, the chosen of Heaven, the receivers of the Word, toiling in despised subjection beneath the yoke of Misraim, the heathen being raised up and the faithful being brought low; this spectacle, together with the learned presentment, in its visible aspect and circumstance, of the life of the mysterious, immemorial empire of the Nile, was such as could hardly fail to stimulate the imagination of any beholder, were his imagination never so sluggish. For the scholar or archæologist, Herodotus, Ewald, Bunsen, Milman, Wilkinson, Poole, Belzoni, Champollion, Rosellini; for the lover of music, Handel; for every beholder, the books of the Old Testament and the enchanted dawn of history, found in this picture comment and illustration. Hence, no doubt, its extraordinary popularity. For when, in the following year, Mr. Poynter exhibited his 'Catapult,' he obtained not nearly so much applause. Yet the 'Catapult' possessed, and possessed I think in greater maturity, whatever pictorial excellences had marked the 'Israel in Egypt.' There were here the marks of the same judicious and determined exercise of the designing and constructing faculty, I had almost written of the engineering faculty. The treatment of figures in strong action had here the same excellences, the same admirable thoroughness and accuracy of drawing,—perhaps also it should be added, the same defect, in so far as one or two of the figures had the look of being posed in the attitudes of pushing and pulling rather than of actually straining themselves to push and pull. But the supplementary intellectual suggestions of the work extended in this case over far narrower ground than in the other. They extended only to considerations of the conquering prowess and pertinacity of the Roman republic, and to the waste of human force involved in the use of imperfect siege-appliances. And as the public interest in Rome and in the history of artillery is to the public interest in Israel and in the thousand associations of

Hebrew and Egyptian antiquity, so was the public admiration of Mr. Poynter's 'Catapult' to the public admiration of Mr. Poynter's 'Israel in Egypt;'—according to what is in art quite a mistaken basis of proportion.

Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Poynter's admirers have upon the whole no cause, as the admirers of distinguished artists have sometimes had cause, to complain in his case of public apathy or hostility. On the contrary, they have rather to congratulate themselves on the choice by which those in authority have assigned to hands so capable the execution of some considerable public works of decoration.

There is here neither space nor occasion to discuss, what is a very interesting matter, the good and the evil which in these days an artist gets from the undertaking of large national commissions. On the side of good we should have to reckon scope and scale of opportunity for the exercise of his talent, the pleasure of public recognition, and the prospect of a reasonable reward. On the side of evil we should have to reckon the number of contending voices to which such work is subject, and, what is worse, the absence of that strong and sincere national spirit which in other times has supplied the artist illustrating his country's glory with spontaneous imagery such as to command heartfelt recognition and to awaken real enthusiasm. It is difficult in our day for an artist to illustrate his country's glory without having, to use Mr. Matthew Arnold's phrase, his tongue in his cheek. It is difficult for him to use quite seriously and sincerely the stock traditional imagery, no longer spontaneous and no longer answering to authentic emotions, of lions, tridents, shields, horns of plenty, the helmeted Britannia, the subject ocean, the red cross, and St. George for merry England. If, however, there are any qualities which can give artistic value and vitality to such national monuments as demand imagery of this kind, those qualities are precisely the masculine discretion and complete technical capacity, the readiness of resource, the trained knowledge and vigorous ingenuity, which, as I have said, seem to me the leading gifts of this artist. For the kind of work now in consideration, the diviner artistic gifts of passionate imagination, and the power of conceiving and creating beauty, are not so needful. And these are perhaps the gifts which, in the work which Mr. Poynter has as yet done, have been most to seek. This, however, is a criticism that the reader may check for himself by recalling the very delicate charm which has marked two water-colour portraits exhibited by Mr. Poynter in the Dudley Gallery, and which marked in almost the same degree his 'Proserpine' in the Royal Academy of this year.

We have been fortunate in securing for the illustration of the present pages an admirable example of Mr. Poynter's powers. The head here given is a reproduction, by the autotype process of photography, of a highly-finished sepia drawing. It is not for me to point out the thoroughly effective and masterly style of penwork in which it is carried out. Neither will the reader fail to recognise

for himself the character of the injured lady whom it is designed to represent,—the indignation, half-peevish and half-superb, of the froward Vashti, who lost her queendom for refusing to exhibit herself at the king's bidding before his guests in his palace of Shushan. Why should she? Vashti I for one am inclined to pity as the proto-martyr of woman's liberty; as a victim to the tyranny of her husband and the spiteful counsels of the sycophant Memucan. Perhaps Mr. Poynter's drawing may engage new sympathies upon her side.

II.—ALBERT MOORE.

Coupled with the name of Mr. Poynter, that of Mr. Albert Moore had the privilege, during the last session of Parliament, of coming into notice in one of the debates in which that august assembly from time to time encourages art, artists, and promoters of art in England. (The value of that encouragement which consists in random charges of extravagance, nay, of jobbery, and in cavillings directed with the impartiality of ignorance against all public art enterprises whatever, it is beyond the province of a humble critic to appraise.) This fact, rather than any special affinity of genius, may serve as a reason for coupling in the present place the names of these gentlemen.

For the readers of our magazine it is unlucky that we have not been able to set before them an example of Mr. Moore's work, such as might have illustrated, better than words of mine can illustrate it, his peculiar distinction of decorative draughtsmanship and composition. The case being so, he will, I hope, forgive the insufficiency of the attempt here to be made at interpreting, in the light in which they present themselves to me, the characteristics of his genius.

The work by which Mr. Moore first drew notice upon himself, although it was not the first which he exhibited, was a design of the 'Four Seasons,' executed on plaster as a scheme for mosaic treatment. This was detected by the eyes of the curious amid the nether shades of the Academy Sculpture-room and revealed the presence of an artist of a class not common among us—an artist applying himself altogether to the visible, decorative, form-and-colour department of his art, and scarcely at all to its intellectual, narrative, thought-and-fancy department. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, sat side by side, clad in thin raiment, and having behind them the dusk. No great care had been taken with the symbols by which each was identified, still less with their expressions of feature; but immense care had been taken with the pose of their limbs and the adjustment and colour of their draperies. Large and shapely human limbs in attitudes stately or gracious, and delicately coloured draperies falling over or withdrawn from these, have from the first been the material of Mr. Moore's art. The

draperies which he has from the first preferred have been light tissues, such as fold and crumple, or I should like to say crinkle, into a thousand delicate undulations and harmonious perplexities of curve, and that without concealing the limbs which they cover. A male or female human being, Greek-looking and heroical, not thinking about anything in particular, and not clothed beyond the point where clothes conduce to beauty, is his ideal; and he has the gift of drawing such figures exquisitely, and of disposing groups of them in dignified and delightful relations with one another. The reader may recall several such groups, varying considerably in size and importance, which have been exhibited during the last four or five years. There was the 'Elijah,' a ring of sinewy men bowing forward together with one impulse in awe at the fiery portent. There was the 'Shulamite,' a lovely listening group of women in faint silver and rose-colour. There was the 'Marble Seat,' with Greek girls and a Greek youth reposing by the edge of a flowery wood. There were the smaller 'Apricots,' 'Peaches,' 'Lilies,' in which women, each of whom was bespoken a goddess by her gait and gesture, were plucking fruit and flowers. There were the 'Musicians;' last year the 'Azaleas,' and this year the 'Quartett,' and a 'Venus.' In all of these, lovers of art have watched with interest the development of a very vigorous and very resolute artistic faculty directed to a single and very definite artistic aim. They have all borne the marks not only of a special ocular predilection, a special susceptibility to a certain class of beauties in the visible world, but of a special theoretical conviction, a set doctrine as to what are and what are not the proper aims of the painter. As I have said, Mr. Moore has never swerved from his habit, right or wrong, of making the decorative aspect of his canvas, regarded as an arrangement of beautiful lines and refreshing colours, the one important matter in his work. The subject, whatever subject is chosen, is merely a mechanism for getting beautiful people into beautiful situations; whereas in modern art the aspect, of the people and their situations, whether beautiful or otherwise, has been generally merely an instrument for expounding the subject.

The importance which this artist, by conviction not less than by instinct, sets upon the general decorative harmony, the visible concord and consentaneousness, of his work, leads him to subordinate, or even to suppress, all strong expression of dramatic feeling or momentary impulse in his faces. In so doing it cannot be denied that he is at one with the practice of the Greeks. It has been, indeed, a commonplace of criticism for the last hundred years, to observe that the Greeks neglected facial expression—by comparison, that is, with the manner in which moderns have insisted on it; that they allowed the face no more than belonged to it as a member, so to speak, of the corporeal aggregate, on equal terms with the arm or leg. That does not prevent Greek faces from being admirably and altogether beautiful, though with another beauty than that of transient feeling. Mr. Moore's coincidence with the Greeks in this matter—and when I say coincidence

the reader will understand that I am very far indeed from implying equality—has probably been arrived at by independent methods. Mr. Moore is indeed, I think, so far as any contiguity of modern to ancient art may be predicated at all, nearer in spirit to the Greeks than any other artist among us. But I do not know of any piece of his upon which one could lay one's finger and say that it had been directly suggested by Greek work, unless it were perhaps the two resting figures of female spectators which occur in the processional Œdipus design which the artist has executed for the proscenium of the Queen's Theatre. With reference to this kind of Greekness, I have quoted elsewhere, and must ask leave to quote again, what seems to me a luminous sentence of M. Villemain: 'Le sentiment de l'antiquité est une sympathie, une disposition de l'âme, beaucoup plus qu'il n'est une érudition, une doctrine.' This instinctive bias or disposition Mr. Moore does undoubtedly possess, and so far as this leads him his work is undoubtedly akin to Greek work. He stands nearly alone in our day in his realization of an ideal physical nobleness in the human type, and in his power of arranging and combining the lines of the human form into a visible rhythm and symmetry not less delightful than the audible rhythm and symmetry of music.

In the careful and subtle manner of design by which these ends are attained, one may see the results of an industry as keen and as determined as that which I have just spoken of in another artist. In the distribution of colour, again, Mr. Moore displays always a determined and deeply considered choice; but in this case a choice which is, to my mind, not entirely commendable. In all his later works (for in earlier works, as the 'Elijah,' he was by comparison a realist) Mr. Moore has taken the part of treating colour simply as a decorative episode in nature, to be dealt with by the artist at his discretion. In other words, he colours not to imitate life, but to produce an agreeable pattern. A delicate instinct leads him to attain what is his object,—could any symphony of pale flesh-colour and white be sweeter than that of this year's 'Venus?'—but it is difficult to persuade oneself that his object is the right one. At any rate it has been attained, more perfectly even than Mr. Moore can attain it, on a thousand fans, screens, and printed hangings of Japan. And admire as cordially as one may the delicate colour-harmonies of the Japanese, one may fairly, I think, prefer in a picture another kind of colour,—the kind of colour which has been practised by the Venetians and by all the great schools of painting in Europe; the colour which is not a mere pattern, but which attempts to give something of the truth and the splendour of actual nature. Harmony, delicacy, depth, force, relief, lustre, preciousness, splendour, mystery, truth, glory;—all these, except harmony and delicacy alone, seem to me to be wanting in the thin and abstract system of colour adopted by Mr. Moore. And that want seems to me (if I may without offence or presumption say so) to leave him as yet almost as incomplete a painter as he is assuredly a consummate designer and born artist.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

PINNACLE OF SAINT LOUIS: SENS.

Imp. Lemercier & Cie Paris

I am not quite sure whether the system of making miniature buildings by way of ornament to big ones, of which the best Gothic architects were fond, was not somewhat puerile. For instance, here it seems to me just a little childish, or *naïf*, to build a little castle tower upon tower, with tiny imitations of windows, by way of a pinnacle over the head of Saint Louis. What are the little windows and the little towers for? Nobody but Lilliputians could inhabit them. So I have always thought that miniature architecture, in caskets and carvings generally, is puerile; and yet the middle-age artists, of the best time, were fond of it, and would build a small silver cathedral on the top of a bishop's crosier.

THREE PHASES OF MUNICH ART.

THE great works which have made Munich one of the chief Art capitals in Europe are almost too well known to need description—the Basilica, the Hof Kapelle, and the Church of St. Ludwig, not to mention palaces and museums, with their endless mural decorations, constitute, by common consent, an art development, which scarcely has its parallel in modern times. The school thus formed some fifty years ago sought to revive the arts of the Middle Ages; Churches were built after ancient types and painted with Scripture histories, as in the days of Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Michael Angelo. The works thus turned out under the orders of King Ludwig, if somewhat stilted, mechanical, and colourless, usually possess elevation of thought, with a certain grandeur of style.

This imposing art development, which constitutes the first phase of the Munich school, had its chief representative in Cornelius, the avowed disciple of Michael Angelo. The writer of the present notice now once again stands before the artist's greatest achievement, 'The Last Judgment,' a fresco sixty feet high in the Apse of the Ludwig Kirche; the conception is sublime, the forms are grand, the treatment simple and severe. Yet, perhaps, something less grand were more within the range of human sympathies, and better in accordance with the spirit of the present age. The spectator is oppressed rather than elevated, he feels that the work must have cost tremendous labour, in fact it was twelve years in concoction, and thus proved, as was likely, not so much a creation as a compilation. It rises as a huge bas-relief, carved in red sandstone; the composition is flat, hard, and of repellent colour; each actor in the tremendous drama, whether it be King Ludwig among the blessed, or Luther thrust to the side of the damned,

he believes that water-glass is as luminous and transparent as fresco; that any supposed difference is dependent not on the process, but upon the individual painter; he considers the cause of the clouding of the pictures in the Houses of Parliament to be in the use of a too strong solution. In conclusion, Professor Piloty spoke of certain improvements latterly effected in the process, both as to the preparation of the grounds and of the colours, and he felt anxious to afford every facility for inquiry, as he is convinced that there is for water-glass painting a great future in Europe.

The sustained confidence of the Munich school in fresco and in water-glass as means of mural decoration, contrasts strongly with the despair of our English painters, not to mention the masons who mix mortar. Lord Elcho when in the chair at the Society of Arts stated, as a sober fact, that of the two men employed in the Houses of Parliament in preparing grounds for frescoes, one had become raving mad and the other melancholy mad; whereas the writer can aver that in Munich the man who worked for Cornelius, Hess, and others, is still hale and in his right mind, partly, possibly, because he finds his labour sound and enduring. But indeed the reasons are only too obvious why German painters have succeeded while our artists have failed. The Munich school is strong in drawing, it pronounces its forms boldly, its lines firmly; it likewise is thoroughly well trained in the conditions essential to mural decoration, the style is severe and symmetric, the treatment broad and simple. In Munich, moreover, there are chemists, such as Liebig and Pettenkofer, who can reduce the permanence of a pictorial process to somewhat like the certitude of a scientific demonstration. When these conditions shall subsist in England it will be safe to resume the practice of mural painting, but not before.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

ŒNONE.

REDUCED COPY IN AUTOTYPE OF A SKETCH BY

E. BURNE JONES.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

III.—EDWARD BURNE JONES.

TO some readers it may seem strange that, in a series of essays on living English painters, a prominent place should be given to the name of a painter who is as yet known only by his work in water colour; who has as yet exhibited no picture in the more permanent and dignified medium; and whose title to applause has been by some contested and by others denied. And yet, I think, no one at all adequately acquainted with the English art of to-day, and acquainted at the same time with the great art of the expiring Middle Age and early Renascence in Italy, would dispute the importance of the place held by Mr. Jones as a link of connexion and of resemblance between the two. This, as I shall have to explain further on, does not imply, or implies only for the ignorant, that Mr. Jones is an imitator of the past, a devotee of mediævalism, or galvaniser of extinct phases of art. On the contrary, the strength of his work lies in its genuine expression of an imagination which is no whit the less an imagination of the nineteenth century because it does not deal with figures in nineteenth-century hats and bonnets. The origin of the random charges of affected mediævalism, and the like, that have been aimed at Mr. Jones's work since it was first set before the public, will appear clearly enough, if I am right in the account which I render to myself of them, in the course of the following remarks. Beyond pointing to the facts (where any facts exist) that have given rise to these charges, I shall not further concern myself with them.

From one point of view, the present may be held an inconvenient season for attempting an estimate of Mr. Jones's artistic position. It is precisely a season of transition in his art; when his art is assuming a wider scope and a larger scale; when the obviously powerful qualities of it are pronouncing themselves every day more vehemently; and when we may every year look in his work for the evidences of a new security, solidity, mastery, ambition. But, on the other hand, the rare fragrance and essence of poetical imagination and poetical realisation (and herein lie the peculiar charm and proper magic of his genius) can scarcely be more palpable there in the future than in the past. So that still, without prejudice to the securer triumphs that certainly remain for the confirmed powers of this artist, it is fair, I think, at the point of time at which we have arrived, to attempt an analysis of those qualities which have hitherto made his art what for many of us it has been,—delightful, that is, in despite of immaturity, almost beyond any contemporary painting.

Mr. Burne Jones, then, without early destination for the artist's career, and without the early training which such destination confers, was by predilection drawn to that career at the close of his term of undergraduate residence at Exeter College, Oxford. The circumstances of English art at the moment—of the section, that is, of English art which attracted him—were peculiar. The war-cries that had rung for the cause of Præ-Raphaelitism and against it were sinking, but had not yet sunk, into silence. Præ-Raphaelitism was just passing out of one phase into another. It was passing out of the strenuously militant and passionately earnest phase,—the phase in which its productions were marked not only by the zealous elaboration of every near and every distant detail, by a fearless application of the vividest pigments and a resolute fidelity to whatever was singular, whatever was angular, whatever was quaint or ill-modulated in the thing copied; but also by the evidences of an ardent apostolate, a reforming heat not merely in art but in life. Out of this phase Præ-Raphaelitism was passing, under the influence of its chief master, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, into a second and different phase. It was due to public hostility that this change took place aloof from public observation. Its history has yet to be written. One may describe it roughly by saying that it was a transition from sympathy with the religious aspirations of early art to sympathy with the æsthetic temper of early art. Mediæval art (and that art of the early Renascence which it is impossible to separate from mediæval art), had worked freely, simply, delightfully, and fruitfully. It had done this by virtue of the peculiar temper and attitude in which artists could in those days regard the material of their art. These were the temper and the attitude of uncritical credulity, unreflecting enjoyment, simple and genial intimacy with their material whatever it chanced to be; whether it chanced to be the beauty of the nature about them; the beauty, quaint to us but natural to them, of their own furniture and the appliances of their life; or whether it was the remoter material of history, romance, and legend,—jumbled unhistorical history, mystical romance, knightly or saintly legend. All these things they regarded with an eager curiosity, an uncritical delight and wonder of the keenest kind. All these they could employ and adorn in their art, and still more in their poetry; shedding over them the gay and vivid colour of their own outward lives, the vivid and passionate humanity of their own inner spirits. Still more in their poetry, I repeat; since it was mediæval literature, the literature of Chaucer and the whole fellowship of great and garrulous story-tellers, that influenced still more than mediæval painting this second phase of so-called Præ-Raphaelitism. Its disciples at this second stage felt that they could express the love of beauty that was in them more beautifully, the thought and emotion that were in them more freely and fruitfully, if they could bring back their art to that childish attitude of the early poets, if they could create for their art an unscientific and uncritical No-man's-land of beauty and enchantment, where all the figures of all the world's history and all

the offspring of all the world's imagination might be free to roam together among flowery groves, and greet one another in joy or sorrow, wearing whatso apparel they pleased and conversing with one another in whatso guise they would. In their efforts towards the attainment of this unfettered simplicity of expression, this freedom from science and self-consciousness, there fell upon the school I speak of something of seeming affectation and perversity, due partly to insufficient early training among them, partly to their isolated position, partly also to the necessities of the case. In an unsimple age the attempt to be simple at first involves quaintness and awkwardness as a necessity.

'In the pre-critical ages, men were content to remember, and capable of enjoying in record, movements, attitudes, and actions, which to their descendants seem painfully discordant with the sentiments or events to which they are attached by association. The attempt to set ourselves back into that lost state of mind is like trying to jump off our shadow. The acquired nature has become, by hereditary transmission, one with the original stock. Strong necessity forbids us to be simple, as men were simple to whom life itself and their own thoughts presented in comparison little variety; and the attempt to be so is avenged by the appearance of a special affectation.'*

The progress of the school, both in poetry and painting, has consisted in getting rid of this appearance of a special affectation, in proving that their Art was no sickly exotic, but a robust growth suited to the air of the times; that, for all their sympathy with the archaic manner of expression, the things they had to express were no whit archaic, but modern, but classical, but perennial, and lovely for one generation no less than for another. This they have now in great part achieved. For poetry this has been achieved by Mr. Morris. He is now manifestly at home, without a semblance of awkwardness or affectation, in that happy temper of the mediæval imagination, the temper of all-accepting credulity and all-fertilising enjoyment. And the work done by Morris has its pictorial analogue in the work done by Mr. Jones. To charge this with mediævalism or archaic quaintness to-day is mere ineptitude. It is work, though far enough from perfect, still catholic and central in character; work inspired by Michelangelo and Phidias just as much as by the early purists of Italy, by Homer just as much as by Chaucer and the romance-writers of the Middle Age.

Such, then, very roughly sketched, was the nature of the prepossessions and sympathies amidst which Mr. Burne Jones entered on the pursuit of painting. A subtle and penetrating sentiment, partly of passion, partly of purism, partly of nervous lassitude and dejection, (the note of how much in our modern natures!)

* I take the pleasure of citing these phrases from the work of a dear friend dead before his time —Mr. Burnell Payne—to whom, had he lived, the task of which I am now acquitting myself should have fallen. In a singularly delicate and pregnant essay of his in *Macmillan's Magazine* for last June, and in some other articles contributed by him to a short-lived periodical, *The Student*, is contained the best that has yet been written on the phases of painting and poetry here occupying us. In these he did justice to what space forces me to leave out of account here—the 'clear and noble enthusiasm' of the 'glorious book' with which Mr. Ruskin set us all fermenting about these things.

a refined melancholy in the midst of a gracious and tender loveliness, found their expression from the first in all that he attempted. To these, just at the beginning, were added the last traces of the religious inspiration of early Præ-Raphaelitism—a lingering savour of ascetic devotion and Christian sanctity. Very soon this had merged itself into a more robust and liberal love of beauty for beauty's sake, of pagan beauty as well as Christian. But the first publicly noticeable pictures of the artist were of a distinctively Christian and devotional character, and, with all their beauty of colour, were partly ascetic in sentiment. There was a naïf 'Annunciation,' in which the Virgin knelt in her night-clothes, and with her blue slippers placed neatly together on the floor, before a window where the winged angel hovered amid rose-coloured almond-blossom. The tones of this picture were rose-colour and crimson. Of another and stronger picture of the same time the tones were lurid and sombre green. This was an illustration of an adventure such as that recorded of Giovanni Gualberto at Samminiato—the good knight who, having spared his enemy in combat, went and prayed before a wayside shrine, when a miracle was vouchsafed to him, and the crucified image bowed itself in his sight. Here, perhaps for the first time, the peculiar poetical power of the painter, his peculiar power of harmonious and complete imagination, his '*art de passionner les détails*' (the phrase is De Stendhal's), fully asserted itself. Incomplete in technical expression as the work was, it was as complete as anything could be in imaginative expression. The wizard loneliness and sombre awe of a wooden roadside shrine, green with damp and moss, and having beneath it a huddled crop of flame-coloured marish-flowers, and beyond it a dark pond overgrown with water-lilies and overshadowed with the dense, furred growth of heavy trees—these were rendered with a mastery already complete. From that day to this, with his singular and powerful use of water-colour, or rather body colour, and with his amazing sense for the richer and graver kind of colour-harmony, Mr. Jones has not once failed to attain the utmost splendour and poetical propriety and intensity in his painting. His power of painting has been immensely in advance of his power of drawing. An exquisite perception of grace in form he has always shown; but in scientific precision in the copying of form he was long quite wanting. An indication, and a lovely kind of indication, of the place occupied by limbs and outlines, had to serve instead of any accurate making out of them. But every year has borne fresh signs of a determined effort to acquire the mastery that was wanting, a determined study of drawing. Later pieces have had more than beautiful composition and lovely and harmonious disposition of their parts; they have had drapery designed with thorough power, and figure-drawing showing the gradual acquirement of power, although with leanings towards a certain conventional adaptation of nature—as, for instance, an elongation sometimes of the nether limbs that has more of grace than of truth in it.

But it is waste of time to dwell on these things when the reader is desiring

to be reminded of the many works, delightful with whatever deficiencies, that Mr. Jones has year by year regaled him with: the exquisite 'Chant d'Amour,' with Love blowing the bellows of the organ upon which the lady played to her lover, two figures kneeling in the cool sequestered meadow grass, in view of the walls and gables of a little town asleep in the white dusk of dawn; or the 'Dorothy,' with its delicate groups of maidens saddened by the funeral procession of the Christian maiden just slain; or the glorious 'Cupid and Psyche,' crimson and azure, with the sudden awakening of that forgotten heart beside the silent lake, in the embrace of the winged and wind-borne god who loved her and forgave her; or, best of all, the 'Circe' of this year, with its impassioned details, its tragic intensity and clear completeness of imagination; or the 'Spring' and 'Autumn,' the mysterious promise of Spring and opulent indolence of Autumn, the one all green and saffron, with heartseases abloom below her and apple-boughs above, the other all crimson and heavy red, with citrons drooping by her head and water-lilies floating at her feet.

There may possibly be some among our readers to object that all these things are not life; that Mr. Jones, after all, does not paint nature, but a fantastic ideal of his own which is nothing to you or me, or any of us in the nineteenth century. To this we can only reply that Mr. Jones does not paint every-day nature; but that what he paints is the quintessence of nature when nature is loveliest. The choice and tender and gracious and moving aspects of nature, the restfulness of summer woods, the magic of the evening and the dawn, the mystery of the azure of the far-off mountains, the tremulousness of shaded waters, the poetry of fair buildings, the loveliness of garden bowers and trellised roses, the melody of songs sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, with ravishing division, to her lute; these are such things as he puts down for us upon his canvases. A flower painted by him is like a flower described by Keats; all the fragrance and colour and purity of it are caught and concentrated in the magic pencil-strokes. No; it is not the everyday nature which all of us can feel and see that this artist paints; it is the rare and soul-exalting and enchanted nature which only some among us can see and feel, but which, to those who can see and feel it, is the delight and wonder of life. The thing is to the work of ordinary painters what singing is to common talk, what poetry is to prose. Painting has been so universally, of late, put to the purposes of common talk and prose (things well in their way, but not the highest), that when a work painted, so to speak, at the musical or poetical pitch, is set before the critic, he does not know what to make of it. So he says, 'Why does not this gentleman drop his affectations, and paint real nature and real life?'—precisely as if one who did not know what singing was were to be taken to hear a Nilsson for the first time, and to say, 'Confound the woman! why does she make that noise instead of talking like you and me?'

The ideal figures that move in this ideal landscape of Mr. Jones are thoroughly

appropriate to it. In the tender pathos and sometimes tragic sadness of their exquisite faces they are always, to any spectator looking beyond the expression of mere momentary feeling, suggestive and attractive as ideal figures should be. Whether they are classical or mediæval,—Circe or Helen or Alcestis, or St. Agatha, or St. Agnes; or symbolical,—Seasons or Months or Hours or Powers; or pastoral,—Corydon piping love to amorous Phillida; or nameless youths and damsels playing to one another upon the theorbo or the mandolin; still they have always the same charm of profound and authentic feeling, the feeling of a poetically minded artist who loves the past, but who belongs every whit to his century, and unconsciously writes upon the figures of his fancy and of the past something of the character of his century, in pensive melancholy and the lassitude of spirits outwearied and distraught. That these figures have not always been powerfully drawn hitherto, criticism has told us with sufficient iteration. That they have always been exquisitely felt, exquisitely disposed, and above all superbly coloured, criticism has in the main omitted to tell us. The sum of the whole matter is this: that in most of the works as yet produced by Mr. Burne Jones there have been faults within the correction of any tiro, and that in all of them there have been beauties beyond the attainment of any modern master but himself. Criticism need not have had a word to say in defence of the faults—criticism ought to urge perfection upon art—but it should, I think, have had more words than it has had to say in applause of the beauties.

The example of Mr. Jones's work with which his kindness has enabled us to illustrate the present paper is one obviously not mediæval in character, but rather classical (so far as the words mediæval and classical have application at all to a kind of art that seeks to appropriate to itself the materials of one age and phase of thought just as much as of another). It is a rapid sketch for an oil picture, arrested in progress after the putting on of the first layer of white upon a dark ground. In such unfinished state, with none of its details wrought out, the piece possesses (for the present writer at least) a pregnant beauty and suggestiveness that could hardly belong to work carried to a farther stage of elaboration. Such an emblem of despair, not yet individualised and identified by the completion of details and accessories, has an intense and far-reaching significance like that of an air of music or a fragment of lyric verse. We have attached the name of Œnone to it; but it will serve, by virtue of that same lyrical or musical generality, for any other heroine forsaken and forlorn, passing out of sight of hope, and faint with the agony of renunciation. Thus, although perhaps not a typical example of Mr. Jones's genius as it has hitherto displayed itself, our 'Œnone' is yet, I think, both a fair and a striking example of a particular side of that genius. It illustrates the intense and yet ideal expression of passion which is one of the painter's special gifts; a special note of what seems to me the most beautiful as well as the most hopeful development upon which English Art has entered since the days of Gainsborough and Reynolds.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

tones in the chromatic scale, through only two or three years' exposure. 'How fortunate it is that a bit of the original tint was preserved,' you think, 'for comparison's sake! without this, I should never have discovered how my print was being spoiled! Send for the frame-maker at once, dear!' And if he is a clever man, he will return it to you with very little trace of its surface deterioration.

Something like this was the effect which the writer experienced on a recent visit to the Louvre collections, after five or six years' interval, and when fresh from the English National Gallery, which, rearranged in its present larger rooms and (generally speaking) put into good order, may serve for the protected piece of paper spoken of in the preceding paragraphs. Though not wholly accurate, the analogy is sufficiently near for use. Entering the great *Salon carré*, the first impression is of a general lowness and dinginess of tint. Were it not a fine Parisian sky out of doors, we should have believed that the fog, which explains so many British bad qualities, had followed us across the Channel. The different schools of painting, represented within the room with such variety and excellence, seem to have made a great approach to unity of tone, like rival politicians after dinner; one is not nearly so much struck with the interval, to memory or imagination so wide, between the colour of Poussin and the colour of Giorgione.

The difficulty is obviously so great to compare the condition of pictures before the eye with the remembrance of them at a distance of five, ten, or twenty years, that, had not the effect of similar works in our National Gallery been fresh in my mind, I should have clung to the preferable belief that the obscuration felt on all sides was due to fancy, or to one's own less vivid eyesight. I find, however, that others, who have also loved and studied the Louvre collection for many years, are sensible of the same deterioration. And though it is with diffidence that any one not personally versed in the mysteries of picture-cleaning (mysteries so august and dreadful!) must venture on the details of 'surface' and 'condition,' yet such inspection as I could make of the pictures certainly seemed to confirm the general impression just noted. Even to the passing eye they look dirty with surface dirt; clouded by breath and vapours; defiled by flies and dust. There are, I suppose, some English people, perhaps not so very few, to whom the treasures of the Louvre are among the cherished things of a journey to France;—to whom they form no small part among the most pleasing recollections even of Paris. Such visiters would feel it almost as a personal loss were they compelled to believe that the exquisite Giorgione 'Music-Party,' and Leonardo's 'Monna Lisa,' and the 'Belle Jardinière' herself, and (almost worthy to be named with these) Rubens' once-brilliant group of his wife and children, were not only losing tone as they are, but were losing it through some irremediable process of decay, or one only to be arrested by acids, and spirits, and transfer to new canvas, and all the other practices through which so many things of beauty have failed to be joys for ever. But it is not such a deterioration which

seems to be going on:—so far as I can judge, it is really one lying on the surface only, and removable by the simplest process of cleaning;—to be followed (as in the beautifully kept collection at the Hague, for example) by a daily but delicate purification with the lightest and most fairy-like of feather-brushes.

In some cases where the work is of the most precious order, depending for the artist's effect upon the maintenance of the true relation between tints, not only of the highest brilliancy, but of the most ethereal delicacy; work, in short, which exhibits oil-painting in its very highest and most characteristic perfection; the wish that human creatures two or three centuries hence may still know to what glories Art may rise, would certainly prompt the prayer that the pictures should receive the one and only ultimately efficient protection, and be placed behind glass. It is true, of course, that by so doing spectators lose something of the work,—those especially who have been familiar with a picture whilst unglazed,*—true that the general effect of the gallery is somewhat impaired; yet I believe it to be certain that this is incomparably the most efficient safeguard against the natural decay of a picture, whilst (by maintaining its purity of surface) it is equally efficient against that other form of decay to which even the most conservative of cleaners cannot help contributing. No student of Art can visit Italy, comparatively clear and smokeless as her atmosphere may be, without perceiving already what irreparable injuries time and man have wrought on many,—if I say *most*, will any but a curator venture to contradict me?—of her best treasures: most, and most malignantly, perhaps, at Venice; the place of all others where such ravage is to the last degree lamentable. If this be so in Italy, what must we expect in countries where the natural conditions of conservation are less favourable? Looking at the perishable materials and delicate structure of an oil-picture, and then at the injuries to which it is hence subject,—at the numbers utterly ruined, and that vast population of the sick and the maimed which meet our eyes everywhere in private and public collections,—it would not be, I fear, a rash conjecture that, three hundred years hence, the whole of the earlier Art, including even Reynolds and Turner, will survive in those canvases which we now glaze, and in those only.

I venture to press these considerations earnestly on those who are possessors or guardians of oil-pictures,—should any of them happen to be among my readers. In whichever capacity, they are trustees, not only for their own property and their own age, but for the civilization of the future. Some sacrifice of present pleasure and display ought, surely, to be made for so high a purpose, and in fulfilment of so

* It should be remembered that a glass, properly arranged, can be always removed when any reasonable occasion arises for the closer study of a picture. I am told by the most experienced authorities that the best plan, at least when the work is of moderate size, is that the glass, fixed in a strong independent frame of its own, should drop into a groove of the picture-frame. This method obviates the wrench which hinges give, if the glass be hung laterally, and it does not interfere with neighbouring pictures when removed: a more air-tight juncture of the parts is also facilitated.

honourable a trust. Nor (returning to the Louvre) could a better time for freely placing some three hundred of the best pictures under glass be found, than after they have been subject to the cleaning, of which the day cannot now be long deferred.

A few words may be added on another aspect of the Louvre, which, again, strikes an English visiter after seeing the National Gallery within its recently widened borders. Much is, indeed, left to be desired at Trafalgar Square; and it ought to be easy, when the next addition is made, to provide rooms more completely suited for their purpose. Yet, even as it is, the pictures are incomparably better seen than in the Louvre. The large *Salon carré* there is in every way unfortunate: too dark either for a splendid *coup d'œil*, or for individual examination of the pictures, whilst the Babel of style and the crushing effect of the large canvases upon the small would, even were the lighting improved, inflict torture upon the lovers of Art. Some exquisite things are now almost ruined by this accumulation of hostile circumstances;—the Titian 'Entombment,' and the 'Family Group' by Rubens, for example. In a word, this cabinet,—a mistaken imitation on a great scale of what looks well at Florence on a small,—unites almost every quality which should be avoided in a gallery, if the object of a gallery be to display its contents to advantage. But, in truth, the Louvre, after all the ingenuity and expense bestowed upon it, retains the character of a building erected for one purpose and diverted to another—that other, unfortunately, being one which can hardly be satisfactorily fulfilled except in a structure carefully planned for paintings and sculpture from the beginning. Hence, except the new 'Venetian' room, which has but two or three rivals in the world as a display of colour, scarcely anything in the Louvre is seen as it should be. The long gallery, dear to so many hundred visiters, though adequately lighted, is greatly overcrowded; whilst it is unsatisfactory to the mind to pass, without break or pause, from one school to another, as one traverses this immense tunnel of Art. There are also allegations that its position by the river-side is unfavourable to the conservation of oil-pictures. On the inadequacy of the sculpture galleries in general, I suppose the comparatively very few who care for that art are agreed: the lighting by side-apertures being one, at least, which no sculptor would tolerate an instant for his own works. The smaller pieces near the windows have a too contrasted light and shadow; the great groups in the centre of the rooms, and those in the connecting passages, stand in that general illumination derived from many sources which is technically called 'no light,' and which, though it looks soft and agreeable, is almost worse for the definition of really good sculpture than the window-recesses. Even 'Our Lady of Melos,'—whether she be Aphrodité or the local goddess (as appears the more probable),—is not seen so well as the most charming of the only three *great* pieces of sculpture (in the round), possessed by the collection, deserves.

The result of the preceding remarks, should those more familiar with the

Louvre than I can claim to be, admit their truth, is, that the picture and sculpture galleries should be entirely reconstructed internally: the pictures being arranged on the northern side away from the river, whilst the sculpture might be placed in one-story rooms, built within (or in place of) the smaller internal courts. The long gallery would then form a very fair position for the noble collection of drawings, hardly one-third of which are now to be seen under a proper light; whilst, by bringing the central opening of the large *Salon carré* lower down, and properly strengthening the floor, it might, perhaps, be fitted to hold a few groups of modern sculpture, as they are purchased for the nation.

The departments of Greek pottery and bronzes, if no part of these collections be reserved from public view, appear now to be those which (if I may trust a rather hasty examination) require strengthening. Adequate in numbers, they are deficient in choiceness. Were the writer a Frenchman, he would not look with perfect patience and pleasure on the exquisite vases from the Blacas collection in the British Museum. Really good Italian pictures, earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century—prior, in fact, to Mantegna—are also desirable; nor is the first age of Teutonic or of French art well represented.

Paris, in regard to visiters,—and for visiters it is now organised to a degree probably more or less uncomfortable to its non-commercial inhabitants,—is inevitably growing so comparatively deficient in those interests which appeal directly to the mind, that the importance of adding to the value of the Louvre is much increased. And, besides this, the nation has long entertained a just pride in its many treasures, which must make it unsatisfactory that they should be exposed to decay, or not shown to the very greatest advantage. These reasons will, I hope, be my excuse for a criticism which, should it find any readers among French lovers of Art, I commend to their lenient and courteous judgment.

F. T. Palgrave.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM A DRAWING BY

S. SOLOMON.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

IV.—SIMEON SOLOMON.

IT is only within the last few years that we have witnessed in England the rise of an art which differs as much from the one as from the other of the two classes into which English art (I speak of figure-painting) had hitherto mainly fallen,—I mean the class of genre or incident, in which the story told was everything; and the class of high art (too often passing into 'igh) in which history or the poets were illustrated on a large scale and according to prescribed traditions of style. In the last number of this periodical I tried to trace briefly the origin and rise of an art which falls into neither of these classes; which does not seek to be histrionically entertaining upon the one hand nor historically sublime upon the other; which seeks only, or in the main, to paint beautiful things beautifully. I have no doubt that this is the right aim for art to set itself; and I think we owe both thanks and interest to all rising or risen artists of our time who work with this aim before them. Among the class of rising artists whose aim it is to paint beautiful things beautifully, Mr. Simeon Solomon is certainly entitled to a place. His place is among that subdivision of the class which draws its inspiration from the past and from fancy. His work is to set forth the figures both of certain phases of the historical past, and of his own very fertile and peculiar fancy, in the choicest presentment of line and colour which he can devise for them. The phase of the historical past which first occupied the imagination of Mr. Solomon was the history, legends, and ceremonial traditions of his race,—that marvellous race which, by its law in prohibition of the making of images, has in great part prevented the splendid materials that its legends and ceremonies offer to art from being put to the service of art. With the universal loosening of dogmatic restrictions in our time has come, I understand, the relaxing of Jewish practice and Jewish prejudice in this matter. At any rate Mr. Solomon has found himself in a position to make use of the splendid materials of which I speak. The first work of his which attracted attention was a work on a subject of Jewish history. It was that picture of the infant Moses and Miriam which attracted the attention of Mr. Thackeray, and of which Mr. Thackeray spoke with applause in a Roundabout Paper. Not very long afterwards there was a Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca; and there

were several designs for larger compositions from the Old Testament which have not yet been carried out. The noticeable qualities of Mr. Solomon's art at this very early period of his career were an original invention, a considerable intensity of passionate expression, of that vague kind which does not depend alone upon the promptings of the immediate incident depicted; a grave harmony of colour in a key distinctly his own, and considerable care as well as grace of draughtsmanship. The influence of that phase of the Præ-Raphaelite transition, —that phase of English imaginative painting,—which I tried to describe in my account of Mr. Jones, had told upon Mr. Solomon by this time; and with it certain other poetical or imaginative influences such as bent his art for awhile in the direction of subjects of a rather strained and painful passion. The decadence of Rome, the history of Rome under the Empire, with its frenzy of luxury, its life alternating between ferocious passion and feverish lassitude, offered an ample range of such subjects. The first conspicuous success that Mr. Solomon made upon the Academy walls was with a subject from the Roman decadence, a subject, which most of my readers no doubt remember, of ladies at a gladiatorial show. As a study of the shades of ferocity, indolence, indifference, lassitude, compassion, upon a set of beautiful faces of the patrician Italian type, this very remarkable picture fully deserved all the praise it gained. It is the only work of the first importance that Mr. Solomon has contributed to the Royal Academy. Since then his chief displays and chief successes have been at the Dudley Gallery exhibitions of Water-Colours. In the management of water-colour Mr. Solomon developed a peculiar genius. He produced a richness and splendour of effect in the imitating of lustrous or metallic surfaces, cloths of gold or silver, or gold or silver ornaments, crowns, chains, caskets or chased work, that no other painter has rivalled. Although he had ceased to produce compositions illustrative of the past history of his race, the past and present religion of his race, and the religion also of the Christian Churches of the East, gave him occasion for the exercise of this peculiar gift. For the last five years the Dudley Gallery exhibition has seldom been without a ceremonial piece, whether of one figure or many, done with this unique splendour and lustre of imitative colour. The Roman decadence, with its emperor Heliogabalus, high-priest of the sun, supplied another occasion for such an achievement. Sometimes the occasion has been supplied by emblematic fancies in which a mystical union of Pagan and Christian symbolism has been effected, according to a sentiment which does not commend itself very strongly to the present writer. Far more admirable have been some purely Pagan studies, especially two of the Dionysiac kind, one quite early and one more recent, in which solid richness of execution and intensity of sentiment—sentiment bordering a little on the crapulous, but here thoroughly in its place—have been carried about as far as they could go.

But the most charming class of work which Mr. Solomon has hitherto produced has been that in which he has trusted entirely to his imagination. Visitors

to the Dudley Gallery will have noticed sufficient examples—they have the opportunity of noticing two such examples while I write—of ideal imaginative pieces, conceived according to no historical date or manner, although in some degree according to the artistic precedent of Morland, a little according to that of Stothard, a little even according to that of Blake. These are pieces of which the figures, attired in a graceful conventional costume with a hint of the eighteenth-century about it, make love or sing songs or tell pathetic or heroic stories to each other, or look heroic or pathetic for no special reason but because such is their nature; designs always full of the prettiest painting, abounding in poetry both of colour and feeling, in grace although not in strenuousness of form and composition, in charm and beauty: but apt to err a little, I think, on the side of affectation and over-doing in the facial type, of insufficient manliness, of ambiguous and indiscriminate sentimentalism. The form under which these and similar inventions of our artist's are perhaps most entirely acceptable is that of slight suggestive designs in pen or chalk. Of these he has produced a great many; and the best of them have been photographed and published by Mr. Hollyer—the photographer of our present 'Night and Day' design. Nothing can be more admirable in composition, more sympathetically or poetically tender and fanciful than many of these are; for instance, the designs of 'Love singing to a lady,' 'Love telling tales to boys,' 'Love telling tales to girls.' Sometimes a profounder hint of real and high allegorical imagination occurs, as in the 'Amor and Libido' design; or as in that of 'Death leading a maiden away from the embrace of Love;' while sometimes a study of one or more heads shows a real insight into, and real power of rendering, the more impassioned and mysterious kind of beauty in the faces of men and women. In the meantime, Mr. Solomon has not yet, I think, achieved any important work that is quite worthy of his powers; and one cannot help wishing that he would bend himself to some grave enterprise of the old Biblical or Roman kind, instead of dispersing his energy in hints, sketches, and fancies however exquisite.

V.—FREDERICK WALKER.

I HAVE said that Mr. Solomon's place among artists is in the class of those who aim at painting beautiful things beautifully, and in that subdivision of the class who draw their inspiration from the past and from fancy. I have now to speak of an artist who belongs to another subdivision of that class—an artist who, seeking to paint beautiful things beautifully, draws his inspiration from the present and from reality. Mr. Frederick Walker, although by no means a veteran, may almost be said to be a leader among us in his own peculiar field. It would be hard to point to any English artist before him who, dealing exclusively

with contemporary life, had insisted so little upon the dramatic or histrionic aspect of it, and occupied himself with its properly picturesque or pictorial aspect. Mr. Walker, like an artist who understands the scope of his art, has cared much less about the momentary dramatic relations of his figures with one another than about their permanent pictorial relations with the spectator. Their reciprocal loves or hates, the jealousies they are undergoing or the jokes they are enjoying, are matters of much less moment than the pose of their limbs and outline of their faces, and the adjustment of the draperies they wear. Starting in the practice of art where Mr. Walker started, it is strange that he should have come to break such a path as this for himself. Mr. Walker started, like many other successful artists of our time, as a designer on wood for the illustration of popular periodicals. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Walker's earliest, or nearly his earliest, achievements, were the designs for wood-engraving with which he illustrated some of Mr. Thackeray's works in the 'Cornhill Magazine.' Mr. Thackeray had been fortunate in his illustrators. In having himself for his own illustrator sometimes, he may be accounted in so far fortunate as a certain harmony between the words and the picture is gained when both proceed out of the same imagination; although his want of technical security and strength of line, and his inability to draw facial beauty, took off much from the completeness of his illustrations of himself. In one of his books—'The Newcomes'—he may be accounted altogether fortunate. His illustrator—Mr. Doyle—seems here to have been penetrated through and through with the spirit of the book; Mr. Thackeray's noble and pathetic conception of the old Colonel is realized nobly and pathetically, and Thomas Newcome confronts us upon every page in his actual aspect as we know he must have been. Belsize, Florac, the Rummun Loll, Barnes Newcome, Mrs. Hobson Newcome, Madame d'Ivry, M. de Cabasse, are all actually and unimpeachably here. Pathetic or humorous dramatic reality in art was never carried further, and that in the kind of art where such reality is of most moment. For the other kind of art-qualities, as composition of line or distribution of black and white, these designs were not remarkable. When Mr. Walker came to illustrate some of the stories published in the early years of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' he brought to the task nothing like Mr. Doyle's sharp-sighted power of dramatic pathos or humour. But on the other hand he brought a much greater power already of composition of line and distribution of black and white. The designs of an artist almost invariably suffer heavily in the interpretation of the engraver; and even where an artist brings a more thorough understanding and simplicity than I think Mr. Walker brought to his wood designs, the fussy, tricky and unmasculine manner of modern English wood-engraving is apt to mar the result. In short, Mr. Walker's wood illustrations, as they appeared in the 'Cornhill,' cannot by any means be said to have been perfect examples of the art. But there was manifest in them from the first a very fine sense of beauty

and a very precise gift of drawing; both the desire and the power to detect and develop, to arrest and complete, those subtle adjustments and choice attitudes of the human limbs which give to the human body, even under the disfiguring hulls of our century, a look for a moment of real beauty and real majesty; which for a moment, in the eyes of a true artist, are able to set Miss Smith or Mr. Jones in the same category as the Venus of Melos or the Belvedere Apollo,—in the category, that is, of visible human shapes so formed and so disposed as to delight the eye in contemplation and to awaken in the mind associations of majesty or graciousness. That, I think (expressed in terms somewhat abstract), is the key-note of Mr. Walker's genius, and a key-note that made itself heard even in these imperfect and imperfectly expressed designs.

As soon as the walls of the old Water-Colour Society gave Mr. Walker an opportunity for expressing his art predilections in colour, the scope of his talent became clear enough. His first pictures were generally amplifications in water colours of designs previously used for book illustration. His sense of beauty and his gift of precise drawing were in these at once more manifest than they had yet been, and were enhanced by the evidences of a fine sense of colour besides. Mr. Walker showed his calling to be that of one who could successfully solve the most pressing of artistic problems—the problem of getting artistic beauty into the treatment of the things of our own day. He was first, or nearly first, to set before us figures of our own day going about their daily avocations, in possession of a dainty and exquisite yet quite simple and unforced air of dignity or loveliness.

Drawing-room scenes or garden scenes—garden scenes for choice—were multiplied with a charming diversity. Mr. Walker is especially fond of out-door light, air, dew, sunshine, and the freshness of morning among spring leaves and flowers. The shrubs, annuals, and bedding-plants of a common English garden have probably never before been painted with so much loving simplicity or harmonious freshness of colour. A girl watering her plants with a big watering-pot, or little children out after breakfast talking to the gardener, these things are Mr. Walker's joy. What an exquisite Scotch garden, with what an exquisite lady sitting in it, with an old sundial in the middle and an old church in the rear, has Mr. Walker given us in this winter's Sketch exhibition in Suffolk Street. And yet it must be said, by way of qualification, that these floral and open-air results of Mr. Walker's are much more delightful than the methods by which they are attained. That the results should be so delightful is indeed surprising when the methods come to be examined. Mr. Walker's painting (if an 'atechnic' will not be considered here to trespass) wants repose, simplicity, breadth; it is spotty and broken. He paints in little flicks and spots, and is not certain when to be transparent and when to be opaque. The methods of an artist whose results are so undeniably delightful as these results are, ought not perhaps to be examined too curiously; but there

are followers of Mr. Walker's who seem to think that an imitation of his means will help them towards his ends; and herein their error is serious. The water-colour of Mr. Walker's wherein this restless manner of work was least apparent was, I think, the very lovely and finely-drawn gondola scene of a year ago, in which the head, *nuque*, and shoulders of the girl reclining with her back to us were on their small scale as exquisite and satisfying, both in design and sentiment, as almost anything could be.

The first of Mr. Walker's important oil-pictures at the Royal Academy—'Boys Bathing'—had a good deal of this restless and mottled aspect, which in this case, however, was not so ill suited to a scene of broken light and broken water, scattered shadows and reflections. The boys were quite fine and noble (as indeed all Mr. Walker's figures have by this time become) in physical bearing and character. Noble in physical bearing and character, in spite of the pathetic depression of the general sentiment, were again the gipsy figures in our artist's picture of last year. For it must not be supposed that because Mr. Walker fails to insist upon dramatic expression of the momentary or histrionic kind, he fails to fill his pictures with expression, with sentiment, of the permanent or poetical kind. His scenes of garden sunshine have gained all their unity from the tender freshness and gaiety of feeling which filled and animated them. And again, his 'Gipsies' of last year, and his 'Old Gate' of this year, with its somewhat too scattered but individually exquisite personages of distressed widow-lady, civil washerwoman, striding respectful navvy, and gaping children; these in their turn have gained all their unity from a certain autumnal sentiment of pathetic decay and depression—the silent depression of those hardly treated by the world.

Sidney Colvin.

THE THOUGHTS OF ARTISTS.

IT has often been a matter of regret that painters should so seldom leave on record any hints or information as to the purport of details and incidents, nay, as to the very subjects of pictures that within a generation or two, and sometimes sooner, are liable to become, unless such aid happens to fall in extraneously, hopeless enigmas. Far and wide, and even long and deeply, must we search through literature of many a century if we hope to connect satisfactorily the title of Sacred and Profane Love with the picture of Titian; it is but the other day that the cranes in Rafael's cartoon of the Conversion of Peter were justified and explained. Taking up another division of the artistic scale, he will be a bold as well as an ingenious man who shall undertake to explain the meaning of points in many a picture of Hogarth, that to the painter at least were manifestly full of significance. But wherefore complain? Critics, it might be thought, may well be content that it should not have occurred to Artists to adopt this course, and so anticipate their favourite employment, and take their occupation out of their hands.

Critics, however, need not be alarmed; not only are artists unlikely to do anything of the kind, but it is a little doubtful whether they would be competent, strange as this may sound, to explain their own meaning, even if so minded. Not that they may lack power to express in language what they definitely feel; not by any means, that they have no meaning to explain. They constantly mean more than they represent to themselves,—that is, than they represent in a form that comes within reach of articulate demonstration. In this respect they are but in the same position where all the rest of the world will be found more or less frequently, in greater or less degree. Latent thought is as much a reality as latent heat; thought that gets no chance of affecting the organs of speech or of written discourse is still thought as truly and as importantly as that heat is heat, that must be parted with by the fire and taken up by the water, if the water is ever to boil, but that has never yet been registered by a thermometer. The literary faculty indeed is an acquisition that with many people amounts to little more than overcoming this last difficulty of bringing the thought that is there into combination with the word that is not far off, but that will not assume its function without a special condition not altogether dependent on effort. We visit a city, and sit down to write to interested friends and find scarcely a word to say; we take up the volume of a tourist or the magazine correspondence, and find page after page written fluently down, yet saying nothing that we had not ourselves thought, and would not have been glad to write down if we could. A man can scarcely write fast enough for

his thoughts, who shall scarcely be able to dictate a line. A man shall be utterly unable to state his opinions in speech yet can say with just confidence, 'Give me a pen, and I think I can put down the result of the discussion in a single sentence.' More than enough of this,—the general purport of the illustration, which is all that we want, is this; that an artist, unable to express in words will readily express in painting all that he means, and more than he suspected himself of meaning, and more than he after all recognises himself as having meant. Design and colour are to him in place of sounds and sentences, and he is no more to be expected to translate them into language as a matter of course than I am to translate what I am now writing into Spanish as a matter of course. Doubtless there are degrees. Some artists may cultivate the power of self-interpretation and acquire it; but they may be artists without it, and probably to the last, valuable though the aid which the accomplishment can give, they will look for and find the primary expression of their thoughts in artistic form, and read them off in words but secondarily. And so an artist challenged as to his meaning may conscientiously repudiate the thought ascribed to him, and yet shall the critic be justified who goes away undiscouraged, and wagging his head persists, 'the thought was there, as he painted, between himself and his palette,—he dreamt it then, and to good purpose, though he may forget it now; and if he is candid and does me the justice not to fear that I shall misunderstand him, my mention of it will recall his dream, and he will avow to-morrow that he finds that what I suggested really had floated through his mind, and he had caught it in its course.' So just for a moment an expression fleets over the face of a sitter—for a moment and for once it is seized as with the appetite that is in us for immortal truth, and fixed for ever on the canvas; but the painter himself knows not when he saw it in the original, or whether at all.

I was looking recently at a picture by that thoroughly English-hearted painter, Marks. The Young Heir, I think it was called; his heirship moved down his broad walk with somewhat stately sauntering for early morning, and his condescending approach is awaited by the obeisances of two leather-girt louts—sturdy men of their hands—who have evidently got souls enough in their bodies to have a hearty desire for some good thing, be it a grace or a pardon; one of them at least thinks he has sense enough to see that the way to success here is submissiveness, that may be none the less effective for being a little clumsy, while the other is self-complacent at his acuteness in taking a hint to follow suit; and so they stand in their thick stiff clothing, with caps doffed and clutched in hands, so raised that they seem to supplicate and yet cannot be accused of anything so degrading; and with thick heads ducked, perhaps, as low as not very flexible necks admit, or perhaps to just such a point as does not preclude a glance to see how their dutiful demonstration is taken. And lo! in the flower-bed beside the walk along which my gracious lord advances are some tall stalks of sun-

flowers—in bloom,—disk-like, flaming—turning all in a direction that needs scarcely the explanation of the shadows. My absolute conviction is, that the humorous Marks expresses here a counterfoil of the rustics obsequious to the newly inheriting lord of lands, in the flowers that turn ever sunward, and never more readily than to the rising sun. To those who would object that the flower of the transformed Clytie is profaned by being taken as a type of a heavy-headed yeoman, I can but say that they themselves are unworthy trespassers in the precincts of the painter's humour. And yet I should be quite prepared to find if I noticed this to the painter, that he might fancy—mistakenly enough I also believe,—that the combination was none of his, and that it came before him for the first time.

Yet again—and again to the sunflowers. They are introduced by Mulready in his picture of the Toy-seller. The suggestion of the picture may seem simple enough; has not the painter contrived an occasion for contrasting the bright complexions of English babyhood and girlhood with the rich darkness of skin of the good-humoured vendor of toys? As to the sunflowers—why not sunflowers?—the effect of the contrast is due to brilliancy of the light that they rejoice in; and then the harmony of the picture—its balance of tone and colour, required yellow, and the sunflower happily gives all that is required. Then, doubtless, other harmonies are conciliated by the forms and the lines; and so we seem to have justification and explanation sufficient and in overplus. But this only amounts to a propriety in respect of what are means to an end—technicalities that have a right to serve only and not to govern. Look we closer at the subject, and we shall see, that the child turns away from the black man, laden though he be with the toys that are in themselves so alluring, beaming though there may be on his face the friendly smile. But it beams through a cloud—the cloud of his complexion; and at the age assigned to the child the energies of attraction and repulsion are operant rather by the laws that control the lower kingdoms of creation, than by reason-corrected sympathy. Blackness and badness,—Light and delightfulness, are among the primary associations that have to be disciplined; they are here just awaiting the first lesson from the nurse,—before they are restrained within appropriate bounds. The infant turns away from the black man, who, whether a brother or not, has all the will to be a benefactor, in obedience to the same subordinate influence of which the operation is expressed, though inversely and unconsciously, by the direction of the observant sunflower to the sun.

I have elsewhere adverted to the picture by Mr. C. R. Leslie, of Christ rebuking the disciples for contention about superiority. Christ, we read, called a child, and set him in the midst of them as the type of humility; in the picture He is seated amidst His disciples, and beckons the child, who clings bashfully to his mother; thus as it seemed to me by the invention of the painter, the child

is made happily and naturally to exhibit that very quality of averseness to be singled out from general attention, that is the moral inculcated upon the disciples. When I mentioned my discovery to the much-lamented painter, he said, 'It certainly seems very appropriate, but I never thought of it.' I have no doubt he did himself an unconscious injustice. W. Watkiss Lloyd.

'HIATUS.'

A VERY good book was sent to us a few weeks ago. The subject is the deficiency of artistic instruction in the education of gentlemen. The title of the book is 'Hiatus' by 'Outis,' or 'A Gap' by 'Nobody,' a singularly negative title in every way. The author laments the utterly uneducated condition of the English schoolboy as regards the faculty of sight. He treats 'drawing-masters' drawing' with merited contempt, as a piece of charlatanism, which it is. The remedy he suggests is a training in exact art to begin with. Every schoolboy, he thinks, ought to be taught object-drawing of a scientifically accurate kind,—of a kind amenable to positive criticism. This is the great point, the work must be of a kind amenable to criticism; not of a kind which shirks and evades it, like that taught by drawing-masters. Greek is taught critically at school, and so why not drawing? It *can* be taught in a positive way. All the fine arts have two elements, the poetical and the scientific; the poetical element cannot be communicated by teaching, but the scientific can. The question is whether the scientific part of drawing, divorced from the poetical, is worth having. Yes, it is, for its practical utility. If you have to employ workmen, or to take notes for yourself of anything having visible shape, drawing will be to you like the possession of an additional member. Beyond this, if ever you want to read the drawings of others, merely for purposes of information without artistic considerations, you will never be able to do so in a reliable way unless you first learn to draw yourself. You really will not be able to make use of drawings and engravings for your information unless you learn drawing. 'Let us have a practical instance,' says our anonymous author, 'of what is meant here. I happened to be present when a profound anatomist was examining a very ingenious drawing representing in one view the internal organs of the body; and he objected that certain of these organs, which he knew to be centrally disposed, were some of them not coincident with the central line; that is, they appeared thus to him because he was not a draughtsman. Had he been one, and understood drawing (which, by the way, no one does who has not practised it), he would have seen at once that the view represented being what is called a "three-quarter" view, all those central parts that were nearest the eye must necessarily be situate nearer to the off-side of the object, just as the nose appears thus in a three-quarter view of the face. Now this drawing, which was a means of knowledge and statement of truth to the few students of anatomy who had learned drawing rightly, was a source of confusion, and practically a misstatement to a master of the science, and simply because he had not learned the language of the artist.'

We are sorry not to have space for further quotations from 'Hiatus,' which, on the whole, is a capital book. The style is, as prose, original, though it shows distinct traces of the influence of Robert Browning; but it is not always a quite lucid, and certainly it is not a very entertaining style. The writer is evidently a man of very large culture indeed, indignant with the world for, on some subjects, not going so fast as he would like, and, on others, going beyond what he approves. We hope 'Outis,' whoever he may be, will go on with his warfare against ignorance; he is evidently very well armed.

* Hiatus, by Outis. Macmillan. 1869.

RETRIBUTION.

REDUCED COPY IN AUTOTYPE OF A STUDY IN CHALK BY

EDWARD ARMITAGE, A.R.A.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

VI.—EDWARD ARMITAGE, A.R.A.

WE all know what an impulse was given to high art by the issue of the Royal Commission for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. In the consequent competition in Westminster Hall, prizes were awarded to two young and comparatively unknown men, Mr. Edward Armitage, a pupil of Delaroche, and Mr. G. F. Watts, who, for a short time, had been a student in our Royal Academy. After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, it is pleasant to think that, notwithstanding the discomfiture monumental painting has suffered, these distinguished artists (selected for notice in this and the next number) remain true to the principles by which they were actuated when first they entered on professional life.

The career of Mr. Armitage has lain out of the common track. Born of an independent Yorkshire family, and educated in a Parisian *atelier*, he has cherished high purposes, irrespective of immediate reward. Adopting the profession of a painter, in opposition to the wishes of his friends, he seems to have thrown into his studies an earnestness which should justify his choice. But allying himself to a foreign style distinguished for form, expression, and noble motive, he became somewhat severed from our native school, which sought fascination of colour, and touch, and pleased the eye without much expenditure of thought. When Mr. Armitage entered the studio of Delaroche in 1836, Parisian art under the rule of the Orleanists was widely different from what it has become under the dynasty of Napoleon. It had then little of the voluptuousness of Cabanel, of the diablerie of Gérôme, or of the Sybarite languor of Hébert; such taints indeed when they lay hold on the arts of a people are but too apt to become contagious. Mr. Armitage was fortunate in the time of his arrival in Paris. Some fifteen years before, the new school had been brought into contact with nature by Gericault's grand achievement, 'The Wreck of the Medusa;' but still Ingres preserved the traditions of the old Italian masters in such compositions as the 'Apotheosis of Homer,' and the 'Martyrdom of St. Symphorien.' Our young painter had the good luck to be pursuing his studies at a period illustrious for talent; during his sojourn in the French capital, Horace Vernet was painting battle-pieces, Ary Scheffer exhibiting 'Le Roi de Thulé,' 'Mignon regrettant

sa Patrie,' and 'Mignon aspirant au Ciel,' Delacroix was entrusted with the decoration of the Salon du Roi at the Corps Législatif, while Delaroche himself was painting 'Strafford going to Execution,' 'Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers of Cromwell,' and 'The Hemicycle,' a panoramic history of the arts. An interesting account is given of the mode in which was executed the last of these works, the great mural picture in the Palais des Beaux Arts. Mr. Armitage, with three of his fellow-pupils, was selected to share in the arduous undertaking. They commenced by enlarging to scale a small cartoon which their master had made, and in little more than a month the whole composition, consisting of seventy-five figures, was drawn in charcoal on the wall. The master then, for the first time, paid his pupils a visit, and after making such alterations as the composition seemed to require, 'We all,' says Mr. Armitage, 'returned to the Hemicycle, and commenced the work of painting. A carefully finished painted sketch was our guide, and we were left entirely to ourselves, until the whole picture was painted. Delaroche then joined us, and for about a year we were continually at work with him.' 'Although we received no money for the work we had done, yet we considered ourselves amply repaid by the friendship and intimacy we had thus established with a great artist.' Mr. Armitage then proceeds to state that the master on his part felt 'that he owed us a debt of gratitude which he took care to repay by kindness and friendly advice long after we had ceased to be students.' The reader will thus be led to identify the pupil with the master possibly for evil as well as for good. In reckoning the good, it may be remembered that Delaroche was accounted 'le peintre national de la France,'—a painter who made his practice 'l'analyse des événements purement humains, la représentation des faits au point de vue dramatique et sous leur aspect, non le plus grandiose mais le plus probable.' Delaroche, in his life, upheld a noble independence, he maintained that his art had beauty and educational use in common with poetry and history: 'une toile dit souvent plus que dix volumes, et je suis fermement convaincu que la peinture est aussi bien appelée que la littérature à agir sur l'opinion publique. . . . Pour aspirer à une gloire aussi haute, les difficultés n'auraient fait que grandir l'importance de la mission.' In recounting these noble aspirations it is cause of regret that among living English artists we can name but one disciple of Delaroche. Yet may we remember that 'le peintre national de la France' had not an execution worthy of the dignity of his conceptions, nor a colouring responsive to the modulated light and shade of his forms.

How thoroughly Mr. Armitage had become imbued with the manner of his master received curious illustration in the fate of the first composition he exhibited in London. It was reported that Delaroche had worked upon the cartoon, 'Cæsar's Invasion of Britain:' consequently, the premium awarded to it by the Royal Commissioners was withheld until a second drawing should be executed in this country. The question was speedily decided in the young painter's favour

by an adjudication, signed Lansdowne, Robert Peel, Samuel Rogers, Richard Westmacott, and William Etty, as follows:—'We, the undersigned, hereby declare that we are quite satisfied that the said cartoon representing Cæsar's first invasion of Britain, and the said drawing, are by the same hand, and that therefore the artist is justly entitled to receive the premium awarded to him.' It is added, 'The premium of three hundred pounds was accordingly paid to Edward Armitage.' Mr. Watts says of this drawing that 'it was a wonderful specimen of scientific knowledge.' The thoroughness of the training to which the painter's talents had been subjected in Paris received substantial acknowledgment in the shape of one thousand pounds. Thus, in the year 1843, the Commissioners of the Fine Arts awarded, as we have seen, to Mr. Armitage a first premium of three hundred pounds for his cartoon, 'The Invasion of Julius Cæsar.' This success was followed, in 1845, by a first prize of two hundred pounds for a fresco, 'The Spirit of Religion;' and finally, in 1847, by another first prize of five hundred pounds for an oil picture, 'The Battle of Meanee,' now the property of the Queen.

These early successes went far to determine the line of subsequent operations; over a period of twenty years, Mr. Armitage has been repeatedly engaged on mural decorations. In the Upper Waiting Hall of the Palace of Westminster, he executed two experimental frescoes, 'The Thames with its Tributaries' and 'The Death of Marmion;' and in the Roman Catholic Church of St. John at Islington, he has painted 'St. Francis before Pope Innocent III.;' also he has decorated the apse of the same church with noble figures of Christ and the Twelve Apostles. The style of these works befits the subjects, and well accords with the conditions prescribed to 'monumental art.' The forms maintain a grand simplicity; the heads are noble in type; the draperies are cast in broad, symmetric folds; the colour is sombre, and the pervading sentiment solemn. The spectator, as he looks at St. Francis and the Pope, feels himself not so much before a picture as in the presence of the actual scene:—a happy illusion, which peculiarly pertains to the art of fresco-painting, partly because the surface is without gloss, and also because the broad simplicity of the treatment approaches near to Nature herself. During the past year Mr. Armitage was again at work upon a wall-painting—a memorial to the late Crabb Robinson in University Hall. The old man is depicted in his study, and before his mind's eye pass the friends of his life,—the most illustrious men and women of his time:—Goethe, Schiller, Mdme. de Stael, Clarkson, Edward Irving, Dr. Arnold, Bunsen, Samuel Rogers, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, are seen conversing around him. The composition is 56 feet long, and the figures, thirty-four in number, are somewhat over life-size. The style is properly more realistic than in the religious compositions in the Church of St. John. Christ and the twelve Apostles were robed after the manner adopted by the old Italian masters, and made familiar in the Cartoons of

Raphael. And thus Mr. Armitage, identifying himself with the stately treatment of Flandrin and Ingres, eschewed the unideal naturalism by which Horace Vernet brought Biblical characters down to the level of the bandit life of the Bedouin. But when our English painter passed from Apostolic days to the men and women of our time, he reasonably restricted himself to literal facts. Thus not a single Roman toga imparts historic dignity to the friends of Crabb Robinson: the men are attired in coats and breeches, the women in caps and gowns. This memorial picture is so well suited to the decoration of an educational building that the example set by University Hall should stimulate other Institutions to like attempts.

It is melancholy to think that the frescoes which our English painters had hoped to hand down to posterity in pledge of their powers will scarcely survive the present generation. It is well known that the pictures before referred to in the Upper Waiting Hall, Westminster, are rapidly going to destruction. But Mr. Armitage publicly stated,—and the statement has been repeated—that 'his fresco pictures in the Roman Catholic Church at Islington had not suffered in any way.' 'The deterioration in the frescoes of the Houses of Parliament was,' he said, 'very deplorable, but at the same time there were other frescoes in London where that decay had not taken place. No one, however, had yet explained why this had occurred in one place and not in another.' Mr. Armitage inclined to the belief that the use of a river-tertiary sand instead of pounded granite in the mortar, and the mixture of lime with the paints on the pallet had tended to the decay of the pictures at Westminster. There is, however, reason to fear that the sulphurous acid generated by the combustion of gas, together with other noxious agents in our London atmosphere, are so destructive, that no fresco, whatever be the precautions used in the painting, can withstand their action. The writer had hoped that the wall pictures at Islington could still be quoted in proof of the position that frescoes could live in our London climate; but after an examination just made he regrets to state that the picture of St. Francis is under process of decay: the figures are blurred, the outlines have lost sharpness, the general surface is frosted and under disintegration. It having been stated that dry bread, or soap and water, was all the work required as a refresher, the writer rubbed a white pocket handkerchief over the surface in order to see if the paint was as sound as supposed. He is sorry to report that every colour within reach came off freely; the plaster is rotten and the colours lie loose on the surface. That a work, altogether noble, and worthy of the best traditions of monumental art, should be thus threatened with destruction, is indeed sad. Mr. Armitage has exercised a wise precaution in employing a different process in University Hall. The memorial picture is there painted in a medium of wax and turpentine. The old Romans protected their wall pictures by wax, and in modern Munich and Paris there are encaustic paintings which trust to a like process. The public can

only hope that in twenty years the memorial to Crabb Robinson may look as well as it does to-day. But in London decay comes insidiously, slowly, yet certainly; therefore Mr. Armitage and others may do well to trust to canvas rather than to wall surfaces.

Mr. Armitage as a witness before the Commission on the Royal Academy, expressed decisive views on art-education. He stated that 'in England nobody knows what drawing is.' He believes that the system of Parisian ateliers might be adopted with advantage in London, that our leading Academicians would do well to open studios for thirty or forty scholars after the example of Picot, Coignet, Delaroche, Delacroix, and Flandrin. Thus would be formed in this country companies of well-trained scholars to whom might be intrusted national works after the example of Italy in the middle ages. The non-existence of a class of young men competent to carry out the ideas of master minds has doubtless retarded the application of monumental painting to the decoration of our public buildings. It may be interesting to learn that a student of the Academy aided in the painting of the memorial picture in University Hall; thus the work was executed with speed and economy; the master was saved drudgery and the pupil profited by experience. Mr. Armitage thinks the Academy should assume the initiative in like public undertakings; it might also be consulted as to the choice of artists and the modes of treatment. Mr. Watts has given expression to similar opinions. It is satisfactory to know that the voice of these reformers is now heard in the councils of the Academy.

Mr. Armitage, who is more widely known as a painter in oils than in fresco, has over a period of twenty-two years exhibited in the Royal Academy thirty-six pictures, a list whereof is hereto appended. The subjects which are wide in range have been not infrequently gathered from the painter's extended journeyings. Mr. Armitage has been repeatedly in Italy, and he visited the seat of the Crimean War to paint 'The Battle of Inkermann' and 'The Heavy Cavalry Charge at Balaklava.' The Indian Mutiny suggested to the artist the symbolic composition 'Retribution,' the original study for which is chosen as our illustration. The figure personifies Britannia in the act of overthrowing the Bengal Tiger, the symbol of the bloodthirsty Sepoy. The carnage of war is seen around. The composition, it will be observed, is strictly symmetric, the forms are massive, the treatment is broad, the action dramatic, the idea noble. Such is the school with which Mr. Armitage has become identified.

The subject of the present notice is among the few painters of our time who have cared to gather materials from that vast storehouse of Art, the Bible. And his practice has all the greater value, inasmuch as it breaks loose from worn-out tradition, and frees itself from the trammels which have long imposed upon the religious arts finality. Our painter has not given himself to the multiplication of Madonnas; and he departs from old routine, possibly under the persuasion that the Biblical series

used by the early Church omits some of the most paintable subjects. Neither does he choose to serve up the time-worn sentiment, nor to reflect into our modern Art the burnt-out fire, of the old spiritual schools. His pictures, indeed, do not deal so much with inward states as with outward incidents. Hence they incline to a style of narrative simple as that of the sacred text: thus 'The parents of Christ seeking Him' and 'Christ calling the Apostles James and John,' are little else than literal transcripts of scenes which once were witnessed and of events which actually occurred. This expressly natural treatment of truths that transcend in fact, the natural, and enter upon the region of the supernatural, may be taken as the characteristic of modern Protestant Art as contradistinguished from the spirit of the middle ages. And herein Mr. Armitage has points of contact with the German Lessing, known by 'Huss before the Council of Constance,' and other noble pictures,—a painter who loves in Christianity what is simple in life, free in thought, and manly in action. Our English artist, like his great German contemporary, has little sympathy with dogmatic phases of faith; he seldom, if ever, meddles with legends of saints or with manifestations of the supernatural. Painters under this cast of thought grasp firmly on what is actual and real, they are strong in the belief that the high function of Art is to depict a noble humanity, to give distinction to men who stand apart from the common herd by genius or by virtue, and to signalize historic deeds, which help onward the civilisation of the world. The arts of the future are sure of a development and a mission, just in proportion as they respond to these, the best aspirations of the age.

Mr. Armitage was elected Associate in 1867. The following is a list of the pictures he has exhibited in the Academy:—

'Henry VIII. and Katherine Parr,' 'The Death of Nelson,' in 1848; 'Waiting for a Customer,' and 'An Incident in the History of Thomas-à-Becket,' in 1849; 'The Socialists,' and 'The Vision of Ezekiel,' in 1850; 'Samson,' in 1851; 'Hagar,' and 'The Thames and its Tributaries,' design for fresco in Houses of Parliament, in 1852; 'The City of Refuge,' in 1853; 'The Death of Marmion,' another finished design for fresco in Poets' Hall, Palace of Westminster, and 'The Lotos Eater,' in 1854; 'The Ravine at Inkermann,' and 'Portrait of Mrs. E. A.,' in 1856; 'Souvenir of Scutari,' in 1857; 'Retribution,' in 1858; 'St. Francis and his early followers before Pope Innocent III.,' design for fresco in Catholic Church of St. John, Islington,' in 1859; 'The Mother of Moses hiding after having exposed her child on the river's brink,' and 'Christ and the Apostles,' design for fresco in Catholic Church of St. John, Islington,' in 1860; 'Pharaoh's Daughter,' and 'A Portrait,' in 1861; 'The Burial of a Christian Martyr in the time of Nero,' in 1863; 'Ahab and Jezebel,' and 'W. Brinton, Esq., M.D.,' in 1864; 'Esther's Banquet,' in 1865; 'The Remorse of Judas,' and 'The Parents of Christ seeking Him,' in 1866; 'Savonarola and Lorenzo the Magnificent,' 'Christ Healing the Sick,' and 'Head of an Apostle,' fresco, painted 1862, in 1867; 'Herod's Birthday Feast,' in 1868; 'A Portrait,' 'Hero Lighting the Beacon,' 'The Sick Chameleon,' 'Christ calling the Apostles James and John,' and 'A Portrait,' in 1869.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

ignorance, whatever else it may be. It is the kind of naïveté which the best modern poets in words have sought and found, and which comes of the most subtle perception united to the simplest feeling. There is a stage in Art *beyond* study, when, after learning what has to be learned, we look at nature once more with the wondering gaze of a little child and receive impressions without conscious analysis of their causes. To paint in this spirit requires either unusual courage, or unusual simplicity of character, because criticism is sure to fall foul of any genuine poetical work, and abuse it, and accuse the poet of ignorance or affectation. It is difficult for him, after that, to preserve the serenity of the poetical spirit. Corot has preserved it, however, thanks to the admirable simplicity of his life.

Readers, who follow Art practically, may be interested to know how Corot works. Early in his career he discovered the necessity for very rapid memoranda, and was probably the first to use numbers to express relations of light and dark on a note of effect. He is essentially a painter from memoranda, but occasionally sketches from nature in oil. One of his pupils says that his method of work in the studio is purely by tonality: and that when the tones have come relatively as he wants them, he considers the picture finished. A sound principle, but one which often makes what is vulgarly called 'finish' (that is, the explicit elaboration of detail) impossible. Corot's works have great executive freshness, are full of sweet gradation and variety, and quiet feeling. They address themselves, however, to spiritual conditions which are probably somewhat rare, and have so little material power in any way (we mean force of representation of *things*), that when the ordinary public taste is considered, their present fame seems more surprising than their former unpopularity.

RECENT PICTURE SELLING.

THE prices of works by famous artists have increased so much of late years, and are still advancing so rapidly (though in a very capricious, uncertain, and unequal way) that it is impossible to foresee what they may ultimately attain. The 'Broken Eggs' of Greuze having reached £5000, it may be considered certain that the market value of the 'Cruche Cassee' is now at least £8000. Poor Greuze died in positive indigence. The mere interest upon the present price of one of his many works would have sufficed to keep him in comfort in his old age. We forget what the 'Broken Eggs' was originally sold for, but the famous 'Cruche Cassee,' at the sale of the Marquis de Verri in 1785, only fetched three thousand francs. To-day, after the San Donato sale, its market value is about seventy times that amount. Some newspaper correspondents have been hinting that either the people of this generation are fools to give so much, or those of the last century were fools to let the pictures be sold for so little: but both, in fact, simply acted according to the state of the market, which is purely and simply dependent upon the caprice of fashion, and how this or that fashion comes to be prevalent nobody can precisely tell. The San Donato sale has proved that quite modern works hold their places well. With a picture by Ary Scheffer, and one by Delaroche up to £4000, and a mere crayon study by Decamps at £800, and a small Bonnington at £3300, the painters of the nineteenth century hold their own. It is to be regretted that these large sums did not find their way directly into the pockets of the artists themselves; but notwithstanding the fact that the works of a famous painter increase in value after his death, living painters have never been so well paid as they are now. The effect of such sales as the San Donato on contemporary Art is, however, rather unhealthy and discouraging. Greuze was a clever man in his way, but by no means a great genius; and several living painters may without vanity consider themselves at least his equals, and feel an excusable pain when they see ten or twenty times as much

money given for one of his canvasses as they are themselves able to get for works of equal merit and importance. Whether the large sums spent in these famous sales are really (as some believe) withdrawn from the purchase of works by contemporary Artists, seems to be doubtful. There is nothing to prove that when a rich amateur has spent a large sum on a dead master he would otherwise have spent the same on a living one. And it may be argued that the enormous prices given for pictures by dead painters, has a tendency to make those asked by living ones appear by contrast more moderate. We see little reason to complain of the enormity of the prices given. The truly discouraging point appears to be rather their wild inconsistency, due to the caprice of a kind of fashion, of which it is as difficult to predict anything as it is to predict the sort of clothes which will be fashionable ten years hence.

No living artist has any clear idea about the future value of his works: they may increase tenfold or they may diminish. Many artists of reputation, as for instance Lapito, have lived to see themselves forgotten. There seems to be even a chance that Titian and Perugino may not hold their former places in the market, at least relatively to others. What a strange and curious fact it is that a picture by Titian, a Tintoret, and a Perugino, all admitted to be authentic, did not at the San Donato sale realise in the aggregate very much more than a single chalk study by Decamps! At the same time £40,000 is asked, and will very likely be given, for the Ripalda Raphael. Mr. Tulliver thought that it was 'a puzzling world;' but what would he have said of the 'world of Art?' The only inference to be drawn from the San Donato and other recent sales is that the tendency of rich men to fight over a particular work, in a combat of expenditure, is more marked than ever it was, and that the prospect of something like a steady Art-market is more than ever remote. One thing, however, is clear, and that is, that prices are rising, and rising fast. Where it will end, nobody knows. The present state of things is spoken of as a state of 'mania,' or 'gambling;' but it is not so much gambling as pugnacity in expenditure. A picture sale is an arena where rich men go to fight with each other. In the middle ages they dressed themselves in magnificent armour, and mounted on horseback and galloped at one another, lance in rest. In our more pacific times the strength of the purse, not of the arm, is tested, and the victor does not carry off a living beauty, but some creation of a painter's genius: that forlorn young woman of Greuze, for instance, lamenting her broken eggs.

A NEW PALETTE.

(The following notes have been kindly supplied to us by M. Charles Mariller, who has for some time strictly followed the practice which he advocates.)

ALL who are acquainted with the technical history of painting are aware that there has been great difference of opinion, and consequently of practice, yet still greater theoretical than practical divergence, amongst painters as to the employment of pigments, and especially as to whether these pigments ought to be many or few. One sect has maintained that the fewer pigments we use the better; another sect has argued that it is positively wiser to use many pigments, even as many as possible, because then the tints are less mixed, and therefore more brilliant. The advocates of few colours were embarrassed by the fact that we cannot get perfect primaries; and as it is necessary to admit secondaries to make up a palette which shall be practically serviceable, it was natural that the concession once made, the list of colours should gradually enlarge itself by the addition of all which were found to be useful.

An idea, however, which has once taken root in the minds of able men, and been perpetuated from generation to generation, is pretty sure to realise itself, at least approximately, in the end; and one or two comparatively recent discoveries in colour manufacture have led to the construction of a palette containing very few pigments indeed, with which, however, it is still possible to obtain the whole range of modern colouring, various and complicated as it is. In the selection of these few colours the artists and chemists to whom the new palette is due, have been guided by three rules. 1. To admit no dangerous or fugitive colour. 2. To admit no superfluous colour. 3. To obey no abstract theory, but practical convenience only. For example, chrome is a dangerous colour, a colour destructive to others, and the insect lakes are fugitive, others are destructive or fugitive in minor degrees, and all such are rigorously excluded. Finally, no attention is paid to abstract theories about what colours *ought* to do; for instance, people tell us that real ultramarine, rose madder, and aureolin, are a triad of perfect primaries, if they were we ought to be able to mix every other tint with these three; but practically we cannot do this, so no attention is paid to theories of this unpractical kind. The colours, of which a list is given below, may appear capriciously selected, but they are selected purely for utility, and it is believed that no other list, including so few pigments, will be found of the same range. During the last year or two several pictures have been painted exclusively in these colours, and have held their places well when exhibited. It is found in practice that with this palette no embarrassment is felt (by any competent colourist) in mixing any tint that may be required.

WHITE. *Blanc d'argent.*

YELLOW. *Pure Yellow Cadmium,* as near primary yellow as possible, not orange, and not mixed with chrome. The cadmium of commerce is often so adulterated. *Pure Naples Yellow,* or *Pure Antimony Yellow,* if the latter, a light tint should be selected. Naples yellow is now often heightened with chrome, when of course it is inadmissible. *Yellow Ochre.*

BLUE. *Pure Ultramarine.* Except in especial cases, this very costly pigment is usually replaced by the best of the artificial ultramarines.

RED. *Vermilion.* Vermilion is now often adulterated to give it an unnatural richness or brilliance, or for the purpose of producing it more cheaply. It is quite essential to have it pure. *Madder Lake.* Of a tint approaching to what is called 'Rose Madder.'

GREEN. *Vert Emeraude, not* 'Emerald Green.'

BROWN. A preparation of *Bitumen,* which hardens perfectly in drying, and is said to be quite safe. It would of course be unsafe to replace this by common asphaltum.

Everything depends, of course, on the conscientious preparation of these colours. Few colourmen can resist the temptation of giving a false brilliance to colours in order to make them sell better. But the quality of a colour is to be good in its own kind, not in another kind. The commonest adulterations are the employment of chrome to heighten yellows, and of lake to enrich reds, or red lead to make them brighter. We have examined specimens of Naples yellow from well-known colourmen, which on being duly tested were found to contain chrome, and we have found vermilions adulterated with lake. The advocates of the palette given above wish it to be understood that they answer for it only when the pigments are quite genuine. They have their own colours prepared by a chemist for themselves. As the list of these colours is so very short (only nine in all) an Artist might learn chemistry enough to prepare them for himself, and so be perfectly sure.

The consequences of the adoption of this palette are twofold: first, as they concern painters; secondly, as they concern picture-buyers. The Artist has the convenience of being able to mix any tint he requires without recurring to his box, and beyond this he attains harmony of colouring more naturally and easily than with a more complex palette. In painting from nature he has the advantage of carrying fewer tubes, and it is found practically that this is a great convenience. The Artist, who from long habit has been dependent upon the completeness of an elaborate colour-box, finds himself embarrassed when one of his many

colours runs short. He will be embarrassed by the absence of such colours as cobalt, celurium, emerald green, &c., which are perfectly superfluous. On the other hand, the painter who has learned to use the simple palette given above, knows the resources of few colours, and can go on working when the other would be brought to a standstill. An idea is prevalent that when few colours are used much more trouble is incurred in mixing tints. But the truth is, that an Artist who has once mastered the new palette never thinks about mixing tints. He has every resource, the complete chromatic scale, under his brush, and mixes the tints as he needs them without any conscious thought. The palette-knife (ivory) is used when large quantities of a particular tint are needed, but not otherwise. It is always easy to get the required tint when the palette has been really mastered.

The advantages to the buyers of pictures may be comprised under one head, that of permanence. If Turner had used this palette, his works would have been as durable as those of Van Eyck; instead of which they are already 'ghosts.' It is probable that if the buyers of pictures were more intimately acquainted with these matters, they would encourage Artists to employ permanent colours by giving the preference, when possible, to works of a durable quality. Modern pictures are usually painted in a manner of which it is no exaggeration to say that it is *most recklessly unconscientious.* Hardly any living painter knows enough of chemistry to analyse one colour that he uses, or to be aware of the effects of colours upon each other. The common practice is to buy an indiscriminate heap of colours from the colourmen, without the least investigation, either into their purity or their durability; the effect on the walls of the exhibition is everything, the future nothing. Modern Art is already old enough (a very few years suffice for that) for us to see the effects of a practice so wildly reckless. Artists are aware that many contemporary works, purchased at high prices by too confiding buyers, are destined, at no distant date, to fade or blacken into semi-oblivion. If painters would make it a point of honour to use no colours which may not reasonably be looked upon as permanent, and permanent, not only singly, but in combination, their own future reputation would greatly gain, and the buyers of pictures might believe that they had invested in property destined to endure at least seven hundred years.

Artists, who have given a fair trial to this new palette say that it has the advantage of leading naturally to a sound system of colouring. Harmony is more easily established and kept up, amongst few pigments than amongst many. Much of the glaring discord in modern works is attributable, they say, to our habit of using a pigment in some part of the picture which has never been used in any other part; whereas, when you work with few colours, it almost always happens that any colour which you use will have been already employed (in very small quantities, perhaps, but this does not matter) in other parts of the same work.*

* The efforts of M. Mariller and his friends towards the general adoption of a permanent palette are most praiseworthy. I have, however, a few observations to make on the colours they have selected. *Blanc d'argent* (a preparation of lead) loses much of its purity in time, turning to a pale buff. The only really permanent white is Wilkins' white, which, however, is a slow drier and not very convenient to use. *Cadmium* is unexceptionable, but it must not be in the least degree orange to serve in so restricted a palette. I am not sure whether lemon yellow, which, when pure, is a very safe and permanent colour, would not be preferable to cadmium, as being nearer the primary. Naples yellow, being affected by iron, may be liable to some change in mixture with ochre, and it is difficult to get it pure. It is unsafe to use sugar of lead as a drier with antimony yellow. Yellow ochre is, when pure, indispensable and unexceptionable. Of the ultramarines, of course the true is the best; but next to it (as nearest to the primary) is probably Zuber's Rischeim ultramarine. As to vermilion, it appears to be difficult to get it pure. The permanence of the madder lakes is not yet a settled question, but they are certainly much more durable than the cochineal lakes, and lake of some sort is *indispensable*, so we have no choice. I rather doubt about the *vert emeraude* (evidently a copper green), would not terre verte do? though less brilliant it is a safe colour and a most useful one. Again, about the bitumen, one has a great difficulty in putting faith in it, however carefully prepared; if burnt umber were substituted for it, the painting would be less rich, but safer. I am aware, however, that there is a fatal facility in burnt umber which is very destructive to good colouring. Gerome's colour has been altogether spoiled by it. M. Mariller sent me a set of the colours he advocates, specially prepared by a scientific chemist, in a state of absolute purity, and I painted some studies with them during the summer. I found no difficulty in getting any required tint, even with this very limited palette.—*Editor.*

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

REDUCED COPY IN AUTOTYPE OF A DRAWING BY

G. F. WATTS, R.A.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

VII.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.

THE influence exerted by an artist on his age may sometimes be accounted a good part of his life's labour. Mr. Watts has painted much: he has also thought much, and his works have come to be regarded as the exponent of a principle, the expression of a conviction. As a painter he has few followers and no imitators, and yet the example he sets, if it have slight visible sign, is felt as a guiding power. Mr. Watts, though he may never found a school, has the gift of inspiring a faith, his spoken words beget a belief that art has a noble mission. There are men, who in art, as in other professions, serve to uphold high standards; removed at tranquil distance from distracting strife, the mind takes a calm, wide survey, and the judgment learns to adjust itself according to historic balance. Such minds are often in antagonism with their times, and their silent protest is their service.

Mr. Watts says of himself, 'I entered' the schools of the Royal Academy 'when very young, I do not remember the year, but finding that there was no teaching, I very soon ceased to attend.' In 1842 the young artist brought himself into notice by a cartoon exhibited in Westminster Hall, 'Caractacus led in triumph through the streets of Rome,' to which was awarded a first-class prize of 300*l.* Five years later in a further competition, preparatory to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, he gained another first premium of 500*l.* for an oil picture, 'Alfred inciting the Saxons to prevent the landing of the Danes,' a work which the Royal Commissioners recommended should be purchased for the nation. Subsequently the artist executed in the Upper Waiting Hall of the Palace of Westminster a fresco, 'The Red Cross Knight overcoming the Dragon.' These comparatively early efforts seem to have given a bent to the painter's future course. Such monumental works require simplicity, perspicuity, symmetry, breadth of treatment. These are the qualities which distinguish the mural painters of Italy; on the other hand, our English school has, for the most part, condescended to seek popularity and profit through naturalism, individual character, and pretty domestic incident. Thus the artist who follows in the steps of Hogarth will be better appreciated than the painter who treads in the path of Raphael or Michael Angelo.

Early predilections naturally led the painter to direct his thoughts to Italy, Greece, and the shores of Asia Minor. Mr. Watts, after the success attendant on the cartoon of Caractacus, spent some time in Florence, and thus formed close relationship with the old Italian masters. For better and for worse the bias of his style became fixed. And yet the works executed scarcely strike the spectator as the product of any one dogmatic principle. The artist with tentative hand was feeling his way; with student mind he was gathering from other minds experience. It has been objected that his low-toned pictures emulate the old masters rather than imitate nature. And yet he was no plagiarist, John Gibson may have stolen from the Greeks, while Mr. Watts did but borrow from the Italians. The painter seems to have placed himself in attitude to receive such impressions as passed before the eye of Titian and Giorgione, and the illustration prefixed to this notice shows that Correggio was not beyond his mental vision. It is evident that, unlike the bulk of artists who in Italy and the East are content to store their portfolios with sketches of picturesque costumes, Mr. Watts furnished his mind with thoughts suggested by the history of art, and by the contemplation of the masterworks of antiquity. That the critical faculty has been matured in a way not very usual in painters occupied in the active pursuit of their profession, may be judged from a well-balanced estimate of Haydon. Mr. Watts, after the expression of sympathy with Haydon's high aims, proceeds to observe :—

'The characteristics of Haydon's art appear to me to be great determination and power, knowledge and effrontery. I cannot find that he strikes upon any chord that is the basis of a true harmony. The art of Phidias translated and expressed perfection of form in its full dignity and beauty; that of Angelico, Perugino, Francia, and Raphael, religion; that of Michael Angelo the might of imagination; the greater of the Venetians were the exponents of the power of nature in its rich harmony of colour; Correggio is all sweetness; Tintoretto is the Michael Angelo of colour and effect; Rubens is profuse and generous as autumn, and if he is sometimes slovenly, he is so jovial and high-spirited that one forgives everything. We shall find, upon examination, that all art which has been really and permanently successful has been the exponent of some great principle of mind or matter, the illustration of some great truth, the translation of some paragraph out of the book of nature.'

The painter has from time to time given practical effect to the opinions he promulgates on monumental art. In the dining-hall of Lincoln's Inn, he executed in fresco 'The School of Legislation,' obviously inspired by Raphael's 'School of Athens.' In the Church of St. James the Less, Westminster, he painted over the arch of triumph, 'Christ in glory.' At Bowood, he decorated a room with the 'Parting of Briseis and Achilles;' the walls of Little Holland House also bear witness to poetic and mythologic fancies akin to mural compositions in the villas of Italy. Lastly, the dining-room of Mr. Hardy, in Carlton House Terrace, is covered with frescoes, wherein the dwellers on Parnassus and Olympus disport themselves among the Four Elements. It is well known that the use of fresco

in domestic decoration, though still a novelty in England, finds abundant precedent in Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Genoa. Mr. Watts has, perhaps, done more than any other man to domesticate high art in the homes of England. Of the frescoes above enumerated, that in Lincoln's Inn is the most important; the composition is 45 feet wide by 40 feet high, and it comprises thirty-three figures; in mere size this School of Legislation is only surpassed among modern works by the 'Last Judgment,' by Cornelius in Munich. Mr. Watts says, 'I was not quite the man to do it, wanting health and many other things, but I did what I could.' The figures, indeed, though noble in conception, lack physical strength, their internal structure seems to break down beneath the draperies. Yet no picture in this country approaches more closely to the masterworks of Italy. These legislators of the world, Confucius, Moses, Justinian, and others, reach near to the grandeur of Sibyls by Michael Angelo, and to theologians and philosophers by Raphael; they are, as a race of beings endowed with more than human wisdom, sustained in a calm dignity befitting law, justice, order. The work in its conception and drawing is allied to the Roman school; in its colour to the Venetian. Indeed, the pervading tone, subdued, broken and blended, has somewhat in common with the frescoes of Titian in Padua, and of Pordenone in Piacenza. The wall-pictures of these two Venetian painters are in close correspondence with their oil-pictures, and so are the works of Mr. Watts, whatever the material employed. The material, indeed, may be considered as an accident, or, at most, as a means to an end; the essential oneness which pervades the artist's creations arises in pre-ordained ideas of form and of colour. Sometimes, indeed, it might be supposed that Mr. Watts, after the example of Tintoret, had inscribed over the door of his painting-room the drawing of Michael Angelo with the colour of Titian. Occasionally his figures, Titan-like in power and proportion, with action taken at the moment when tumult subsides into tranquillity, and movement settles into rest, seem to have caught inspiration from Michael Angelo's 'Lazarus,' 'Prisoners,' 'Night' and 'Day,' 'Evening' and 'Dawn.' And yet again the spectator recognises the presence of the Greek sculptors, as if the Fates of Phidias had stepped down from their pedestals to ask for a place on canvas. Persons conversant with the artist's works cannot but be struck with their wide suggestiveness, what they positively assert is but a small part of all they imply. And, moreover, not one solitary art, but many associative arts seem to have shared in the product. Thus in the fresco at Lincoln's Inn, Architecture makes her presence felt; and again, over other pictures, as already said, the genius of Sculpture presides, thus the pictorial forms are modelled as in the plastic arts; the figures have a dignity and immobility worthy of marble. And no less, on the other hand, do the artist's sculptured works approach, especially in a certain implication of colour through form, to the manner of the pictorial arts. If Titian had ever modelled in the clay, we imagine that he would have thrown off figures

not unlike to the sculptures of Mr. Watts. This concord among sister arts is maintained greatly through colour present or implied; the painter thinks out his subjects in harmonics, the light which illumines the chambers of the imagination is prismatic, but unfortunately the light of heaven cannot be thrown upon canvas without admixture with the dross of earth. The artist's pictures, however, seldom fail of relative truth, though the tone is pitched below the prevailing standard of nature. It may be objected that painting thus ceases to be an imitative art. To this objection the answer might be given that neither architecture nor music are imitative arts. At least it will be conceded that the pictures of Mr. Watts are architectonic in proportion, musical in lines and colours. Such pictures strike the eye as symphonies do the ear.

We fear that the frescoes of Mr. Watts may share the common fate. The wall-picture in the Houses of Parliament is beyond recovery, but that in Lincoln's Inn, it was hoped would be spared. Yet recent examination shows that decay has there set in, the head of Theodora is fading from the walls. The dining-room in Carlton Terrace has fared better, gas is not burnt, and the only injury the frescoes have sustained is an accidental nail-scratch. Mr. Watts states that he has always followed the directions of Cennini; he adopts Italian methods, and frescoes he painted many years ago in a villa near Florence remain in perfect preservation. Mystery as well as misfortune hang over England's well-meant efforts.

Mr. Watts, before the Royal Academy Commission in 1863, advocated the decoration of the public buildings of England by means of wall-painting:—

'It is,' he urged, 'the only way of making the fine arts general. Wherever there is a bare wall,' he maintained, 'whether at Eton, St. Paul's, or at a Railway Station, mural paintings, good in design, simple in colour and treatment, might be executed with ease, and at little cost.' In accordance with these ideas, Mr. Watts some years since, offered to paint the great hall at the Euston Square Railway Station, at the cost of the scaffolding and the colours. Frescoes have been 'much too expensive,' mural paintings of some sort ought to be multiplied at moderate cost and scattered abroad as much as possible. Mr. Watts advances three reasons for the increased practice of monumental painting. Firstly, because mural painting is an art which demands an absolute knowledge only to be obtained by hard, honest study. Secondly, because the practice of such art would bring out that gravity and nobility which, though deficient in the English school of painting, are latent and ready for development in the English character. And, thirdly, because the mind of the people would thus be elevated. 'At present the public never see anything beautiful excepting in exhibition-rooms. It is a melancholy fact that scarcely a single object amongst those that surround us has any pretension to real beauty, or could be put simply into a picture with noble effect. And as I believe the love of beauty to be inherent in the human mind, it follows that there must be some unfortunate influence at work. Every means,' continued Mr. Watts, 'of stimulating, cultivating, and popularising the noblest expressions of art should be pressed into service; until the people at large grow to care about it, it never can take root in England, and this they can never do until it shall be presented to them habitually; but a people who care more for Handel's music than for that of any other composer, would not long be insensible to similar impressions conveyed in a different but very

analogous form.' A suggestion made by Mr. Watts that the students of the Academy might be trained by painting the walls of museums with designs from Raphael, Flaxman, and other masters, seems likely to be carried into effect under a recent decision of the Council. Mr. Watts, now that he has a seat at the Board, can reiterate his views. He holds that it is 'a monstrous thing that the Royal Academy has had no voice' in questions relating to our public monuments; he believes that the Academy should concern itself with the practical chemistry of the arts, that it should 'investigate the cause of failure in the frescoes,' and 'seize upon the obvious applicability of mosaic to the purposes of decoration in England.' Here may be noted the fact, that Mr. Watts has made designs for mosaics in St. Paul's and the South Kensington Museum. 'It appears to me,' he continues, 'to be nothing short of a phenomenon that English art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history; the power and solid magnificence of English enterprise is almost entirely without corresponding expression in English art.'

'The Return of the Dove to the Ark,' exhibited last year in the Academy, may be taken as a declaration of the views held by Mr. Watts on nature-study and landscape art. Mr. Watts holds that the greatest landscape artists have been the figure-painters; and Titian he may range on his side. He thinks that in landscape-painting what is needed is intention rather than minute detail; and here he has Gaspar Poussin and the Italian school generally with him, and the so-called English Pre-Raphaelites against him. These views rebut the charge that English landscape has received injustice within our Academy: they also tend to the conclusion that the French school of landscape, which subjects observation to reflection, and seeks to convey to the mind the impressions made by nature, stands in a superior position to the English school.

The portraits of Mr. Watts may be quoted in proof of the oft-repeated assertion that great portrait-painters, such as Titian and Velasquez, have brought to the art a largeness of manner and nobility of intent gained in a higher sphere. Mr. Watts imparts a certain idealism and generalisation to his head studies; though it may be objected that the execution lacks definition and detail. But these portraits are painted on principles which involve defects: the idea is to cast aside disturbing accidents for the sake of essentials, to seize upon the head as a mass, upon the character as a unit, to concentrate and exalt the one dominant thought or motive, and thus the picture becomes impressive and gains intellectual intent. Van Eyck, in St. Cecilia, allows no distraction, the one thought is the music, the whole being is fixed down to the organ keys. And so in Watts's portrait of Joachim, the soul of the player is in the violin; power, passion, precision, are in the sweep of the bow; instrument and performer are one and indivisible. A certain 'portrait,' a lady singing, gained unwonted brilliancy by being set in a light key, the lady was fair as spring, and the song that of a bird. Portraits of William Bowman, Esq., and of the Dean of Westminster, may be remembered as fine studies of character, though Venetian colouring is rather unsuited to the English complexion.

The painter, as already indicated, occasionally transfers his hand to sculpture.

He is engaged on a monument to the late Bishop of Lichfield for Lichfield Cathedral; some years since he executed a memorial to the late Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq., and a bust of 'The Dying Clytie' has been exhibited in the Academy. The last, now in the Kensington Museum, has the large and broad, sketchy and suggestive manner of the artist's pictorial conceptions. Mr. Watts, when in the Levant, had the good fortune to see exhumed at Halicarnassus sculpture glowing with colour, 'as perfect as if painted but a few weeks,' but 'in the course of two or three hours,' this colour, which he believes to have been an 'artistic application,' 'entirely disappeared.' It was a happy coincidence that the colourist of the English school should be witness to an interesting fact which goes far to settle the moot question whether the ancients were in the practice of painting statues.

The studio of Mr. Watts is not merely a gallery of pictures, but a museum of ideas: thoughts struggle into utterance, and art-problems await solution. Here may be noticed the original chalk drawing, 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light,' of which a facsimile serves to illustrate this paper. High over head hangs perchance a cartoon for the mosaic decorations in St. Paul's; on the wall is the Angel of Death, with soldier, priest, and suppliant. Round about are scattered reminiscences of the Italian masters, torsos and limbs from the antique, and in outlying corridors the eye discovers deep-toned frescoes shining out from shadow. Besides these imaginative creations are the heads of illustrious contemporaries, Tennyson, Browning, Joachim, Sir Henry Lawrence, and others. On a distant wall is the dove flying over the wide waters of the Deluge. On a near easel are sculpturesque figures on a mountain-top reclining, banished gods cast into solitude and silence, these monsters rest in uneasy unrest, upheaving their massive limbs as giants mountain born. Such compositions seem to typify acts in creation and eras in the history of the human race. The painter has indeed cherished an idea which would reach to what might be termed a pictorial cosmos. Not so expressly historic as the grand compositions painted by Kaulbach, these cosmical pictures might shadow forth the innate powers of nature, the destiny of races, the aspiration of humanity. The idea is obviously too vast for realisation, in the contemplation of such an enterprise we are indeed reminded that life is short while art is long. But the belief that art is long, gives to the world the assurance that no vision of the intellect will in the end fail of fruition. In the progress of the human race let us not doubt that art will take from age to age higher forms and fulfil nobler uses.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

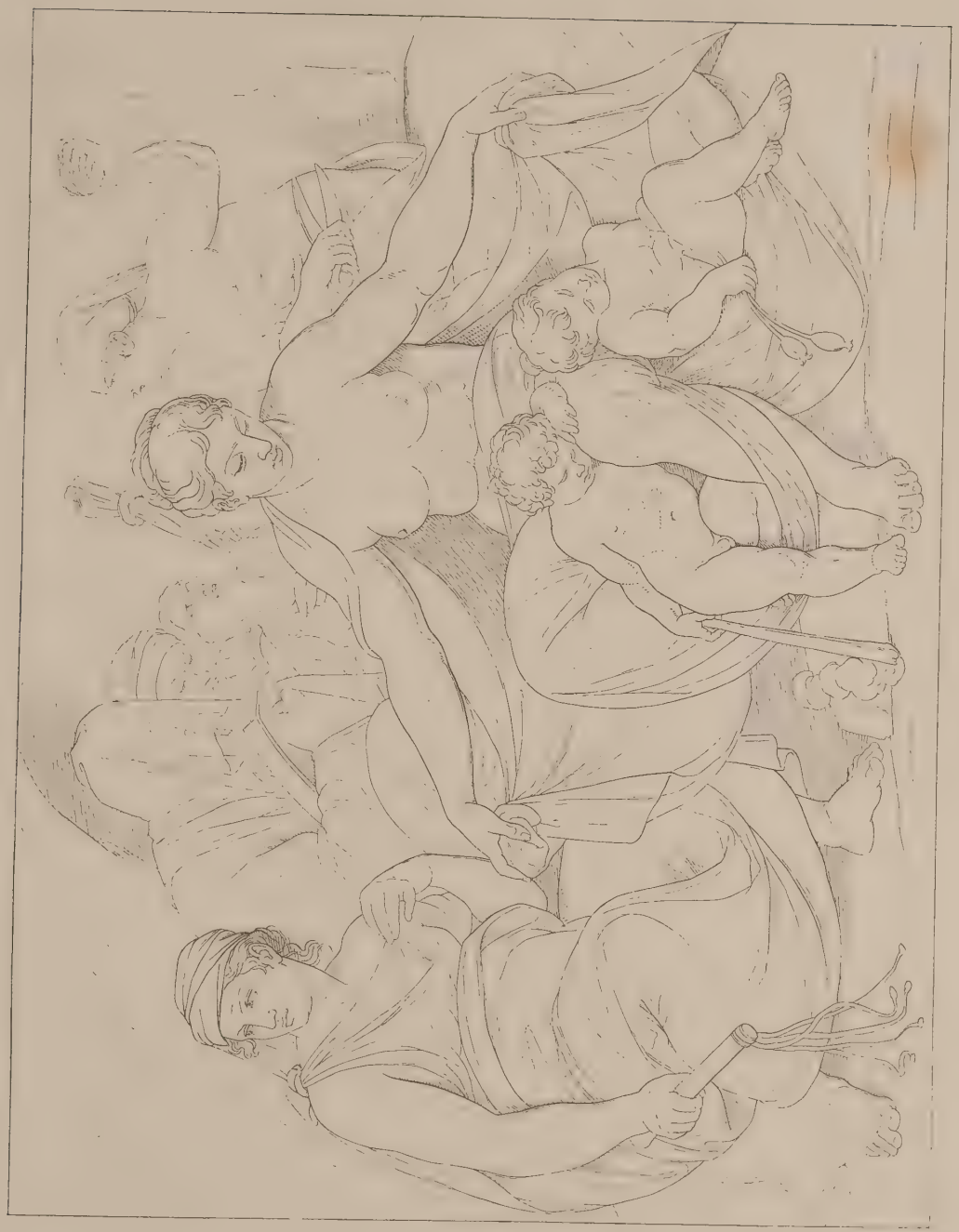
to Art. The consequences were disastrous to himself, and to his own training. Mocked and shunned by his companions, he lost all those advantages which come to us from study pursued in the company of others. He became hardened in the determination to which his antecedents had inclined him, to break his way alone. The natural result of this was great waste of power; much of his time and labour were spent in thankless, fruitless efforts, and to the last he never got the better of his ruling faults, never acquired that technical facility, which those whom the Germans call *Zopfkünstler*, might have imparted to him. No man can with impunity reject tradition. Carstens remains for us incomplete, unsymmetrical, inharmonious, violent, irregular, with that development of which he so constantly dreamt, and for which he so gallantly fought, unaccomplished. Yet even a cursory examination of the fragmentary matter which he left behind him must result in the conviction, that since the sixteenth century hardly any man has been more richly endowed by nature than he. In the first place, his interests were of a high character; they were very wide; he drew materials from the whole field of classical creative work. Dante, Goëthe, Milton, were as familiar to him as Homer, Sophocles, or Lucan. Professor Springer complains that in dealing with Greek myths, Carstens does not make what he considers a proper selection, and that he does not seem to have been occupied with the true signification of the myth, but guided rather by what he chanced on in reading. This might be fair matter for censure in criticising the labours of a philologian, but is hardly the point from which to attack an artist. For the work of a man who has been other than unconsciously influenced by the '*wirkliche Bedeutung*' of his subject-matter, drops at once into the rank of didactic productions, which Professor Springer would be one of the first to condemn. It is in spite of such a tendency, not in virtue of it, that any work infected by it becomes great in point of Art. It was a tendency entirely foreign to the whole genius of Carstens. Nothing that he ever did was conceived in a subjective spirit, but on the other hand he was anything but indifferent to the contents of a work of Art. 'I have visited the Exhibition of the French Academy here,' he writes from Rome in 1793, the year in which Basseville was massacred, and the Directorship suppressed by vote of the Convention, 'but I have never seen paintings more empty of all thought. It never seems to have struck these Artists that Art is the expression of our perceptions, and that she begins to speak where words must cease. These men are masters of the technical part of Art, and they seem to think that Art consists of technicalities.' He writes thus, not because he demanded that they should by their choice or their treatment of a given subject endeavour to enforce lessons of moral or historical importance. He knew that the moment which appears most significant to the student does not always afford the most fruitful motive to the Artist. All he desired was that there should be a richer culture; that each skilful hand should be backed by a well-stored mind; that each man should habitually keep his attention occupied by matter which might bring him wisdom, and lay up the most valuable results of thought as food for his imagination and material for his powers of invention.

It is the force and fertility of this faculty of invention, together with his complete command over it, that constitutes one of the most powerful attractions of Carstens' drawings. There is nothing charming, nothing taking about them, nothing that could catch the popular eye. The first impulse of an ordinary observer would be to pass them by as undeserving special notice. They derive no advantage from the glow of colour, nor do they arrest attention by a scientifically disposed chiaroscuro. They appear gray, sober, dull in their simplicity. Some are slightly coloured; for the most part they are executed with the pen, or black or red chalk, now and then they are washed in, in sepia. The light and shade is sufficiently studied, and of a force in accordance with the character of the subject; but the chief stress is laid neither on the colour nor on the chiaroscuro, these are both called in simply to aid in bringing out the lines of the composition, and remain, as it were, instinctively subservient to this purpose. The action too is always characterised by the same air of quiet simplicity; there is sufficient intention and vigour, but no melo-dramatic straining after effect. Whilst

there pierces through all this work a subtle and delicate perception of the psychological significance of action and expression, it is invariably held in check by a sound judgment, which never suffers him to be led astray by it in his selection of a subject. In many men distinguished by this quality, but less brilliantly endowed in other respects, men especially of the modern school, there is a great tendency to be carried off by excitement in the pursuit of the connexion between act and thought, until they are attracted by situations, in themselves of a trifling nature, induced to do so, not by the depth of interest of the emotions which they involve, but by their mere complexity. Yet here again his just instincts saved Carstens from overshooting the mark. The motive of his work is never insufficient; the thread is always strong enough to bear the weight attached to it. But there is one peculiarity of his compositions which has attracted the notice of all who have attentively examined them. This is their markedly sculpturesque character. In his enthusiasm for Greek work, the Sketcher, as his companions nicknamed him, did not stand alone. It was shared by Vien, and was the general characteristic of all the teachers of the reactionary movement of his time. But his own special gift was, that his creations instinctively and naturally assumed a sculptural character, so much so, that it has been remarked that all his drawings appear as if they had been first thought out in a plastic form, and then translated into pen and paper. This is strikingly evident even in his treatment of subjects which do not seem to lend themselves readily to the needs of a sculptor. Take, for instance, one of his illustrations to the 'Inferno,' Charon's boat crossing the Styx with its burden of condemned souls,—a subject full of temptation to the dramatic Artist. In the hands of Carstens it becomes solemn, calm, cold as marble itself, but in spite of the clear light which penetrates every recess, in spite of the still passivity of the helpless, miserable mass which lies, as it were, flung upon the boat, the imagination is seized by a real sense of terror. The motionless waters are shut in by grey hill-sides, which seem to close nearer as you look; the boat with its one sailless mast is so heavily laden that the sides are sunk almost to the water's edge, and completing the impression of hopeless, helpless misery, one stricken wretch slips, slides from the rest, without one effort to check his inevitable slow descent, gradually, irresistibly, over the side into the pool below. This drawing hangs on the walls of the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen; on either side of it are placed copies, or rather caricatures after Carstens, by Kock, apparently with the object of bringing home to the spectator the sense of how much is lost, together with the touch of the master's hand. One spirited clay-sketch of a female figure has been well reproduced by Vanni of Frankfort. It is, we believe, the only model now existing from Carstens' hand. Slight as it is, it serves to show that he was endowed not only with the brain to conceive, but with the hand to execute. There is expressed in it a real sense of the beauty of flesh, and such an admirable affinity between the fingers and the material as alone can give the power to express that sense. It is very slight, merely a sketch, the proportions are not just, the upper half of the body being slender and small in comparison to the lower, but with all its faults, it stands instinct with original vigour and power,—the embodiment of a passionate outcry against fate, the expression of a wounded but untameable soul, to be subdued only by death.

Every one has watched the wild wreaths of smoke which are forced one after another from the funnel of the steam-engine as it rushes on its way. Every one has seen them fly past like phantom souls blown from the mouth of a creator, curling, tossing, floating, stretching out wild white arms, and making fantastic curves expressive of undefinable desire, till they vanish in the branches of the wood which cuts across the grey horizon. But many of these free spirits never reach the distant wood; some which seem to rush forth with an impetus which carries them up at first higher than their fellows, and seems to promise them a far longer flight, fall prone in the near meadow, shrinking, cowering before the low hawthorn hedge, sucked in by the damp earth already reeking with such vapours. Before he was forty-five, Carstens lay dead in the city of his dreams in Rome. The same indomitable

MEETING OF JASON AND MEDEA.



NIGHT AND HER CHILDREN.

spirit which had carried him through the trials of his life supported him to the last. Not long before his death he made a spirited resistance to the oppressive requirements of the Prussian minister Von Heinitz, in regard to the measure of his official duties. The demands which were made upon his time by Von Heinitz in return for the small pension he enjoyed, were such as to leave Carstens little or no leisure for private study. The words with which he closed one of the letters which are the memorial of that dispute, deserve to be remembered here, so expressive are they of the character of the man and of his life. 'My powers are entrusted to me by God. I must be a just steward. So when I am asked, "Give an account of thy stewardship," I may not have to answer, "Lord, the talent which Thou gavest me I have buried it in Berlin."'

The portrait of Carstens which heads this paper is full of individual character. In the quivering lines of the highly susceptible nostril, and the tremulous energy of the mouth, we trace the physical expression of those qualities which we have already recognised in his work. The air of brooding melancholy which hangs over the face speaks to us, not only of the seeds of death which are already sown in his breast, but of that mental suffering which casts a deeper shade of sorrow on human features than bodily disease. The portrait occurs on the title-page of his illustrations of the legend of the Argonauts. These illustrations are amongst the best known, though hardly the most characteristic of Carstens' work. The example selected (the meeting of Jason with Medea in the presence of Æetes) is a very fair specimen of them. Considered as a drawing, it is imperfect. The conception of the incident as a pictorial subject, has been disturbed by the natural tendency of the imagination to display itself in the forms proper to sculpturesque expression. The unity of the effect is consequently somewhat marred by an air of overwork and overcrowding. In spite of these defects, we can still trace the spirit of a true artist. The simplicity of the motive chosen, appealing at once to general human instincts; the happy rush of the two meeting figures; the sympathetic movement amongst the younger spectators; the disturbed air of the king, reflected right and left of him; the delicate, natural touch of the puzzled and clamorous child, unheeded by its mother, whose attention is absorbed in the incident of the moment; the varied appropriateness of action and expression throughout, set a royal stamp upon the slight drawing. Our second example, which occurs in 'Zeichnungen von A. J. Carstens, in der Grossherzoglichen Kunst-sammlung zu Weimar, 1856,' is the group of 'Night and her Children,' inspired by the words of Hesiod :—

> 'Now darksome Night fruitful began to prove,
> From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate,
> Death, Sleep, and numerous dreams derive their date:
> From the same parent sprung the rig'rous three,
> The goddesses of Fate and Destiny,
> Clotho and Lachesis, whose boundless sway,
> With Atropos, both men and gods obey:
> And Nemesis from the same fountain rose,
> From hurtful Night herself the source of woes.'
>
> 'The Theogony,' Cooke's translation, p. 765.

We have here an opportunity of examining the leading lines of Carstens' genius. The entire completeness within itself of the composition, the harmony of the movement, the clear significance of every line, the justness of the sentiment, impress us with the sense of exquisite propriety. The sympathetic action of the hands is worthy of note. It is too often forgotten that the right and left hands are always doing the same thing, however dissimilar their positions, however apparently varied their directions, they are always guided by the same impulse. In all good work we invariably find illustrations of this psychological law, the non-observance of which immediately imparts a disturbed, uneasy air to any figure, however fine in parts. Here we have it fulfilled with much delicate perception of its value and beauty. Remark especially the downward fall of the right hand of Sleep, following the drop of the

left, from which the poppies are slipping; then, again, the fingers of Death relaxing and parting on his mother's knee as the fingers of the other hand relax and part on the fallen torch. But perhaps it is to be most clearly observed in the figure of Nemesis, where the grip of the right on her scourge is taken up and repeated with such subtle truth, in the nervous picking of the left at the drapery which crosses her bosom. We see in this drawing the sculpturesque intention of Carstens' mind. We possess in it a shadow of those qualities which specially distinguished him; we can trace, in short, that unconscious sympathy with classic propriety of work and thought which so endeared him as an artist to Goëthe.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

RECENT RESULTS OF THE 'AUTOTYPE' PROCESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE recent transfer of the 'Autotype Company (Limited)' to permanent and commodious quarters in Rathbone Place, where one has every opportunity for a complete inspection of the wares they have for sale, renders it possible for the first time to form a clear idea of what gains may or may not be expected for art from the application of the new carbon or 'autotype' process of photography.

The father, so to speak, of the carbon process, is Mr. John Swan, of Newcastle; and its great and pre-eminent practitioner, speaking from the artistic point of view, is assuredly M. Adolphe Braun, of Dornach (Haut-Rhin). The visitor who goes to the rooms of the Autotype Company to judge what art may hope for from the new process will not care much for the specimens of direct portrait, or landscape, or still-life photography that he will find there, since these, except for the signal merit of permanence, are not better (nor often quite so good) than those produced by the old means; neither will he care greatly for the almost deceptive imitations of mezzotint and other engravings that he will also find; but for the great series of reproductions from European galleries by M. Braun he will, or ought to care very greatly indeed. The carbon process, in M. Braun's hands, has been made a far more perfect medium than could fairly have been supposed possible for the reproduction of ancient drawings. And in his great series of portfolios from the Louvre, from the Uffizii, the Albertina, the Venice Academy, the Ambrogiana, the Weimar gallery, the Basel Museum, M. Braun has set before us all an invaluable second-hand means of studying the sketches and jottings of the great men, and enriched us with a quite priceless help towards the knowledge of their minds and methods—a help that is just as priceless to the student of art-history as to that of art-practice. And, finally, there comes the still greater series of photographs from the roof of the Sistine, by help of which one can, for the first time, fully *see*—and that sitting in one's own chair—what the details of this splendid area, this acreage of consummate pictorial achievement charged with all the indignation, tenderness, terror, and power of Michelangelo's imagination, really are. In all public institutions of art-education, complete copies of this and the other series ought to be placed at once. And every private lover of art ought at once to make from them such selection as his taste or his pocket counsels him.

A commendable English enterprise in the same direction is the 'Specimens of Drawings of Ten Masters from the Royal Collection,' just published by Messrs. Macmillan, with text, by Mr. B. B. Woodward, the late librarian at Windsor. We cannot say that we think the photographic plates in this book, as such, at all as good as average specimens of M. Braun's work; but the examples are well selected—one of the Michelangelos, one of the Raphaels, the Dürer, and some of the Holbeins, being especially interesting—and the text is written sensibly and with knowledge.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

CORDELIA'S PORTION.

[illegible]H FROM A MONOCHROME DRAWIN[illegible]

FORD MADOX BROWN.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

VIII.—FORD MADOX BROWN.

FIVE years ago there was held in Piccadilly an exhibition, which many of our readers no doubt saw and remember, of the collected works of an artist who (like not a few in this country) had been distinguished till then chiefly on hearsay. Our national character (if one may permit oneself a generalisation that will not be accused of rashness) has tended in art, as in other things, to breed among us decided, independent, and even stubborn individualities; men with divergent aims, each disposed to follow his own aim in his own way, and to assert and develope his own personal fashion of thinking and working. Such personalities so bred have found, at the outset of their career, no intelligent and progressive traditions, no recognised or organised methods of teaching, no liberal community of aims and methods; in one word, no school (since to speak of an English school is little more than a verbal shift) into which they might have been received, and as members of which they might have worked with the animating and disciplining sense of fellowship to foster their aims in the best direction, and to wean them from inordinate special predilections. On the other hand, some kind of practical association among artists being indispensable, there has arisen under State patronage an association with which we are all familiar, and to which we have cause to be grateful; but which has at no time completely represented the various tendencies of individual genius in England. It has represented those tendencies in English painting which have been at any given time most popular with that portion of society constituting the art-public; excluding, in the main, the most characteristic and original counter-tendencies. And so the individual genius has been left in isolation, to insist on his own views and work out his career at disadvantage. For a disadvantage to the individual career such isolation of necessity is; however much it may be argued that for modern art (which, with its enormously widened range of ends as compared with ancient art, and its greatly impaired command of means, has been, is, and must long be a matter of gradual experiment and groping) it is an advantage that all possible license should be encouraged in the individual experimentalist, all rein given to singularity and divergency of practice. These are questions which there is no place for here; only it was necessary, before attempting the exposition of Mr. Brown's art, to remind the reader explicitly of conditions that in his case have told with peculiar force.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown, then, is the son (born in 1821) of a famous Scotch

doctor and philosophical innovator in medicine. After imbibing, through temporary masters at Bruges and Ghent, some tincture of the transmitted influence of David, at seventeen he entered the studio of Gustaf, the renowned Baron Wappers. This artist's strong convictions and keen enthusiasm told not so much in the excellence of his own work as of the work of those who were inspired or taught by him. Mr. Brown avers his obligations to the ardent preacher of human truth and dramatic verisimilitude in painting, whose doctrine must have been in close harmony with his own instincts, and by whose influence his whole career has been to some extent coloured. Next, after a few months of portrait-painting in England, Mr. Brown proceeded to a three years' residence in Paris (1841–1844), and there produced or completed the two most important early pictures exhibited in the collection of 1865: 'Parisina's Sleep;' 'Manfred on the Jungfrau.' A technical facility remarkable in so young an artist; drama so expressed as to border, as happens with young artists, upon melodrama; a preference, ascribed by the painter himself to study of Rembrandt and the Spanish black masters, for sombre keys of colour; these are the qualities coming most to the surface in the works in question. A few portraits and studies painted with the utmost *savoir faire* in the accepted methods belong to the same period; while the one real master-motive of the artist's life—the intellectual realisation of human character as brought out by circumstance, and as expressed in gesture and facial expression—is found inspiring a set of rough designs in illustration of 'King Lear,' in which the properly pictorial matters of composition and the rest are already quite subordinated to the attempt at direct originality of passion-painting and dramatic invention.

At this time came about the opening incident in the history of the English art-revolution of our day. The cartoon competitions at Westminster came to shake the lethargy of our risen and to stimulate the efforts of our rising painters, with the promise that their art should be called up from the purposes of cabinet furniture to the nobler purposes of public decoration. To the last two of these competitions Mr. Brown contributed his cartoons of 'Adam and Eve,' 'The Spirit of Justice,' and 'The Body of Harold.' Of this last a somewhat modified duplicate, repainted in 1861, was exhibited under the title of 'Willelmus Conquistator.' Mr. Brown expressly disclaims for his work, now or subsequently, all influence of the Parisian ateliers; but it is hard to suppose that the examples of grave and harmonious pictorial composition, purity of design, studied grouping of forms, which would have been offered him in the work of some of the best French masters of the time,—it is hard to suppose that these did not unconsciously count for something in the production of the particular work of which we now speak. 'Willelmus Conquistator' is a composition of the ablest and most dignified kind, with the stalwart mounted figure of the Norman Duke for its central point; to my mind its painter's greatest invention, and one of the very finest historical pieces that have been produced in England. That on the other hand, its incidents are not

wanting in those points of dramatic realisation and strenuous and felicitous thinking-out of subject in which Mr. Brown at all times loves to exercise himself, let the following description of them (taken from his own catalogue) attest:

'Excessive and exuberant joy is described in the old chronicles as possessing the Norman host after the victory. This is shown variously in the demeanour and expressions of the conquerors. Harold was a more than usually large and athletic man, even among Saxon heroes. Three men bear his body to the victorious Duke. All that are left alive on the scene are Normans—no prisoners were taken. Quarter was neither expected nor given. One ancient knight, somewhat of the Polonius kind, with raised hand, seems to say, "Here indeed, was a man. In my young days," &c. &c. Others seem of the same mind. One of William's attendants, of the waggish sort, catches a silly camp-boy by the fist, and exhibits its puny proportions alongside of the dead Harold's hand, still with the broken battle-axe in its iron grasp; drawing a grim smile from the conqueror. A fair-haired Norman officer, regardless of the fact that his body is gashed pretty freely with wounds, twists about to get a sight of Harold. The monk who is dressing his wounds, tired out with much of such work, surlily bids him be quiet. Friends join hands, glad to meet again after such a day. A father supports his wounded son. In one corner, embraced in death-grapple, lie the bodies of a Norman and Saxon, one has stabbed the other in the back, while he in turn has bitten his adversary's throat like a dog.'

A sojourn in Italy, about the year 1845, had the effect of turning Mr. Brown from his sombre practice in colour towards the more luminous and rejoicing range of tones revelled in by the masters of the southern schools. And soon after his return, that is, towards the year 1847, the symptoms of a commencing inner ferment become visible in his art. He produces, it is true, several works, some of them occupying him through successive years, which seem in direct affiliation to work done before 1845; thus the large composition of many figures called 'Chaucer reading at the Court of Edward III.' and the smaller picture of 'Wiclif reading his Bible translation to John of Gaunt,' are examples of the historical manner which had its impulse from the cartoon competition; they are painted with all the previous facility and unmannered *savoir faire*, only in sunnier keys of colour than of old. Again, the picture of 1848–9, which the artist calls 'One of the earliest of my present, or *English*, style,' is executed in a much more confident and confirmed manner of work than others of the same or of a later time. This 'Lear and Cordelia' is justly reckoned by the painter as one of his chief successes. As an imaginative realisation of a given scene from poetry, in which strenuous thought and vivid insight concur with complete pictorial sanity, I think it has hardly been surpassed in modern painting. There is an infinite pathos in the face of the discrowned king, now nothing but a battered and bewildered dotard sunk in an opiate sleep; Cordelia kneels at his feet in a passion of pity, of anxiety, of reproachfulness against the wickedness that has brought him low; Kent and the Fool look in at the window, and behind them we see the players whose music is to awaken the sleeper, and a stretch of Dover sea-beach whereon are pitched the tents of France.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brown had begun to be dissatisfied with his own facility; to lose confidence in the soundness of the art-methods which he had with so much readiness acquired from his teachers. There is a portrait painted so early as 1846, in which he has all the air of a painter resolved to unlearn and ignore what he had been taught, and to worry out the whole thing afresh for himself. This tentative manner, the manner of an artist going about to create difficulties for himself, rejecting the compromises by which others had been wont to shirk artistic problems, searching by his own lights after new and closer methods of interpreting natural fact, gradually gains upon his old manner. It was a time of impending revolution, when the first principles of painting were soon on all hands to be called in question, and all traditions to be set at nought by a school of eager innovators determined to plant the art on what they held to be a true instead of a false basis. When the Westminster competition had first wakened up artists and art-lovers in England out of their slumber, holding out prospects of reward and setting young ambitions on fire, and men began to take stock seriously of their own position, there were two things in which the English school (I use the word in the lax sense in which I have already pointed out that it is alone appropriate) was absolutely deficient. These two things were, Intellect and Style. None, or next to none, of the fundamental qualities of mind, as sincerity and integrity in interpreting fact, or greatness, passion, or originality in imaginative construction, which together constitute what is called Intellect in art; none, or next to none, of those ulterior acquisitions, to some extent voluntary and communicable, which give to the formal embodiments of art elevation, modulation, dignity with nature, and grace with science, and which are summed up in the word Style. Within the last three-and-twenty years two movements have tended towards the cure of these defects. The pre-Raphaelite movement, dating from 1848, was a violent revolution in the cause of Intellect. The foreign movement, beginning about 1855, gathering force in 1862, has been a calmer revolution in the cause of Style; and to both of them we may well wish a more complete success (for they are not in essence hostile) than either has yet gained.

Of a revolution in the cause of Intellect, we have already seen that Mr. Brown was well qualified to be a soldier. And it did in fact happen that from his independent standpoint he found himself, almost immediately after his return from Italy, a herald and precursor of pre-Raphaelitism. 'Our Ladye of Good Children,' designed in 1847, is almost already a pre-Raphaelite work, with its dainty and yet heartfelt modern manner of playing with mediæval inventions. Mr. Brown, being of older standing than the declared and recognised leaders of the brotherhood, did not regularly count as one of them, but worked, so to speak, in parallel lines with them, and therefore in more complete isolation even than they. From that time to this, Mr. Brown has been persistently at work with a steady corroboration and but slight essential change of the manner which he

acquired during his years of experimental enthusiasm. The products of his peculiar and most interesting genius may be roughly divided into three classes. the class of modern scenes of real life, the class of poetical or romance illustrations, and the class of Bible illustrations. This classification does not include the landscapes of which our artist has at various times produced several and generally on a small scale; some of them exceedingly pleasing, and nearly all striking on the score of sedulous veracity and careful effort for the rendering of some particular effect of nature, some special and hitherto avoided relation of light and shadow, or the like. Of his figure pieces, the most important in the first class, and dealing with contemporary life, are the two called, 'The Last of England,' and 'Work.' 'The Last of England' shows a married couple of middle-class emigrants leaving the English shore, the man full of heart-sickness and regret, the woman full only of love and subdued confidence; in all details of costume and accessory the most rigid minuteness of photographic detail is combined with the utmost pregnancy of associated suggestion; the scene is set before us, daylight and all, exactly as it might have been, not one jot more beautiful or ugly, only with a certain emphasis laid on this or that object most suggestive of sympathetic emotion. For good or for evil, the same system has been followed in the artist's central, most elaborate and ingenious picture of 'Work,' which was designed to be a complete and pregnant drama of nineteenth-century life, having for its central figures a group of navvies at their noon-day labour, and full of all sorts of suggestive contrasts between rich and poor, weak and strong, rough and fastidious, idle and busy, thoughtless and contemplative,—such as are infinitely better and more simply expounded in the artist's own descriptive catalogue than any words of mine can expound them. Of the class of poetical or romance illustrations, there is 'The Death of Sir Tristram,' there is 'King René's Honeymoon,' there is 'Cordelia's Portion' (the play of 'Lear' seems always to have had an intense hold—and no wonder—on our artist's imagination); there is 'Don Juan'—the beach scene where Haidee first comes upon him, painted after a design to illustrate a forthcoming edition of Byron; there is an uncompleted large picture of Romeo and Juliet, showing us the parting kiss on the balcony,—Juliet passion-pale and faint, Romeo embracing her with one arm, and flinging the other abroad as he puts his foot on the first step of the rope-ladder, the towers of Verona rosed with morning in the background. Of Biblical subjects, there is a large 'Christ washing the feet of Peter,' and there is an 'Entombment,' both having in their design a more immediate affinity than other works of Mr. Brown's with the manner of the old masters; and there are three Old Testament subjects, one more vividly conceived and rendered than another, 'Ehud and Eglon,' 'Jacob and Joseph's Coat,' 'Elijah with the Widow's Son,' all executed after designs contributed to a forthcoming Bible of the Messrs. Dalziel.

Of all these works in whichever class, the prevailing note may be stated in

the one word 'Realism.' Mr. Brown is one of the most acute and imaginative of pictorial realists, whose great pre-occupation it is to represent a scene—if he has seen it, as it was—if he has imagined it, as it might have been. Starting, in the second place, experimentally as I have said, he has nevertheless a greater manual power of doing what he wants than most painters much more easily satisfied. He has the most vivid apprehension of external fact, and an equally vivid apprehension of spiritual processes. It is the spiritual process as exhibited in the external fact that he sets himself to record, and to record with marked emphasis. The aspect of a thing seems to interest him chiefly as revealing character; not the character chiefly as modifying the aspect (which I should hold to be the way with the most essentially artistic or pictorial temperaments). It should be said that *à propos* of one of his own landscapes he makes the following profoundly true remark, that—

'In all cases pictures must be judged first as pictures—a deep philosophical intention, will not make a fine picture, such being rather given in excess of the bargain; and though all epic works of art have this excess, yet I should be much inclined to doubt the genuineness of that artist's ideas, who never painted from love of the mere look of things, whose mind was always on the stretch for a moral.'

But I think there are several of Mr. Brown's pictures, and notably his great picture of 'Work,' to which justice could not be done by regarding it first from the pictorial side. Or if it is to be so regarded, it must be taken as showing that our artist's 'love for the look of things' extends itself to things that are not beautiful, that is (as I should have said) not pictorially loveable. Not that the reader must suppose that there is neglect of beauty in Mr. Brown's work generally; of that which I have called Style there is perhaps neglect; but in much of his work there is immense and sincere beauty both of invention and of colour; there is the tenderest sweetness as well as the shrewdest originality of feeling; there are dignity, pathos, learning, hard thought, and powerful execution all together, as in 'Elijah with the Widow's Son;' there is a convincing truth as well as a stimulating novelty in the expression of character; there is sometimes a quaint and almost touching vein of humour, or rather of that peculiar temper which sees and reproduces a humorous adjustment of things, a situation of quaint or exaggerated character, without quite acknowledging the joke of it.

The present photograph of 'Cordelia's Portion' is taken by Mr. Hollyer from a monochrome drawing. The moment is that when Cordelia, by France accepted portionless, bids a boding farewell to her sisters, who with their future husbands clutch and wrangle already over the crown put off by Lear. Burgundy gazes on disappointed and ashamed: the banished Kent casts back a last look from the doorway. The subject has also been carried out in painting. Its abundance of character, and dramatic and intellectual suggestion, I leave the reader the pleasure of unravelling for himself.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

etching of Dive is a good deal spoiled by a great coarsely etched shadow in the foreground. I fancy we should have felt the delicacy of the distance, which is very exquisite, and the liveliness of the sky, which is very light and full of movement, just as well without the heavy lines which lie like iron bars across the road. Surely M. Lalanne pushes his system a little too far sometimes. It is, on the whole, a reasonable and philosophical system well thought out, but there is such a thing as a too rigid adherence to the best of rules.

The sketches on the Seine are good, especially for expression of distance and of movement on the broad water. A very sweet and well-finished plate has for its subject one of those capital old pigeon-cotes which artists find near the ruinous châteaux of France. It is seen between rich trees and is partly reflected in one of those little ponds which very often occur just when they are wanted to serve as mirrors. The biting of the copper (you may trust Lalanne for knowing all about his *morsures*) has been so skilfully managed that the pigeon-cote (which is, in fact, a tower with a conical roof and crown of tiny columns, something like Burns's Monument in miniature) looks as equal and pure in its pale tones as if it were in a picture.

In addition to these subjects we have one or two from Bordeaux, Barcelona, &c., in fact, the collection is simply a miscellaneous extract from the artist's portfolio. It contains a complete range of degrees of finish, from the exquisite completion of the *pigeonnier* to the rapid sketching of the black shadow under a projecting roof at Cusset, which is the real subject of the least elaborate of these plates. But whatever the degree of labour bestowed upon them, there is always vivacity, always intelligence and taste. Above all, there is always the very uncommon faculty of knowing when to stop. EDITOR.

THE THOUGHTS OF ARTISTS.

II.

CERTAINLY there is a principle of solidarity—the word can no longer be dispensed with,—that makes all high art one,—and all art high art, that is worthy of its kind and attains to the utmost limits of perfectibility therein. The most marvellous masters no doubt work with a comprehensiveness and range that in a certain sense place their grandest productions as a class apart; but there is no fibril in our fearful and wonderful construction, that is ministrant, however humbly, to the service of sympathy, of which they have not struck the fundamental tone,—which they have not made vibrate harmoniously ever, sometimes with leading distinctness, in some passage or other of their sublimest symphonies. Hence it is that we may often be lifted by the works of lesser men to reminiscence of the most exalted. The voice of Homer himself seems sounding to us in the warble of an idyll; an etching of Rembrandt renews a thrill that has been unknown since we gazed on the Sistine ceiling—a landscape calms us with a peace that was given to us first in the contemplation of a Holy Family of Raphael. Churchill has couplets that it seems extraordinary that Pope should have missed, and quotation gives them undoubtingly to the better man. I have read lines in Browning that, as it seems, it could only have been by an accident did not belong to Shakespeare, and turns of Latin phrase in Walter Savage Landor that might go far to establish him as an antique classic.

There is then a certain height of art which whoso reaches, is on the same level at least with the highest—albeit at reverential distance; it is the achievement of such elevation that gives to a work of art the distinction that has been implied in such a term as classic. He who can succeed in advancing hitherto a work of his hands has consolation for many labours, nay, for many failures,—is justified if he even cares thenceforward only to rest content. He has done a work that vainly tasks many a generation of less happy men.

But if this be so, we may distrust the superciliousness that forbids a critic to sympathise with aught but the mystic or the majestic. Surely we may excusably, as indeed we cannot otherwise than, divert attention from the general sentiment and effect of the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian, to the little trotting faun,—nay, to a tuft of flowers in the foreground; and the precedent conceded, we allowably turn eyes at last from the picture altogether, and admire the daylight of De Hooge, or a chubby Dutch child of Maes. It were no light ambition, no unenviable success to equal Homer in any way, though it be but in a description such as he would only have turned aside to,—but still would have turned aside to,—for an illustration or a simile.

Let these be admitted truths; it may be said, then, Whither tend they? to vindicate a dignity for idyllic art, as rated by a standard of perfection independently of subject; to aver that, given a certain perfection,—very high, no doubt, but such as proof abundant evinces to be obtainable, a subject from the kitchen or the farmyard, from a country lane or a contemporary drawing-room, may be made the medium of touching us with that sense of completed and yet exhaustless harmony, that is identical in nature with the effect of highest gifts of all in their very highest exercise. The pastoral scenes on the shield of Achilles are works of the same genius that describes his reception of the supplication of Priam, 'miserablest of all suppliants, who has brought himself to touch the homicidal hands of the slayer of his son.' Nay, the same genius diverges from his epic course—and still his genius is confessed,—to bring up before our imaginations men disputing about a boundary, each with measuring-rod in hand; a care-beset mother weighing wool for sale with anxious nicety, so to gain food for her children; women too shrilly contending in the market-place; a little boy carried off his feet by a torrent and piteously drowned; children heaping imitation edifices of sand on the shore to be levelled by the returning wave; a little girl crying as she follows her mother holding by her dress, and crying till at last her mother takes her up. The hand that drew Lady Macbeth did not derogate by describing the child of Macduff; had it been a different poet who had exhibited the flippancy of Beatrice, who shall say that his single achievement would not have ranged him upon the same line as the creator of Desdemona and Portia; and when we leave Shakespeare after the matronly passion of Hermione, do we not meet him again in the farmyard and outhouses with Autolycus and the Clown, with Dorcas and Mopsa, and the completely unsophisticated nature of Perdita?

In the illustration of art a poetical instance, when analogy is duly observed, is equivalent to a pictorial; and from the appreciation of Perdita we could not pass more appropriately and with less sense of a breach of continuity in our associations, than to the 'Maid and the Magpie' of Sir Edwin Landseer in the Sheepshanks Gallery. In this picture of a Belgian cowshed we have no princess, but a pure intimation at least of the affections on which the happiness of even princesses depends, if we may trust poor Cleopatra, when in her agony she avows herself, responding to a 'Royal Egypt!'

> 'No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
> By such poor passions as the maid that milks
> And does the meanest chares.'

There may be interest and happiness in the world for one who scarcely knows of the real existence of princesses, but is not utterly remote from such a milkmaid. With somewhat of the unkempt appearance that the most sincere and earnest lovers are apt to wear so long as their fortunes are uncertain, Jacques stands in his blouse where the maiden is not bound to see him, but surely may if she pleases, and looked at alone he might seem capable of little more than sympathy with the shed-post that he whittles and leans against. But he has something to say if he only knew it was the time to say it; she has something to hear if she were only certain that it suited her to make this the time for listening to it. Her lithe, elastic figure daintily dressed, though in the woolsey of the farm and work of her own thimble, sways forward as she presses her head, guarded in milking cap, against the side of the beautiful milky mother, and we seem actually to hear the regular unhurried

tinkle of the metal pail as the roseate teats respond to the dexterous pressure of the not unaccustomed hands. Surely there is no weakness in being charmed with the modest cheek but conscious sidelong look of the maid, who knows she can control the flutter of a heart as she might at pleasure bring back a bird by the silken thread that is twisted round a little finger. Her thoughts, it may be, find sphere free enough as they circulate round and about homestead and outbuildings, meadows and orchard; she is now intent on filling her pail as she filled her pocket coming along; but if the crude and bulging pair of apples that peep by the slit of her discovered pocket tell of anticipated munchings, and give covert hint at an unsophisticated appetite, we must interpret as frankly the trouble she has taken to make her pincushion into the form of a heart, and to arrange her pins in an initial E, that either an Edwin or an Edward might be delighted to catch a glimpse of.

The graceful and as yet scarcely ruffled kid, or little more than kid, as she leisurely browses her green food in front, is hardly less concerned, with the rusty-coated, veteran, horned hero of the herd who reclines not unsympathetic on the turnip trough behind her, for the moment inattentive to the turnips. The shy lover is not alone in the picture in feeling himself hardly treated by the Fates, though he is not yet driven by rejection and worst restraint to the exclamations of Romeo caught in the toils of passion—

> 'Not mad but bound worse than a madman is,—
> Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
> Whipt and tormented.'

If the calf could speak it would tell of the vexatiousness of having to wear a spiked muzzle, and moreover, to stand by and hear the beverage destined for it by bountiful nature rattling into the predatory pan. The cow herself who yields it looks round, and has to compound with her own peculiar exercise of self-denial, as the buckled strap and moral discipline between them, make her listen to the crisp rustle of the browsed leafage, and see the bitten turnip, and maintain her soul in patience.

When restraint of tongue and the check on enterprise have mastery upon all others, who should be so alert as the fraudulent magpie. The faint heart that misses a chance might have learnt a bolder lesson here. A tug or two will evidently release the silver spoon from between basin and tasselled sabot,—it will be hopped off with limpingly,—and they who are too much engrossed with playing at hide-and-seek with each other or each other's hearts, will find themselves in trouble from the loss of it. The head of the dog, no doubt, is thrust between the pales, and his bright eyes spy the thief with animation, but his master, like the mistress, is absorbed. 'Turn on the prudent ant,' says the apologue,—

> 'Turn on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
> Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise.'

Turn, ye silly pair, to the children who are still one degree closer to nature than yourselves, around you, and you may relieve yourselves from some difficult perplexities. If the lover would turn his head he would see that the servant in the background has only to appear at the gate with scattered grain, and the geese he would scorn to be compared to, make no secret of their aspirations, but with extended clamorous necks stretch forward,—which first, first satisfied—and are fed. The jaunty demoiselle herself may be invited to stand up in her starred slippers and her glancing buttons, and to look across to the old-fashioned barn, and on its gable point she will see,—a more complimentary emblem,—a pair of billing doves; and both may then, without much further hesitation and by-play, bethink themselves of the pathway towards the spire that is glowing in the warm light of the largest expanse of evening sky.

Cousins' engraving of this picture is very admirable, but it will be most enjoyed by those who are familiar with the beautiful original. This is one of the pictures that fulfil the conditions that I commenced with an attempt to define. Where Sir Edwin himself,

who has produced so many works for us at once to be proud of and delight in, might care to rank it I do not know; but in virtue of a sense that it produces in me of perfect harmoniousness in import and execution, it remains with me, a classic,—nay, for all its scene and subject, an heroic work.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

THE WORKS IN PROGRESS IN THE WOLSEY CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.

THE works undertaken by the Baron de Triqueti, at the command of the Queen, in the Wolsey chapel at Windsor, are now far advanced. The walls right and left are filled with marbles, and only the east end, where the Baron intends to concentrate all the force of colour at his disposal, is vacant.

At a sufficient distance from the ground to admit of seats being fixed beneath them, range, pannelled on either side, a series of Scriptural subjects selected by the artist as illustrative of the acts and virtues of the late Prince Consort. In reference, for instance, to the interest taken by the Prince in the matter of popular education, we have Jehosaphat directing the teaching of the people by the princes, priests, and Levites. These pictures are executed in inlaid marbles, and lithographic stone, which affords a very valuable tone for decorative purposes. The cartoons for them, on completion are transferred to the marbles which are then deeply etched, and the lines filled in with a composition (unlike the mastic previously used) as durable as marble itself. Each picture is bedded in a deep-toned marble framework, inlaid with floral designs, and enriched by small reliefs in white, and by medallions in red marble of the obverse and reverse of the coins of the year in which the event depicted took place. For instance, beneath 'The Agony in the Garden,' the obverse and reverse of the coin of Tiberius occur. Derbyshire spars employed occasionally in this portion of the work impart an unlooked-for brilliancy to the whole. White marble medallions of the children of the Queen and Prince, executed by Miss Durant, are introduced above each picture, and separating each, but embedded in the same decorative frame come reliefs of the various virtues.

The artist who undertakes memorial work, even under the most favourable circumstances, generally runs hazardous risks. Monsieur de Triqueti has fulfilled his difficult task with equal fidelity and taste. The subjects treated are of general interest, though susceptible of special application by those deeply concerned. The compositions which make the least pretension to pictorial effect have been the most efficiently rendered in the sober scale of tints afforded by the materials employed. In such materials a blaze of colour is impossible, but a vast variety of delicate and subtle harmonies lie within reach, especially adapted for rendering serious monumental design. Though at present lamentably disturbed by the garish paint and gilding of the ceiling, and the equally garish glass of the windows, the general effect of the marbles promises to be rich and harmonious.

The execution by one man of a scheme demanding such varied attainments must necessarily leave something to be desired, however versatile his powers. The drawing can hardly be characterised as thorough, and has probably suffered much in the process of transferring the cartoons to marble. But whatever may be lacking, the work of the Baron de Triqueti is conceived in the spirit of a genuine artist without reference to profit or applause. What has been done at Windsor has been achieved by legitimate methods, and the completion of this Memorial work will be the inauguration of a new and valuable idea in the world of Decorative Art.

E. F. S. Pattison.

DR. JOHNSON.

REDUCED COPY IN AUTOTYPE OF A DRAWING BY

PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

IX.—PHILIP HERMOGENES CALDERON AND THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD SCHOOL.

IT is not to be wondered at if, in the absence of guidance, either from acknowledged leaders, recognised principles, or determinate demand, the great body of English painters should have broken up into groups, associated by the influence sometimes of sympathy, sometimes of circumstance, or, oftener, of both working together. The absence of 'a school' has, in the course of nature, produced schools. This is one consequence of the abnegation of all true teaching by the Academy. However marked out from each other by individual bent, self-dependence, impatience of external control and authority, the determination to shape a course, find a career, achieve a success, or build up a fortune, and however prone to insulation Englishmen may be, the love and pursuit of art will create, even in Englishmen, a certain necessity of association. No man can follow fine art as the serious business of his life, without finding himself confronted by questions of purpose, tendency, *cui bono:* without being led, however little given to speculation he may be, to ask himself and others, wherein consists the essence of great and good art; is there a *differentia*, or determining note of such art; is such art present as a living thing among us, and, if not, why not; is there a reason, in the nature of things, for our special admiration of the art of particular times and countries; is there a work for great and good art to do, here and now; and, if so, how may such work best be set agoing; how can I best get admitted to take any part in it?

In the attempt to answer such questions, young painters in this country, and up to the present time, have, unless by some rare good fortune, no better resource than to take counsel with each other. Fellow-students of congenial tastes and habits will thus gather in groups, often under some specially able young leader, and, often in unconscious obedience to tendencies of their time, and when they are clever and numerous enough, will sometimes seem for a while to give a new direction to the whole art of the day. Such a phenomenon was witnessed some years ago in the case of the Præ-Raphaelites. Before them, there had been a spring, among a knot of clever contemporaries, in the direction of English history, vividly and picturesquely, if anecdotically, treated, of which the works of

Cope, Ward, Frith, Egg, and Elmore, may serve as examples; while the names of Dyce, Herbert, and Armitage, may remind us of the fit of higher purpose which seemed to stir in our school, under the influence of the prospects opened for nobler historical art by the new Houses of Parliament. But the hope was only kindled to die out, after a flicker which never rose to a flame.*

But not more surely do the chemical conditions of climate, colouring matters, and building materials, work destruction on English frescoes, than the disintegrating influences of English life and society operate to dissolve these accretions of young painters. The influence of influences, among many, all hostile to such association, is the temptation of enterprising dealers, who command the purses of an ever-increasing body of rich purchasers, content to follow their guidance, as busy men, who admit they know nothing of art. In other words, the English painter finds himself, at once, in the business atmosphere, and begins almost perforce to think of painting what will sell.

This being so, it says much, I think, for the strength of the sympathy that drew together the knot of painters, known among their contemporaries as the St. John's Wood School,† that it has, for more than ten years of exhibition life, maintained a visible connexion among men who, with a fair share of differences determined by individual bent, have yet preserved certain common characteristics which make the word 'school' reasonably applicable to them.

This group, formed between 1850 and 1860, is made up of Calderon, George Leslie, Yeames, Marks, Wynfield, Story, and Hodgson. These names already include one Academician and two Associates, and none who may not fairly look forward to Academic rank. Five out of the seven were pupils of one master and members of the same sketching club. The studio of John Mathews Leigh, in Newman Street, was an all but solitary example of something in London corresponding to the French *atélier*. There was a good gallery of casts from the antique,

* That all but abortive effort has produced little but some decaying frescoes in the Poet's corridor; the better preserved historical pictures, in fresco and water-glass, by Cope and Ward, in the Lords' and Commons' corridors; Mr. Dyce's frescoes from the Mort d'Arthur, finished by Mr. Armitage, in the Queen's Robing Room; Maclise's two great water-glass wall-pictures in the Victoria Gallery, of the 'Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo,' and the 'Quarter-deck of the Victory as Nelson receives his Death-wound;' and Mr. Herbert's large composition, also in water-glass, of 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law from Sinai,' in the Peers' Court of Appeal. Mr. Watts's fresco of the 'Founders of Jurisprudence,' in Lincoln's Inn Hall, has not been followed up by any similar decorative work in a civil building. The same painter's frescoes in the Misses Monk's Memorial Church, Pimlico; the figures in the spandrils of St. Paul's; Mr. Armitage's frescoes of St. Francis, and his 'Christ and Apostles,' in the Roman Catholic Church of St. John, Islington; Mr. Dyce's frescoes at All Saints, Margaret Street; and Messrs. Gambier Parry's and L'Estrange's roof-paintings in Ely Cathedral, are the chief among the few examples of recent decorative Church painting. Mr. Armitage's large monochrome mural painting of Crabbe Robinson and his contemporaries on the wall of the dining-room of University Hall, in Gordon Square, is a very successful example of a new and uncostly style of historical and commemorative Art, which will, it is to be hoped, be more extensively employed.

† From the quarter where they have taken up their abodes, whether from accident, or natural gravitation to a common centre, I know not.

life models, nude and draped: subjects for composition were given out, and compositions criticised: with a more continual supervision of the master than is usually to be had in French *atéliers*. Though Leigh was very little known as a painter, he seems to have been a sound teacher. The men who were formed under him agree in ascribing to him a faculty of something like guidance. Of the painters grouped above, George Leslie was a pupil of the Academy; Yeames, after some preliminary study in drawing under G. Scharf, betook himself to Italy; but the other five were all pupils of Leigh's.

Mr. Wynfield writes of Leigh, 'I think he was a very good master. He sought more to inculcate general knowledge and correct principles, leaving to each man liberty to choose his own mode of expression. He used to press the importance of "tone" as compared with "colour;" of "intention" as compared with "execution."' Mr. Wynfield gives me as a specimen of his art-axioms: 'He is a fool who *can't* paint without nature, and he is a fool who *does*.' A sentence which, as Mr. Wynfield truly says, 'rightly understood, conveys a great deal.' Mr. Wynfield does not detect any direct influence of his teaching in the works of the St. John's Wood School. 'Whatever resemblance there may be among us,' he writes to me, 'can only be the result of a general agreement in the truths he taught.'

The historic feeling must, it would seem, have been uppermost in these painters, as the legendary and medieval feeling has been in another group; the feeling of abstract colour in another; of abstract colour and form combined in a third.

In the absence of any sufficient demand for historic work of the large decorative kind, it is not to be wondered at that the historical work of the St. John's Wood School should have come down to cabinet size and anecdotic subjects: to what, in French, is called *genre historique*, instead of *histoire*.

Mr. Calderon would, probably, be admitted to the rank of chief in this fraternal body, among whom nothing is more commendable than their uninterrupted and hearty cordiality.

Philip Hermogenes Calderon, of Spanish blood by the father's side,* as his name indicates, was born in Poitiers in 1833, and began to study at Leigh's *atélier*, in Newman Street, in 1850. Thence he went to Paris, and studied in Picot's *atélier* during 1851 and 1852. After his work from the cast at Leigh's, the student was set to painting, with no drawing, except with the brush. Picot would not allow the young student to paint, saying, '*Cela viendra de soi-même quand vous saurez dessiner*.' But after his return to London in the autumn of 1852, Calderon returned to Leigh's old *atélier* in Newman Street, where he continued at work, 'off and on,' for the next two years, painting there chiefly in the evening, and in the day-time copying Paul Veronese and Rubens in the National Gallery. Here a

* I learn from an article on this painter in the 'Art Journal' (January, 1870) that his father, the Rev. Don Juan Calderon, was a native of La Mancha, and a descendant of the great Spanish dramatist.

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light of good counsel was, by accident, turned upon him. He says himself, in a letter now before me, 'I really think the best bit of teaching I ever had was in the National Gallery. An old French gentleman, of the name of Montfort, seeing me flourishing my brush about, took me in hand, and showed me how every touch of paint ought to have its *raison d'être*,—soft in one place, hard in another; never more than one, if one will do, and that of a definite shape. "Put touches side by side," he used to say, "like a beautiful mosaic, and you won't be far wrong." And I think, to this day, he gave me the best of advice.'

The first picture of his which attracted particular attention, was a scene of pure domestic drama—'Broken Vows;' a girl who, from the concealment of a garden wall, overhears her false lover wooing her rival, and reeling under the shock, presses her hand to her heart. The next picture of his which I vividly remember represented the daughter of the *concierge* of a prison, in the time of the Terror, melted by the pity which is akin to love as she watches a young priest sleeping tranquilly in his cell, as if arrest had come to him like rest, after the anticipation of it. The feeling of feminine grace and delicacy which is a characteristic of the painter, was already apparent in the 'Broken Vows' and the 'Gaoler's Daughter.' But he has given proof that he could strike a higher and more solemn note than any in the sentimental gamut, by his 'Burial of Hampden,' exhibited in 1864. Under a grey sky the coffin is borne by his own greycoats, with arms reversed, to the roll of muffled drums and the chaunted music of the 90th Psalm, to the vault in Great Hampden Church, through lines of reverent spectators. The grave and dignified quality of this picture, in connexion with its subject, raise it to the dignity of history-painting in the serious sense of the word.

Another of his graver works, exhibited the year before, showed the British Embassy on the night of the St. Bartholomew, with the Ambassador Walsingham pacing, with his hands behind him, in a fever of mingled feeling, among the fugitives who have sought the protection of the British flag, and watch the massacre, with grief or rage, horror or alarm. The conflict of emotions was cleverly expressed in a group, of which most of the figures were turned from the spectator.

Of still intenser dramatic character, perhaps, is the picture exhibited last year, of Catherine de Lorraine, Duchesse de Montpensier, egging on the Jesuit, Jacques Clément, to avenge her brother's assassination on his murderer, Henri III.

But Calderon's real field is that which lies between history and home. He loves to lift the curtain between us and the domestic life of the past. And this he does with a pure, happy, and graceful fancy. Prominent among his pictures of this kind, is that exhibited in 1861, the knightly father and lady mother of a fair boy releasing prisoners on his birth-day. The contrast of the proud and petted boy and his haughty parents, softened by their love of him, with the haggard and miserable prisoners, made the picture pathetic. Its manner, if I remember aright, was broader and less finished than that of Mr. Calderon's earlier

or later works. The picture which seems to be generally considered his masterpiece thus far, represents 'Her Most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace,' a Duchess regnant of six years old, on her way to some gathering of estates, with her herald and trumpeters proclaiming her titles before her, and her bevy of fair ladies-in-waiting, counsellors and gentlemen, behind, in the graceful garb of the fifteenth century, which Mr. Calderon seems especially to affect. This picture earned for its painter, at the last International Exhibition in Paris, the only gold medal awarded to an English artist. It combines sound technical qualities with a sentiment of mixed pathos and humour.

Another pleasant and skilfully painted chapter of domestic history was (1867) 'Home after Victory;' a knight welcomed into the courtyard of his castle by his faithful wife, loving children, trusty servants, and not less trusty hounds. The background was a careful study from the courtyard of Hever Castle, which the painter and some of his friends, with their families, occupied in the summer and autumn of 1866, and which has since stood the St. John's Wood School in good stead as an architectural setting for their figures.

More lately Calderon has shown a leaning to classical subjects, as in his 'Œnone,' exhibited in 1868, and his 'Virgin's Bower,' and his 'Spring pelting Winter with Flowers,' this year. The painter may be urged to this kind of work by the feeling that he still needs more thorough study of the figure. But it does not seem to me that his natural bent lies this way. To convey in the guise of the past the feelings and affections of home seems Mr. Calderon's true vocation. He has not the dramatic or story-telling faculty in that intense strength which can dispense with the aids of costume. But his work has in it nothing tricky or meretricious. A certain gravity and solidity, even in the treatment of the lightest subjects, is the most common characteristic of this school; which, as it includes the dainty grace of Leslie, the quiet and rich humour of Marks, the playfulness of Story, and the gravity and historic leaning of Yeames, Hodgson, and Wynfield, as well as the various power of Calderon, cannot, I think, fairly be said to have suffered under the more mischievous influences of coterieship. Association, as I see it working in this party of painters, seems altogether wholesome. I find in their work, while it appeals to the taste, and is shaped by the conditions of the time, a self-respecting abstinence from all the baser means of attraction, and an evident aspiration, as it seems to me, to something higher and graver than the generation has yet found for its historical painters to do.

Of the sketch prefixed to this article, representing the well-known incident of Dr. Johnson carrying home a poor outcast girl, whom he found in Fleet Street, worn out with sin and sickness, Mr. Calderon writes to me:—

'The drawing was made at the sketching meeting we used to have in St. John's Wood, two years ago. We met once a-week, and worked for two hours only. The subject given

for the next week was always of a general character, so as to leave us free. This one was "Charity." The members of the club were, of course, Leslie, Yeames, Marks, Hodgson, Story, Wynfield, and myself.'

Mr. Calderon was elected Associate of the Academy in July, 1864, and Academician in 1867.

List of P. H. Calderon's Exhibited Pictures.

1853 (his first year of exhibiting). 'By the Waters of Babylon'—Royal Academy. 1855. 'Lord, Thy Will be done'—Royal Academy; 'Sterne's Maria,' and 'Inez;' 'Little more than Heads' ('Art Journal')—British Institution. 1857. 'Spanish Ballads' and 'Broken Vows' (described above)—Royal Academy. 1858. 'The Gaoler's Daughter' (described above)—Royal Academy; and 'Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward.' 1859. 'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening' (old man carving a monumental slab in a church-floor); 'French Peasants finding their Stolen Child' (she is discovered in costume among a troupe of mountebanks)—Royal Academy. 1860. 'Nevermore' (a girl looking sadly out of a window, with a packet of letters beside her)—Royal Academy; 'Dressing for the Fair' (a peasant-girl clasping another's earring). 1861. 'Releasing Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birthday' (described above); 'La Demande en Mariage' (in a French church: a peasant asking his daughter's hand of an old *bédeau*)—Royal Academy; 'The Return from Moscow' (French soldiers)—British Institution. 1862. 'After the Battle' (a little child kindly treated by soldiers); 'Katherine of Arragon and her Women at Work' (when Katherine bids one of her women sing to her lute, as Wolsey and Campeius enter)—Royal Academy. 1863. 'The British Embassy in Paris on the Night of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew' (described above)—Royal Academy; 'Drink to me only with thine Eyes' (a lover and his lady feasting)—the French Gallery. 1864. 'The Burial of Hampden' (described above); 'Les Arlésiennes' (women of Arles in a cloister)—Royal Academy. 1865. Did not exhibit. 1866. 'Her Most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace;' 'On the Banks of the Clain' (women washing, near Poitiers); 'In the Pyrenées' (women in the costume of Eaux-bonnes, driving turkeys)—Royal Academy. 1867. 'Home after Victory' (described above)—Royal Academy; 'An Arlésienne drawing Water'—Dudley Gallery. 1868. 'The Young Lord Hamlet' (riding on Yorick's back); 'Œnone' (described above)—Royal Academy. 1869. 'Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face' (lovers in a boat, on a water under trees); 'Catherine de Lorraine, Duchess of Montpensier, urging Jacques Clément to assassinate Henri III.;' 'The Fruit-seller' (*gouache*)—Royal Academy; a large Study of a Peasant-girl on a Seat—Dudley Gallery. 1870. 'Virgin's Bower' (Greek girls at a stream near a clematis thicket); 'Orphans' (a French street *harpiste* and her little brother shivering in the snow of a London square); and 'Spring'—Royal Academy.

Tom Taylor.

THE DEATH OF PETER THE MARTYR.

TITIAN.

THE GILLIOT TITIAN.

(*A small 'Peter Martyr.'*)

I DISCOVERED last winter, by accident, in a country-house in the Morvan, a replica of the 'Peter Martyr' by Titian, or, perhaps, more probably, a finished study of the subject. My opinion of the authenticity of the picture has since been confirmed by several artists in Paris, who have studied Titian in the technical sense more profoundly than I (who have never copied any of his works) can pretend to have done. Still there are certain signs by which painting may generally be known to be original work. When it is perfectly free, unhesitating, and masterly, whilst at the same time it preserves the peculiarities of the artist whose name it bears, there can generally be little room for doubt. I am sorry that the accompanying photograph can give little idea of the manner of him who painted the original, because the rich glowing colour photographed very badly, and after between twenty and thirty large negatives had been taken, the best of them was a mere shadow, which it was necessary to paint over entirely in black and white before reduction to the size suitable for this periodical. Although this retouching was done carefully from the original work, it is inevitable that the touch of the master should have perished in the process; and therefore this photograph is in truth a copy and nothing more. If the original painting were before the reader, I should point to three or four things as especial evidences of authenticity. No copyist ever succeeds in rendering superlatively light and evanescent work quite perfectly. No copyist ever managed a cherub by Reynolds, and the two cherubs in this subject are just as unapproachable. When the original painter has been painfully laborious there is some chance for a copyist, because the toil which he has to give in mere slavish imitation may bear a resemblance to, and be confounded with, the toil bestowed by the original artist upon the elaboration of his thought. But when there is hardly anything like a definite line to be seized upon, the original work incessantly eludes the pursuit of the deceptive imitator, and few pictures have this delicate *insaissable* evanescence more than this Titian has it, especially in the cherubs and foliage. I insist less upon the colour, because there is no arguing about that; and excellence of colouring is seldom generally admitted, unless it is already accepted as the achievement of some known colourist. When a picture is known to be by Titian, every one extols its colour; but it is of little use to say that a picture is finely coloured merely in proof of its authenticity.

On comparing this photograph with the engraving from the large 'Peter Martyr,' we find abundant evidence that there has been none of the minute imitation which marks the work of a copyist. For the copyist, especially when he works for the market of spurious old masters, is always particularly careful to be accurate in all those things wherein accuracy is possible for him. He cannot give the true colour, nor the free sword-play of the great man's brush, but at any rate he can count the folds of the drapery, and put an angle where there is an angle, and set the chief tree-boughs in their places, and so on. Now the points of difference between this 'Peter Martyr' and the large one are innumerable: indeed the difficulty is to find a portion of the composition where they do not exist. From the arrangement of the feathers in the cherub's wing to that of the flying drapery behind the retreating figure, everything is frankly and freely varied—the same idea being illustrated in both works, but no more; just as a man may tell the same story twice, but not in the same words.

The Gilliot Titian was presented to a relative of its present owner by the possessor of a gallery in Venice. It is now in Paris, and there is a probability that it will shortly be exhibited in London.

EDITOR.

SENTIMENT IN ART.

ART is the representation of what we wish for, and serves to help us to realise our wishes to ourselves, for if the world were satisfactory we should only have to look at it. As it is, our wishes vary, and the aims of artists with our wishes. A great deal of art ministers simply to curiosity, very slightly flavoured by a sense of the ludicrous; and there is the same kind of comfort to be derived from it, that is to be derived from listening to shrewd domestic gossip, or reading a tolerably good book of travels, and this satisfies those who have no wishes left except to be amused by a constant change of small sensations. Others wish to have life represented to them with an uniform perfection, or a sustained intensity which it does not ordinarily attain, and these maintain the standard of ideal art. Yet others seek nothing beyond themselves, they do not desire anything except to play with the feelings that were once desires, and are contented to enjoy nothing except the delicacy of their own enjoyment, and are consoled in all their sorrows by contemplating their bitterness. It is by these, and for these, that sentiment is imported into art. It is probable that if Winckelmann's ideal were always realised, and if all art were as colourless as running water, art would sometimes be insipid. But art may have all the interest of passion and all the subtlety without the interest of sentiment; in fact, the interest of sentiment tends continually to exclude every other, even the interest of beauty. For instance, Leonardo da Vinci is too subtle, too intellectual to produce anything really sentimental, though from the intense self-consciousness of his art he is continually trembling on the edge of sentiment. The 'Venus di Medici' is soft enough and conscious enough to be sentimental; it is only too beautiful, the rare perfection of the form preserves us from being absorbed in the pleasure of a common mood. Even in Ary Scheffer's 'Francesca di Rimini,' the intensity of feeling in the two principal figures overbalances the tendency to sentimentality in the sympathetic spectators. On the other hand, it is easy to cite works that have been sentimentalised out of subtlety, and passion, and beauty. But for his sentiment, Correggio would be as subtle as Leonardo; it is sentiment that limits the beauty of form in Greuze, and excludes all real passion from the agitated faces of Guido.

It is natural to suppose that as sentiment is an afterthought, it would only appear in the latest stages of art; but, in fact, it manifests itself in three different phases: in schools which have a continuous tradition it appears just before the culmination and just after; in other schools where eclecticism supplies the place of tradition it constantly appears as the motive of all but the highest ideal art. The explanation of the phenomena is easy when they have been recognised; in passion there is the limit of what we can bear, in beauty there is the limit of what we can attain, in knowledge there is the limit of what we can express. As the limit is neared, there is a constant increase of difficulty, while the relief of trying fresh directions disappears as every path converges on the goal. Since beautiful objects naturally excite our feelings, it is easier to feed these feelings than to labour to represent those objects more accurately, or to conceive them more perfectly. This is the reason why Perugino, and even Francia, turn aside on the verge of the perfection of Raphael to fill up their pictures with crowds of graceful figures looking out appealingly to implore our sympathy with their sympathy for what is going on. Fra Angelico has far more feeling than Perugino; but his feeling is so deep and so simple that he can repeat its expression without weariness and without separating the feeling and dwelling on it for its own sake.

When the attainable perfection of conception and representation has been reached, the motives to continue artistic effort are changed and lowered. Among these that remain, sentiment is not the least legitimate; it is better at any rate than the exaggerations of

technical aims and means, it is less uninteresting than an academic eclecticism, however faultless. The eclecticism of recent art is a necessary consequence of the fact, that every artist starts himself with an acquaintance with the work of several schools, and presupposes the same in the public. This familiarity tends to confuse the impression left by the distinct ideas of each several school, while the vague inarticulate feeling which each excites is deepened by being generalised. So far as this tendency operates, an eclectic art is also sentimental, because the knowledge of the artist leads him to seek an expression for a feeling stimulated by varied indulgence, rather a representation of an ideal confused in his mind by so much variety. The natural residuum left by the different types of Holy Family represented by Raphael, Correggio, and Murillo, is a sentimental craving for the artistic presentation of maternity; its appropriate gratification is a picture of an ordinary mother and child, a little simpler in their surroundings or a little richer than those we see every day, without being inclined to sentimentalise over them. G. D. Leslie's ladies, musing in the hazy sunshine of a perpetual afternoon, are to us the legitimate representation of the bodiless grace we remember, and have never seen in the flesh. Perhaps even these are too concrete: to find the pure expression of sentiment as the sovereign inspiration of art we should turn to the shadowy sketches of S. Solomon, which contain absolutely nothing but embodied moods and yearnings. There are two ways of escaping this tendency; and one is by intensifying it; a picture is often sentimental when its motive is weak, which would be passionate if its motive were strong. For instance, in Millais's 'Autumn Leaves,' and Mason's 'Evening Hymn,' the key to the picture is a mood of that mixed and abstract kind, which is a natural subject of self-contemplation and a food for sentiment. But both are painted with such intensity of feeling, that we feel the scene rather than the sentiment with which it fills us. The other way for an ideal artist to avoid sentiment is to work up to the motto, 'Art for Art;' which has not been, and cannot be, the motto of any great and primitive school. In such a school art is governed by the subject, and the subject is determined by the sympathy of the artist and the public. The motto, 'Art for Art,' is necessarily proclaimed by a missionary crying in the wilderness, and such a missionary will be preserved from the temptation of sentiment, for, if faithful to his mission, he will not lay traps to catch a sympathy which he does not expect.

G. A. Simcox.

ALBERT DÜRER.*

TWO biographies of Dürer, appearing almost simultaneously in English, may save us from any reproach of indifference to the great German artist. Indeed there appears to be little danger that Dürer's fame will ever diminish in this country, or that we shall ever be behind other nations in hearty and intelligent admiration of his most noble and original genius. The two writers who have given us these biographies are alike entitled to our thanks for much industry and care, and the work has been a labour of love to both of them; but

* 'History of the Life of Albrecht Dürer, of Nürnberg, with a Translation of his Letters and Journals, and some Account of his Works.' By Mrs. Charles Heaton. London, Macmillan, 1870.

'Albert Dürer, his Life and Works, including Autobiographical Papers, and complete Catalogue.' By William B. Scott, Author of 'Half-hour Lectures of the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts.' With Six Etchings by the Author, and other Illustrations. London, Longmans.

we think Mr. Scott's biography especially admirable for its manly conciseness, and its clear method. Mrs. Heaton's book, with its really beautiful and original binding, and its ample series of autotype illustrations, is valuable for the drawing-room, but Mr. Scott's, with its clear brevity and complete catalogue, is the more valuable possession for the student in the Print-room of the British Museum.

Albert Dürer was born at Nürnberg, in May 1471, a time when that town was a great centre of learning and science, and especially of practical mechanical ingenuity. His father, a goldsmith, had eighteen children, many of whom died early; he indulged himself in few pleasures, and spoke little. Albert Dürer was at first put to goldsmith's work, but afterwards desired to become a painter, and was then apprenticed to Michael Wohlgemuth for three years; there is evidence, however, that he could draw delicately before his apprenticeship to Wohlgemuth. The goldsmith's trade of itself was an elementary artistic education, to say the least, and the best goldsmiths were very genuine artists indeed. The fact is, that in those days the transition from craftsman to artist was little more than a natural development; and, as botanists tell us, that stamens and carpels are only foliage-leaves in another form, so the artists of those times were workmen whom circumstances had developed into something more brilliant and remarkable. Dürer's marriage, which everybody knows to have been an unhappy one, chiefly on the authority of his friend Pirkheimer, was contracted in obedience to his father without much exercise of choice on his own part.

We are much obliged to Mr. Scott for being at the pains to dissipate the popular belief in the extreme poverty of Albert Dürer. The fact is, that until very recent years the people of the well-to-do middle classes have taken a positive delight in harping upon the poverty of artists, so that it has been difficult for artists to avoid the reputation of impecuniosity. The facts are, that Dürer was a prosperous and successful man, who left behind him a comfortable fortune, the reward of his industry and substantial consequence of his fame. He was heartily admired during his own lifetime, and his prints had a most extensive sale. He had access to very distinguished society, and was always very honourably received wherever he went. No engraver or etcher now living enjoys the sort of position which Dürer enjoyed; a few very distinguished painters may be compared to him in this respect. Dürer lived in a large and comfortable house; was always spending money in collecting things he had a taste for, and died rich at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven.

A great many quaint and amusing things occur in these biographies, and there are many very lively and spirited passages in the letters. Like most good artists, Dürer had a perfect consciousness of his own ability, and praises his own work heartily enough. 'You would give a ducat to see my picture,' he writes, 'it is so good and rich in colour. I have silenced all the painters who say, "He engraves well, but he knows little about colour." Indeed every one praises the colour.' From Venice he writes, 'I wish you were in Venice! there are many fine fellows among the painters, who get more and more friendly with me; it holds one's heart up. Well-brought-up folks, good lute-players, skilled pipers, and many noble and excellent people, are in the company, all wishing me very well, and being very friendly.'

A few words in conclusion about the illustrations to these volumes. Those in Mrs. Heaton's work are on the whole successful, and very valuable to students who do not possess the originals. Mr. Scott's etchings are less so, as is natural, it being next to impossible to imitate burin-work in etching. Still we may heartily praise the 'Village of Eytas,' for it is very intelligent copying of Dürer's manner and genuine interest in the kind of detail which so much interested the great engraver himself. It is a delightfully curious bit of landscape, the mind wanders about in it as in a natural scene. We have not space to discuss the meaning of the great Dürer engravings here, but in a publication of this kind there may be future opportunities for doing so.

FEAR.

STUDY OF EXPRESSION FOR A PICTURE.

REDUCED COPY IN AUTOTYPE OF A DRAWING IN CHALK BY
MARIE SPARTALI.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

ARTHUR HUGHES—WINDUS—MISS SPARTALI—THE YOUNGER MADOX-BROWNS.

I HAVE grouped above certain names of artists rather as a matter of convenience to myself in writing than for any more abstruse or more æsthetic reason, and without any notion of suggesting to the reader that all the names belong to the same species, or even the same genus. If therefore the reader is dissatisfied with the juxtaposition, I must beg him to regard it as merely a fault or exigency of arrangement, not intended to betray him into, or to commit myself to, any assumption of solidarity between these artists, or between the critical estimates to which they are amenable. It is an instance of casual rather than elective affinity.

There is, however, a certain common standing-point from which the artists in question can be regarded, and which, for convenience sake, I shall here adopt. They are all related in some degree to the movement called Præ-Raphaelite—but in diverse phases and at a great interval of date and evolution. One is almost tired of writing and reading that word Præ-Raphaelite, and few people need be more surfeited with it than I. None the less, it stands for something which has been, and in transmutation still is, a very substantial operative power in British art. Præ-Raphaëlitism was (we may now speak of it in the past tense, for, as a concerted movement or a bond of union, it is indisputably dispersed) at once an ideal and a discipline, and in both aspects it had the immense merit and incentive of sincerity. The Præ-Raphaelite who expressed his own perceptions precisely had attained his ideal; and his discipline for doing this was precise exhibition of the objects of perception. He wished to be indebted to no one except himself for his point of view, and to none but Nature for his materials of realization. He wanted to transfuse his conceptions, through his perceptions, into his handiwork, and to find the result a close and intimate harmony with fact; not, however, to the extent of hampering the freedom of the conceptions themselves, or of withholding him from representing, should such be their bidding, creatures of the fancy, or accessories that have no warrant save in tradition or convention. With this degree of restriction and of latitude, he hoped that each picture painted would be so much knowledge acquired, tentatively displayed, and stored for future use—not merely so much dexterity exhibited.

X.—HUGHES.

THOUGH not one of the originating Præ-Raphaelite painters (properly but three —Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Rossetti), Mr. Arthur Hughes was, from a

very early date in the movement, which began in 1848–9, an interested and deeply sympathetic auxiliary. No man ever accepted an artistic ideal with more limpidity of enthusiasm and endeavour. Mr. Hughes from the first occupied a position of his own in the Præ-Raphaelite body; being equally unlike any one of its leaders, and incapable of being confounded among mere hangers-on. He was at that time a very young man—a student of the Royal Academy, or just emerging from his studentship; in these respects he was much on the same footing as the Præ-Raphaelite leaders. The first work by which he particularly caught the public eye was named 'April Love,'* representing a gush of reconciliation concluding a lovers' quarrel. The picture, as such, might easily be overpraised; yet the season of quick gleams and pattering showers in the life of the year and of man has seldom been painted with greater nicety of apprehension. Soon afterwards came a very delightful little picture of the Nativity, with the Virgin-mother crooning over her baby in the stable, and an angel holding a stable-lantern: it was quaint and in some respects imperfect, but came nearer than almost anything I could name to that religious *naïveté* which spiced the English as it had deeply imbued the antecedent German Præ-Raphaelite scheme. About the same time there was an exquisite baby in a flannel night-gown, an unobtrusive oil-sketch in a minor exhibition; and in the Royal Academy an 'Eve of St. Agnes' in two compartments, full of glamour in its moonlight. That word 'glamour' expresses best what I mean; for, while the like effect has been often rendered both more truthfully and with greater skill, the sentiment, the enchantment of it has hardly been better expressed, or more poetically associated with the poetic quality of the tale. A picture on a more important scale, and, perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Hughes's masterpiece, represented a cottager with his infantine or childish family about to go to bed: clean night-shifts, and small feet toddling, and small hands folded for 'saying their prayers.' Mr. Hughes's children are always delightful creations. To begin with, they are lovely in point of mere beauty; and they are so replete with harmless sweetness, and happy yet not unthoughtful innocence, that the work rises immediately beyond the 'bread-and-butter' level of domesticity. Everything foolish or sordid drops from it like a base thought out of a pure mind, and leaves this artist's children as poetic in their visual charm as any that have been moulded by the choicest poets in words. The English painter who can be deeply domestic, constantly beautiful, and of ideal affinity, at the same time, deserves a monument; for he succeeds, by fineness of nature and artistic sense, in solving one of the most incessant and tantalising problems of British art. The 'Woodman's Return' and the picture of the little

* I write very much from memory in this and other instances, and without the opportunity of re-examining the pictures referred to. This I say not so much to palliate positive inaccuracy (for I hope that may have been fairly avoided) as to explain why my critical observations can only deal in generalities.

French girl who has gone astray in the forest, and is at last recovered by her parents, and some other compositions hardly if at all inferior, must be cited in the same connexion.

Mr. Hughes has also painted some portraits, such as that of Mrs. Leathart and her children, and pictures of the idyllic class of sentiment. Such was a painting of children in rich mediæval dresses, named 'The King's Garden,' which, with much to attract, lacked proportion and thorough keeping; and the subject of 1868, 'Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more'—a true success in point of sentiment. As regards loftiness of subject, his most important production was 'The Burial of the Good Knight,' painted eight or ten years ago.* It was a dignified, careful work, but Mr. Hughes is never robust in the full sense of the term; his knight was quite the man to die for a good cause, but not to pound or hack away with mace or sword, and make the good cause triumph in or through 'fierce fragments of no more a man.' Occasionally, moreover, the artist has appeared as a designer for woodcuts; feebly in the first poems of Mr. Allingham—agreeably, but not very vigorously, in Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden.'

As an executant, Mr. Hughes is probably one of those artists who reach, before youth has passed, to as high a point of development as they are destined for. His drawing is delicate and mostly sound, without having any of that strength which is needed for great attempts; his colour is clear, attractive, and even harmonious, though with a kind of false note in an extra tendency towards hues of purple, and of green and orange in combination with these. His main characteristic might be defined as a spirit of grace speaking chiefly through the domestic sympathies; of grace in the artistic sense, and almost in the religious sense as well, so deeply and purely expressive is it. He is rightly to be called a poet; comparable to a poet in the form of verse—not certainly one of the first order or amplest scope, but one of indisputable rank, whose title as poet is no more to be questioned than that of a Dante or a Shelley. Among artists, he is in some sort comparable to Stothard, having the like pleasure in whatever is gentle and amiable, and alienation from all aspects of evil. He has, however, been much less multifarious and rapid in his work, with a quality of precision of representation which did not pertain to Stothard, and which has perhaps, in Mr. Hughes's own case, been as much the result of the circumstances of the time as of his individual aptitude.

XI.—WINDUS.

If an interfusion of the graceful and the domestic may be noted as Mr. Hughes's distinction, a like interfusion of the chivalrous and the domestic may perhaps be

* This article was written in the autumn of 1869. Therefore no mention is made of any picture exhibited since then—a point which it will be still more necessary to bear in mind when the younger Madox-Browns are spoken of in an ensuing page. Had I been writing of them now, I should have had a good deal more to specify—and what is better, more and higher praise to record.

ascribed to Mr. Windus. He is an artist, however, of considerably greater variety of tone and experiment than Mr. Hughes. It is many years ago that he first made his appearance at exhibitions. I can remember—not definitely enough for any purpose of characterisation—a picture of Henry VIII., and another of Touchstone. These had noticeable discrepancies of style; and several other paintings were diverse as well in method as in class of work. The name of Mr. Windus was already a respectable one, without very special mark (unless, indeed, in those days something distinctively intellectual in aim must be so considered) when, in 1856, he startled many studious observers into admiration by his picture of 'Burd Helen' at the Royal Academy: the incident where the girl, in page's attire, is compelled to enlist through a product in following her cold-blooded and apparently black-hearted paramour. This exceedingly interesting work at once numbered Mr. Windus among the Pre-Raphaelites, and in near proximity to the best of them; it had unity of conception, depth and keenness of expression, an inventive apprehension of the whole subject, and very choice painting of the details without any forcing. The general aspect of the picture, indeed, was in a high degree quiet and unobtrusive, with a pale silvery tone of colour. Its execution, good as this was, was not the strongest point: rather the thoughtful and almost casuistic insight which it intimated into the by-ways of tragic emotion and situation. A still more remarkable work followed this two or three years afterwards. 'Too Late' was enough to give one a sinking of the heart, and to send one out of the Academy with introverted eyes and a haunting reminiscence for days or years. It showed a young lady who, having been deserted by her affianced lover, has sunk into a fatal decline: in which hopeless condition the lover, now at last 'too late' remorseful, finds her and bids her love him unavailably again. The speechless, pathetic hectic, fading, death-stamped beauty of the girl, startled like a timid and stricken fawn at her slayer's apparition, and the equally speechless agony of the man, who sees his victim's doom, and his hands which hide his tearless and confess his shame, are not in the category of forgettable things. This picture, like 'Burd Helen,' was painted with singular delicacy of eye and hand: and with even higher attainment in items of realisation, though the general effect was again filmy and retiring. Perhaps it could hardly have been otherwise, without thwarting the sentiment of the subject.

After these two works, the comparatively few men who know a good thing as surely by its indications as by its integral performance were naturally forming high expectations of Mr. Windus; unfortunately he has since then done scarcely anything, and for several years has exhibited absolutely not at all. I would fain hope that it is not yet too late for him to make up his mind that he is by nature and function a painter, and bound to resume and complete his course as such; for "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

In saying above that Mr. Windus's works exhibited an 'interfusion of the chivalrous and the domestic,' I meant, of course, something more than that he had treated subjects of domesticity and of chivalry. I meant to suggest that, in his chivalrous picture of 'Burd Helen,' one seizes, as fully as in his domestic picture of 'Too Late,' the domestic quality which imbues that: and *vice versâ* as regards the last-named work. In both we trace a high-toned mind, which feels more for the heart-interests of men and women than for any externals of time or place—a mind which has enough of the romantic to approach a remoter and picturesque age without incongruity, though also without any extreme absorption into it, and which, in contemplating its own age, resorts to the like elements of terror and pathos. He stands rather too much on the outside of both periods; yet in both can strike a true and thrilling chord, which makes other hearts vibrate with his own.

It may be observed that, in each of these artists, Windus and Hughes, the qualities of design and of colour are very conformable *inter se*. Though with some excesses to which reference has already been made, the colour of Mr. Hughes seems most accurately 'matched' with his compositions—almost as one matches hue by hue; it is bright, unworldly, and full of predilection, the sort of colour which the very youthful take to most readily. That of Mr. Windus (I speak here only of his two best works, for he has varied much in this as in other respects) has, like the design, a sort of *reticent* character. The painter's aim is to exhibit the truth unreservedly; but he has no habit of hardihood, and, when you regard the entire result, you find that he has given rather suggestive specimens of this truth than outpourings of it.

XII.—MISS SPARTALI. XIII.—THE JUNIOR MADOX-BROWNS.

We now make a long step in point of time and style. We have got clear out of the era of Præ-Raphaelitism, and are only attached to it by a link of connexion and tradition.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown had distinguished himself as a painter and designer before Præ-Raphaelitism existed—more especially by his cartoons of 'Justice' and 'William the Conqueror contemplating the corpse of Harold,' in the competitions at Westminster Hall. As the Præ-Raphaelite movement expanded, he lent it his powerful but independent support. Of late years, our exhibitions have been conscious of his influence, not only in the original works which he continues from time to time to contribute, but also in the productions of a small knot of painters formed under his immediate training. The fact that all his own children—three in number—are among these, lends an exceptional interest to the case.

One of Mr. Brown's pupils, who also studied under Mr. Arthur Hughes, is

Mr. Goodwin, a landscape-painter, who, within these few years, has taken a very strong position by the vividness of his perception of natural appearances, and his uncommon force of rendering, particularly in colour. Of this artist, however, as being a practitioner of landscape, I shall say no more here. Miss Spartali, a Greek by race, but English by place of birth, has also had the advantage of Mr. Brown's instructions. This lady first appeared in the Dudley Gallery Exhibition of Water Colours in 1867, with three pictures—female figures or heads. The one that I remember best went by the quaint name of 'Lady Prays-desire:' it possessed in a noticeable degree the quality of colour—not of any uncommon elaboration, but so well felt that one could see at once that the painter was a colourist. The same tale was told by the head of 'Christina,' exhibited in 1868, remarkable, also, for the fascination of its inward-gleaming eyes. The contributions of 1869 were of higher importance: 'Nerea Foscari' was of a considerably larger scale, and more elaborated working—a bold stroke for Miss Spartali, who has as yet shown more sense of expression, and especially of beauty (and nobody has a better right to paint a beautiful woman), than of modelling, or drawing in general. But she has evinced so much application and artistic perception that one may fairly expect her—even if (like most of her sex) not gifted with a strong eye for form—to continue bringing this quality into nearer and nearer harmony with her command of colour. Her other picture in 1869—'Brewing the Love-philtre'—was the most memorable of all. It represented two Greek girls on the outskirts of a wood at twilight, concocting their charm with a transfixed heart, and a pair of dead doves: an owl, whom Pallas Athene would not have disowned, would be soon growing dismally wakeful in the thicket. This subject was felt with great poetic intensity. Miss Spartali has a fine power of fusing the emotion of her subject into its colour, and of giving aspiration to both; beyond what is actually achieved, one sees a reaching towards something ulterior. As one pauses before her work, a film in that or in the mind lifts, or seems meant to lift, and a subtler essence from within the picture quickens the sense. In short, Miss Spartali, having a keen perception of the poetry which resides both in beauty, and in the means of art for embodying beauty, succeeds in transfusing that perception into the spectator of her handiwork. The executive shortcomings of an early stage of practice have not precluded her doing this; and we may count upon its being done all the more effectually as her knowledge and skill in art mature.*

Miss Spartali reminds me in some respects of Lady Waterford as a colourist. Among the various women who have of late years painted in this country—some with good or partial success in one direction, and some in another—these are the two who have given a certain feminine status, and feminine (but not the less seriously artistic) expression, to colour.

* They *have* matured very observably this year, 1870.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

AMONGST the recent publications of the French Etching Club is a plate by M. Saro Cucinotta, which we have the pleasure of inserting in this place. The subject, as the reader will have perceived already, is a poor artist in an hour of more than ordinary discouragement. These hours happen rather frequently to unsuccessful painters, and indeed even the successful, in a worldly point of view, have their times of self-distrust and painful doubt concerning the value of what they do, unless they belong to the class of the self-satisfied. It is well, perhaps, that people who write criticism, and amuse themselves by visiting picture-exhibitions should be reminded, that although the fine arts are for them merely a pleasant study, or still pleasanter amusement, they are a very serious business to their practitioners. Few men are so liable to attacks of painful discouragement as painters, because when they do bad work they always (or almost always) either clearly know or miserably suspect that it is bad. The discouragements of other people come for the most part mainly from outside, and are met by an inward self-approval which sustains the sufferer against what he believes to be the wrongs of Fortune. In many professions, the distinction is mainly between those who have been promoted and those who have not. It is probable that every member of the House of Commons feels himself competent to be a cabinet minister, and that few clergymen would feel themselves utterly incompetent to do a bishop's work if a bishop's mitre were offered to them. Even writers, though they often do work which ought to be artistic in its way and is not, are seldom painfully sensible of its insufficiency; they usually consider that the publishers are in league against them, and if they find a publisher and the book fails, then the critics and the public have been unjust to it. The difference between writers and painters in this respect may be easily accounted for. The writer sees nothing but his MS., and one MS. looks intellectually just as good as another; but very incorrect drawing, or very unsatisfactory colour, 'leaps to the eyes,' to borrow the graphic French expression. I believe that painters who have really gone through a serious training (this does not apply to amateurs) always know, though they may try to hide the fact from themselves, when their work is bad, and they also know when it is good. I knew one who had a habit of driving the wooden handle of his brush right through the canvas when the colour would not come right; this did not improve the colour, but it served to relieve a temporary irritation. Another, in winter time, used to put his canvas into the fire, and grimly warm himself as the bad painting vanished in a cheerful blaze. Both these men are well-known artists now, and no longer have recourse to these safety-valves of a self-tormented soul. So, on the other hand, I have received a good many letters from really clever painters, in which they praise their own work so heartily that it is evident they need no critic to inform them of its merits.

Perhaps the artist in M. Cucinotta's etching is only passing through one of those hours of temporary discouragement which are as often due to *ennui*, or solitude, or ill-health, as to any real incompetence. But it is well that we should remember those sadder cases in which the discouragement is chronic, and based upon no illusory self-depreciation. It happens frequently in the profession of painting that a man works on pretty steadily till thirty, not believing much in the quality of his present work, but humbly hoping to make it worthy of public approval ultimately, by gradual and patient labour. Finally, however, a year comes, a day, an hour, when the truth shows itself with terrible clearness, and the man knows that he will never be a painter. If he has courage, the time of tribulation is soon over; he makes a decision, goes into some other trade or profession, or follows another ambition, like Thackeray, Théophile Gautier, and others less generally known. But there are natures which have not the versatility necessary for this, and which fail, and wither, and sink, like a plant cut off from its root. These are the really lamentable cases. Thackeray could console

himself with the reflection that if he had not exhibited a great picture, he had written 'Esmond,' and 'The Newcomes;' and Théophile Gautier has won a fame as brilliant as that of any contemporary painter, but the man who is either a painter or nothing, and is not a painter, is situated very differently, and it requires infinite resignation to accept the spoiled life which remains to him.

It is in some degree consolatory to reflect that in these days a painter of real genius is pretty sure to meet early and handsome recognition; but talent and skill are so common that an individual instance of both of them is very liable to be overlooked. The general level of art-accomplishment is very high now; and although the newspapers accuse an exhibition of mediocrity if few pictures in it rise above the average, the average itself is very much above the mediocrity of twenty years ago. Genius, of course, is as rare as ever, and will probably be always found in much the same proportion; but the ordinary painter has more culture, and more taste, and more knowledge of the world and his own relation to it, than had the obscurer contemporaries of Morland. Still the general advance does not much help the individual artist; and many men, whose work is sound and respectable, lead lives of painful uncertainty and anxiety, having no positive assurance that their labour will bring any reward. To men of this kind, discouragement, such as that which is the subject of M. Cucinotta's etching, comes only too frequently; it makes them dissatisfied with their work even when it is good, causes a lamentable waste of time, and brings on habits of brooding reverie, which have consequences as disastrous as mere idleness, and are more dangerous to the health of body and mind than the gay carelessness of the man who idles that he may amuse himself. The most effective cure for temporary discouragements like this is the severe criticism of some thoroughly competent friend, who knows what he wants, and asks for it. The most discouraging of all influences is that of vaguely-expressed dissatisfaction, of which there is too much in the indolent criticism of the day. It is easy to say that a picture is 'bad;' or that we dislike it; or that the painter is 'not up to the mark,' and so on; but it is not quite so easy to explain critically the reasons for our disapprobation. What is most trying in the position of unsuccessful artists is the difficulty which they often find in ascertaining the real reasons for the public indifference to their works. And it may be observed in this place that there is no deficiency, however glaring, in the works of the unsuccessful, which is not to be found in the works of some distinguished and celebrated man; so that it always seems hard to the unfortunate that they should be blamed for a fault which is so freely pardoned to their luckier rivals. The truth is, that in art great sins are freely forgiven if there are great merits to excuse them; and the truly unhappy artist is he who has no striking quality to conquer us.

Not very long since, about this very subject of discouragement, an intelligent public speaker, not by any means really unfriendly to artists, declared that it is a positive duty to discourage those who have no natural gift for art; and that it is a culpable weakness to buy pictures of men whom Nature never intended to be painters merely because they are in an unhappy position. This doctrine sounds hard, but it is in reality merciful. In many instances it is positively wrong to induce a man to continue to paint. It is wrong to encourage false vocations. Very great harm is done in this way by kindly-disposed people, who praise or purchase out of mere tenderness of heart. They make young men go farther and farther in a hopeless direction that cannot possibly lead them to any good; and the worst of it is, that whilst following the false path, the victims of this misplaced charity are losing time which might give them a firm hold on some occupation where success might be reasonably looked for. Unhappily, the wisest of us are often unable to recognise cygnets in ugly ducklings; and a timid and by no means unfounded apprehension that we may prevent the development of a swan, often prevents us from discouraging when it would be a kindness to do so. We cannot forget that a by no means incompetent judge—certainly not an ignorant one—decided that the young Balzac ought to follow 'anything whatever, except literature.'

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

1. *A Critical Account of the Drawings by Michel Angelo and Raffaello in the University Galleries, Oxford.* By J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A. Clarendon Press.
2. *Burlington Fine Arts' Club Catalogue,* 1870: *Raphael and Michel Angelo.*

SOME writer upon style has remarked 'that a man might be sure of his advance in taste when he found himself taking great pleasure in Cicero.' We may, perhaps, without much chance of dissent, say the same of the love of drawings by the great masters. A man may be attracted to paintings by their gorgeousness as articles of display, or to engraved gems by their archæological interest, or to prints by the industrious vanity of collectorship; but if he finds a strong pleasure in the scraps and sketches which have come down to us from the sixteenth century, he will almost always be entitled to the modest assurance that he has made a solid advance in good taste. There is indeed little—much less than those who love them are apt to fancy—to allure the eye in drawings of this character. As a rule they want the charm of colour. As a rule they display essays towards a work, or essays towards the mere material for working, rather than complete designs. Very rarely have they been intentionally prepared to stand, as it were, alone; still less often, so far as we can judge, were they intended for sale. These characteristics, in varying degree, part off the 'drawings by the old masters' from the sketches of our own time, when Fine Art, as such, is, for good and for evil, so much more an active article of commerce, and sketches have their immediate marketable value. But they are the characteristics which give their special value to the elder drawings;—especially when we add that these belong to the very period when nobleness and propriety in style were most prevalent, and when artists' hands were, in consequence, trained to the greatest perfection in laying a line, and in putting in the effects of surface. These drawings give us truly the fine essence of art—the actual first thoughts of the great master—the force and the beauty, the fire and freedom, which, perhaps, the very greatest of masters rarely or never succeeds in transferring wholly unspoiled or undiluted to his finished work. Nor is this their only lesson. They set before us, also, the errors of the master—his tentative efforts—the pictures of which no other record remains—the schemes which he found beyond his execution, or those of which he found the age unworthy. They admit us, in short, to the inner chamber of his mind and of his art; and—wholly unlike the first attempts of a poet, which are hardly ever published without damage to the ultimate effect of his poetry—we study these sketches only to understand more thoroughly, and enjoy more deeply, the completed production. Drawings by the old masters, hence, have a power over those who are capable of a genuine passion for the beautiful, which is alone in its peculiar allurement. They hold us by the most intellectual side of art; their charm is, in the highest degree, independent of the more sensuous, and of the more temporary, elements of attraction.

Such works of art are, however, not things of the class which can strike every spectator. Being generally first thoughts or studies, they are rarely effective objects on the walls of a gallery, and are, hence, sure to be overlooked (as anyone who was at Leeds in 1868 will remember) in favour of more brilliant pieces of art. Hence the special value of such a collection as the Burlington Club has been lately exhibiting in Piccadilly. This Club is a private institution; but it liberally dispenses permission to view the works which it gathers, and thus, probably, affords all those who really care for art of the character now in question (with which early engravings and etchings may be properly classed) an opportunity for quiet and fruitful study. About seventy drawings, bearing the great names placed at the head of this paper, were this summer brought together, and the success of the experiment may, it is hoped, induce the Club to repeat it.

Other aids to the intelligent enjoyment of drawings by the old masters have also lately been given. Something has been here done by photography, although, so far as the writer's experience hitherto goes, considerably less than the energetic promoters of new processes may have imagined. Our recent photographs have, indeed, been turned out in a style much beyond those of ten years since; they venture on a larger scale; they render the general aspect and colour of the original designs; they are mounted as if they were so many works of art themselves, and often, in this respect, put to shame the negligent garniture of the priceless originals. When we see the photographs alone, we cannot but be greatly struck by them; we sing a little song in praise of science, and are ready to conclude that we can have for five shillings the true equivalent to some treasure which money could not purchase. But when, as recently at the Burlington Club, one could compare, on following days, the careful photographic reproductions of the drawings, lent by Her Majesty, with the originals, a great insufficiency became apparent to those who really desired to study the finer points of the respective designs. It is not really possible, as the art at present stands, to use the photograph to decide questions of originality, except in a general way. The delicate shades of manipulation disappear; accidents of surface and texture take a false prominence; we see through a lens, darkly; the magical aroma of fine art has flown. Much also of the charm of effect often is lost; that which, in the original, is a defaced sheet of paper, but harmonized to the eye by time, like some old ruin, in the photograph becomes crude and raw, and in this respect is very inferior to a really good fac-simile. These defects may, possibly, be remedied, more or less, by the admirable skill of our practitioners; yet a lurking doubt will remain (must I confess it?) in the mind of those who know how completely and absolutely it is the human element, the touch of the individual soul, which gives value to art, how far mechanical reproduction can ever succeed in rivalling the delicate handling where mind and heart have blended themselves in vital union with every scratch of the pen,—every sweep of the 'shading pencil.'

Assistance of a different character to the study of drawings has been recently afforded by literature. Mr. Woodward's selection from the treasures of Windsor we can only name. More important, in the way of fulness of information, is the book named at the head of this paper. More than two hundred drawings are here carefully described; their history is traced (for drawings also have now their pedigree), and much trouble has been taken to assign to each its place in the Master's completed work, or to ascertain the date and the purpose of the drawing, in cases where it cannot be identified in any further stage. The Raphael and Michael Angelo designs, at the Taylor Gallery, form the most numerous assemblage by these masters, united in any single collection: they cover every period in the artists' lives, and embrace sketches for a very large proportion of their most important labours. It will be seen at once that an adequate account of such a collection forms of itself a considerable work, and includes no small portion of the history of Italian painting and sculpture during the brief glories of their culmination. And it will be not less evident that the existence of such a guide forms an addition to the utility and charm of the collection, the value of which can hardly be overrated.

Extracts, had we space for them, would not do justice to a book of this character. But any one who carries to the gallery good taste, and power to discriminate between the more and the less important in the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, may be safely assured that he will find in Mr. Robinson's account all the information required to understand them, gathered faithfully from every quarter, selected with care, and set forth with clearness. The work has long been wanted, and is now well done at last:—*Sero, sed serio.*

F. T. Palgrave.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PELICANS.

[illegible] IN AUTOTYPE OF A [illegible]

H. S. MARKS.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

XIV.—H. S. MARKS.

IN the arts, as in other spheres, a man rises by the strength of his individuality. As soon as a painter can prove a personality of his own, as soon as he can turn out of hand some work differing from other works that have been done before, he acquires a right to stand apart, and instead of following after, he may lead forward. The number of artists who can at any period be pointed to as representative of some special idea or specific manner has always been small, and is becoming still smaller. It is to be feared that if Albert Dürer, Martin Schön, or Hogarth, had been born in the nineteenth century, the idiosyncrasies of their several styles would have been rubbed down and smoothed away. A man who stands out from his age does not move as a satellite,—is not merged as a unit in a crowd; he is fixed as a centre, and takes up for himself a distinctive station. In these days such independence becomes difficult; our artists pander to popularity, they are swayed by fashion, they are enslaved to public opinion, they are all things to all men, and they serve as many masters as will pay them.

Mr. Marks has a right to a distinctive place among the 'Painters of the Present Day,' partly because he is individual and independent. Occasionally there may have been reason to fear that he was about to mitigate his manner, surrender his eccentricities, round off his angularities, soften his asperities. Such adaptation to prevailing conventionalism would be ground for regret, because the artist might then become merely as other men—he would sink to the common level and be lost in the crowd. But the painter who has produced 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model,' 'The Princess and the Pelicans,' and 'St. Francis Preaching to the Birds,' is identified with a manner which the world would not willingly lose. These subjects speak for themselves, they were evidently chosen as themes whereon to expend humour, wit, sarcasm; those intellectual powers which play in this painter's fancy, and impart point and pungency to his invention. The wit of Mr. Marks has a quality of its own, it does not sparkle on the surface as the wit of Sheridan, it has not the subtlety of Addison, it is not cynical

as the satire of Thackeray; perhaps by its downrightness and directness it is more akin to Shakespeare. The drollery of the artist escapes loudness or grotesqueness: laughter does not need to hold both its sides; the clown and the buffoon comport themselves with gravity approaching dignity. Thus, compositions by Mr. Marks are not so comic and sarcastic as the broad sheets of Rowlandson, of 'H.B.', of Cruikshank and of Leech, and yet on the other hand they are not so reticent as scenes of quiet humour painted by Leslie. In fact, the artist's vein of invention has a colour and complexion of its own. In his pictures may be recognised traits delineated by Thackeray in 'English Humourists,' and by Charles Lamb in 'Sketches of the Old Actors.' Read, for example, a criticism by the author of 'Elia,' on the acting of Munden, as follows:—'A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea.' 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' by the painter under notice, might, in fact, have been enacted by an old player of the time of Shakespeare. Furthermore the pictorial style of Mr. Marks is expressly mediæval. What middle-age sculptors did in stone, the painter does on canvas. The sly humour, the caustic satire expended on Cathedral stalls in centuries past, this artist now revives on the walls of the Academy. Such art is obviously antagonistic to Classic styles and to that resuscitation of the antique known as the Italian Renaissance. The revived mediævalism of the present day wears divers aspects: some artists are purists or sentimentalists, some colourists; but Mr. Marks stands apart as the humourist. Even in his serious efforts comedy crops up. Great is the relief in modern exhibitions, grave in commonplace platitudes, and inane in soulless sublimities, when an artist will kindly provoke a smile and give proof that 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

Mr. Marks, over a period of eighteen years, has exhibited in the Academy four-and-twenty pictures, which pronounce decisively his manner. Addison, it might almost be supposed, foresaw these mirth-moving works when he penned sentences of the following purport on 'Cheerfulness' and 'Mental Cures': 'Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind.' 'Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution.' A correspondent wishing to get quit of the blues writes to the essayist, 'I, Samuel Self, of the Parish of St. James, having a constitution which naturally abounds in acids, made use of a paper of directions recommending a healthful exercise called Good-nature, and have found it a most excellent sweetener of the blood.' The conceptions of Mr. Marks might in like manner prove a cure for melancholy: they are both mirthful and cheerful. 'Mirth,' writes Addison, 'is short and transient: cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks

through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment: cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.' This quotation, though it does not quite fit, indicates the painter's peculiar province. In some recent works Mr. Marks has indulged in a wit which may be termed ornithological. 'The Princess and the Pelicans,' and 'St. Francis Preaching to the Birds,' might have been studied in the Zoological Gardens; they are as comic pantomimes or mediæval masques, wherein strange creatures walk upon the stage and ape with grave comedy the manner of humanity. It is scarcely possible for birds to be better painted; brute nature has not been endowed, even by Kaulbach, with keener intelligence. A shrewd, knowing twinkle lights up the eye of pelicans; and, under the sermon of St. Francis, storks, snipes, and other fowl, wear puritanical airs, and give signs of conviction. In such art, satire is the ruling sentiment, comedy plays its part with a grave decorum, befitting even the Academy. Mr. Marks, in fact, renders comedy Academic; his works, too solid to be sketchy, too studious to be careless, too thoughtful to be frivolous, command respect.

Mr. Marks cannot be judged solely by easel-pictures, which, if they constitute the best part, are but a small part of his labours. In common with other painters included in the present series, he has addicted himself to mural decoration. And yet, while Mr. Watts and Mr. Leighton incline to Italian styles, and Mr. Armitage paints as the disciple of Delaroche, Mr. Marks tends to the Gothic character of mediæval Germany. Such differences between pictorial schools are comparable to the contrast between the works of Boccaccio, of Petrarch and Tasso, on the one hand, and the Tale of the Canterbury Pilgrims, by Chaucer, on the other. Comparisons also might be instituted between music-parties painted by Giorgione, and gargoyles carved by mediæval sculptors. 'May-day in the Olden Time,' exhibited in the Dudley Gallery two years ago, and purchased by the Department of Science and Art, to be executed as a mural decoration in the Kensington Museum, may be quoted as a favourable example of Mr. Marks's transition manner—a manner which lies half way between an easel-picture and a wall-picture, which reconciles a figure composition to the conditions of architectural construction and the requirements of mural decoration. This 'May-day' procession was in style German and English rather than Italian; it was allied more closely to the 'Triumphs of Maximilian,' by Dürer and Burgkmair, than to the 'Philosophy' or 'Poetry' of Raphael, or to the 'Aurora' of Guido. And yet this 'May-day' procession is managed strictly according to the principles established by the old masters in the art of fresco-painting. The execution is simple and broad, the figures detach themselves by firm lines from the background, the treatment inclines to the flat rather than to the round, the light and shade are not so much focussed as diffused over the whole length of the composition, and the pigments managed as in tempera, are laid on so as to catch light and throw off colour with force

and brilliance at a distance—an all-important point in mural decoration, as was well known to the great fresco-painters of Italy.

The pictorial arts have been by Mr. Marks more expressly adapted to architectonic ends in a frieze painted above the proscenium of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. The painter again takes his subject from his favourite author; in the midst Shakespeare is seated on a throne, and on either side recline Comedy and Tragedy; around are grouped leading characters in the poet's dramas. In like manner the painter has decorated the Gaiety Theatre, Strand. Here the theme is a masque played before a mediæval king and queen. The subject has been happily chosen for the display of varied action, character, and costume; thirty-two figures are brought within the space of thirty feet; the treatment and the colour are intentionally broad and flat, the surface is canvas, the medium turpentine. The interior for which this picture serves as chief decoration may be described as bastard Gothic, and the picture itself sides with Gothic styles, as distinguished from Classic or Italian. Accordingly the composition is rather free, easy, and picturesque; the dance, which has little of the balanced symmetry of the Renaissance, seems in danger of degenerating into a romp; the action is energetic, and though sometimes graceful, is occasionally grotesque. The colour, relying on costly diversity of costume, partakes of the rich deep lustre of mediæval periods. Our theatres have sometimes been adorned with bas-reliefs of Flaxman, with drop-scenes and pictures set in arabesques copied from Guido, Albani, and Raphael Mengs. Gothic reactions may not be wholly unwelcome or untimely; if somewhat too defiant of essential art principles, they open a wide field for a painter's inventive originality. Mr. Marks also takes part in another novel application of pictorial design to mural decoration, in the ceramic frieze which encircles the Royal Albert Hall. The entire circumference has been apportioned between Messrs. Pickersgill, Marks, Yeames, Horsley, Armitage, and Poynter. The allotment to Mr. Marks, 150 feet in length, will be dedicated to sundry personifications of Astronomy, Agriculture, Horticulture, and Surveying. How far Galileo and his telescope may admit of being cast into ceramic ware, and hung half-way between earth and sky, it were premature to judge. The omniscience of a Royal Commission takes upon itself the responsibility of the bold conception. Mr. Marks seems to have thrown the idea into discreet pictorial form; the spaces are justly apportioned, the figures firmly drawn, the incidents clearly and concisely told. Whether the result will partake of the character of an art or of a manufacture, of a decisive success or of a tentative experiment, is still dubious. Mr. Marks will at any rate have the honour of seeing himself in ceramic; and when he remembers that the designs of Raphael were transferred to plates, and that the earthenware plaques of Della Robbia are used to decorate façades in Pistoja, neither he nor his fellow-artists need fear any compromise of dignity.

From easel painting and mural painting, as serious avocations, Mr. Marks turns

to the painting of furniture as a diversion. The Ecclesiological Court of the International Exhibition of 1862 displayed a Cabinet decorated with grotesques after the fashion of the Middle Ages. The work, purchased by 'the Department,' is still exhibited at South Kensington. In the studio of the painter may also have been observed, over a period of some years, divers articles, such as a quaint structure for the holding of colours and brushes, decorated with humorous devices. Also rumour reports of a Gothic piano and cabinet, which bear the inscription: 'John Marks made me.' Up the legs of the cabinet curious creatures creep. The piano is so arranged that a fish finds it convenient to swim out at one end, while a beetle crawls in at the other: the panels are sacred to serio-comic muses. Such painted grotesques were favoured in the Middle Ages, and certainly painted furniture admits of more character and intelligent device than is compatible with modern veneer or French polish. Whether this old fashion admits of wide revival is more than doubtful. The style is overmuch grotesque, rude, and unalluring for popular tastes. Still it is well to remember that the arts thrive best under widest toleration, and that creative fancy rejoices in liberty, not to say license. These Gothic manifestations, even though ultra, may be accepted as not unwholesome protests against the ostentatious frivolity and conceit of fashionable cabinet-work and upholstery.

Our artists, within their homes and studios, give free expression to their notions as to the adaptability of figure-compositions to mural decoration. The friendly company of painters known as 'the St. John's Wood School' joined together to cover the walls of the studio of Mr. Hodgson with designs from Shakespeare. The artists thus engaged were Messrs. Leslie, Yeames, Calderon, Hodgson, Storey, Wynfield, and Marks. The subjects which fell to the lot of Mr. Marks brought upon the scene Ariel from the 'Tempest,' and Touchstone and Audrey from 'As you like it.' The characters are seized boldly; a strong dark line encircles the figures, as sometimes in fresco and always in glass painting; the handling is firm, the details are few. The general style may be compared to that of old German prints slightly washed with colour. This school of decoration is opposed to the Italian Cinque Cento, and antagonistic to the gilt and gaudiness of Parisian fashions. Mr. Hodgson's small studio, painted at leisure by way of pleasing recreation, may, in the history of art experiments, recall a certain chamber on the Pincian decorated by Cornelius, Overbeck, and Veit, when young adventurers in Rome. It was supposed this freak of genius might lead to other like attempts at domestic decoration. Mr. William Burges, who holds priority in mediæval revivals, has covered his walls with arabesques and figure-subjects; and Mr. Edis, another Member of the Institute of Architects, has called in Mr. Marks to decorate his drawing-room with a pastoral sort of frieze, wherein sundry ladies feed chickens and water flowers. But it is in the country-house of Mr. Birket Foster that these decorative fraternities have found themselves most at home. Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Marks, in the design and decoration of furniture, painted glass and

walls, have here carried out to completeness ideas which, under the names of Pre-Raphaelitism, Mediævalism, Gothicism, obtained favour with artists and certain sections of the community at large. To Mr. Marks was assigned, in this *maison de campagne*, the painting of the summer-house, which looks on a flowery lawn. Again the painter consulted his Shakespeare, and the wall space being sufficient to hold seven subjects, 'the Seven Ages' naturally occurred to his mind. The artist's habitual manner has been already designated; as usual, he skilfully conforms to the decorative conditions of the case in hand. His pictures do not hang loose upon the wall, they are incorporated in the freehold; his back-grounds are gilt, thus the interior receives illuminating colour. In the divers decorative works described the painter has studiously brought his compositions into keeping with the surrounding structure: when this, the first condition of ornamental art, is fulfilled, painting and architecture consort for common ends.

Mr. Marks, it will be seen, has taken no unimportant part in the art developments of our times: he has sided with the great Gothic movement, which has done much to restore to our English school its original nationality; and he has, by facile and economic adaptation of painting to utilitarian uses, brought an art which is apt to look upon itself as high and exclusive within the wide area of domestic life. And as there is a High Church and a Broad Church, so is there a High Art and a Broad Art, and the broad school in art is catholic, universal, and all-embracing; it descends to the level of humanity without loss of dignity. Let us hope we may be getting back to the good old times, when the sister arts moved hand in hand, when the architect worked with the mason, when the painter concerted with the carver in wood and in stone. Only as art, in the widest sense of the word, enters into the daily life of the people, can we look for a true and healthful revival.

The following are the pictures exhibited by Mr. Marks in the Academy. With such credentials the painter's election can scarcely be long deferred:—

'Dogberry examining Conrad and Borachio,' 1853; 'Christopher Sly,' 'Bardolph,' 1854; 'Slender's Courtship,' 1855; 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' 1856; 'Bottom the Weaver,' 1857; 'A Day's Earnings,' 1858; 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' 1859; 'The Sexton's Sermon,' 1860; 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model,' 1861; 'The Jester's Text,' 1862; 'How Shakspeare Studied,' 1863; 'Doctors Differ,' 'Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee—Prov. iii. 28,' 'The House of Prayer,' 1864; 'The Beggars are coming to Town,' 'Francis Feeble, Woman's Tailor,' 1865; 'My Lady's Page in Disgrace,' 'The Notary,' 1866; 'Falstaff's Own,' 1867; 'Experimental Gunnery in the Middle Ages,' 1868; 'The Minstrels' Gallery,' 1869; 'St. Francis preaching to the Birds,' 1870.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

colour, mystery, richness, and relief, unites a tendency (apparent at times even in his painting) to reduce his employment of means beyond a lawful minimum; carrying rapidity to the point of slashing and reserve to the confines of unfinish. He works with equal power on landscape and figure-subjects. There is a wonderful landscape of a peasant's dwelling planted alone beside a little wood—a rough bank and pond in the foreground—with I know not what brooding desolation and shadow of ominousness in the air: the trees of the wood huddle together, a suspected covert for ill deeds; the cottage looks as if no love or joy had harbour in it. There is a larger and later plate, with another such cottage, deserted not of life but of joy, standing on higher ground against the twilight, and with the gable of it reflected in a pool of dead water, two bare tree-trunks crossing each other in the foreground on the right: perhaps the finest example, among all the artist's etchings, of solemn colour and impressiveness. There is a death of St. Francis, the body of the saint stiffening in the sustaining hands of his attendant monks: the figures of these sternly grouped in dark relief against the sky, the whole expression painful to disagreeableness, yet none the less exempt from all ignobility. There is an admirable and delicate 'Philosopher's Garret,' to be noticed for its distribution of light and shade,—the globe, the garret-window, and the philosopher's bald head, mutually helping each other as centres of light. There is a noble and harmonious ideal of an aged priest reading reverently with closed hands. Or look at the rapt musician's head upon the opposite page; or the gracious *recueillement* and saddened sweetness of careful motherhood expressed in the exquisite forms of the woman's face in the larger illustration. The reader will agree with me, that the art to which we owe such inventions as these is none the less admirable—granting it in some measure the less delightful—for having in it nothing of brightness or hilarity.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

CAN SCIENCE HELP ART?

VERY eminent artists and critics may be named on each side the question, so that one cannot express an opinion without placing oneself in opposition to distinguished men. The best way in cases of this kind is to express one's own sincere, personal, individual opinion, without deference to this or that authority, since the authorities on each side are equally weighty. I will begin, then, by answering the question in my own way, and after that develope or amplify the answer.

1. The efficiency of an artist depends, in a great measure, upon his vivid recollection of organic form, and of effect.

2. Scientific knowledge enables the memory to retain organic form and effect with a precision not otherwise attainable.

3. Therefore, scientific knowledge helps the efficiency of an artist.

The argument on the other side is this—(I will do my best to state it quite fairly)—Science can teach things to an artist which are artistically easy, but fails him in what is artistically difficult. For example: perspective can teach how to draw the straight edges of a London causeway, but not the curves of the sea-shore; anatomy can teach the places of bones and muscles, but not the subtle variations of surface and of line on which the living energy of the animal depends for its expression. Scientific theories of colour can teach the relation of primaries, secondaries, tertiaries, but never the relations of the indescribable tints; and all the tints of a great colourist are of the indescribable kind.

The whole of this is true. We may even go farther than this, and admit that Science teaches nothing whatever that belongs specially to Art; nothing that is, in the true and deep meaning of the word, *artistic.*

Still, the sciences of perspective, optics, anatomy, are useful to artists; just as the science of geography is useful to a traveller. Take the very best of maps. What does it tell you of the country you intend to explore? It is not a substitute for your observation as a traveller, but simply a reliable informant as to where the places lie, where you will find them, and a help to your topographic memory. After having studied the map, you must observe the country itself, in all its detail, if you want to know its *life.* But the map has helped you, nevertheless, in the arrangement of the work before you. It has saved you time and trouble, it has prevented you from missing your way.

What a map is to the traveller, scientific study, wisely pursued, is to the artist. It can never serve him as a substitute for his own observation, but it may tell him where to apply his power as an observer, and guard him against innumerable mistakes. If artists could always have nature before them, exactly as they desired to paint it, they might dispense with the help of Science altogether. Any artist who sees quite clearly in the artistic sense, sees also as much of organic structure as is necessary to his perfect performance. But when nature is not present, or is constantly changing, which very nearly amounts to the same thing, artists need everything which may counteract the natural infirmity of the memory. The degree to which Science can do this may be easily demonstrated.

After we have dissected a plant, with the help of any really good work on botany, the organic structure of the plant, and even such characteristics as its colour, the season of its growth, and the places which it prefers, are engraved on the memory permanently. These things are not Art; they do not describe the artistic appearance of the plant, but, by the association of ideas, they recall its artistic appearance, when that has been previously studied from nature. They present a sort of skeleton of knowledge, which the purely artistic memory clothes with the perfect life.*

There are instances of artists who, having been attracted by scientific study beyond the sphere of Art, have lost the artistic spirit, and become purely scientific. Thus Science *may* ruin an artist, but not when the artistic spirit is really strong in him. Science did not spoil Rembrandt's work, nor has it spoiled Landseer's. I could name half-a-dozen painters who have been ruined by Science, but they were all men of feeble artistic gifts, to begin with. A man of any native artistic force works as freely after scientific training as before it. The scientific training helps his memory of things, but does not chill or harden his work. A man may write easily and poetically, without a trace of pedantry, *notwithstanding* his knowledge of grammar, and grammar, like botany and geology, is one of the branches of anatomy.

EDITOR.

* It is customary to speak of anatomy, botany, geology, as separate sciences, and a notion is thereby conveyed that the sciences are too numerous to be accessible to an artist. In reality, these three sciences are one. Botany and geology *are* anatomy. Botany is primarily the anatomy of plants, and geology the anatomy of the earth. And anatomy, in any of its branches, is nothing more than the separation of anything into its component parts.

Now, there is a very curious characteristic to be noted in the classical spirit, in the spirit of classical tradition in the study of the fine arts. It admits one of the branches of anatomy—that of animal form—as necessary to the artist, but does not admit the necessity of the other branches of anatomy. This may be accounted for by the classic love of the human form, and the classic disdain of landscape; and I believe it may be asserted with little fear of any effectual contradiction, that whenever modern artists have been deeply and seriously interested in the study of anything in nature, they have, as a rule, thankfully accepted the help of Science with reference to that particular thing. For instance, Rembrandt did not disdain the anatomy of the human body, nor Landseer the anatomy of dogs, nor Ruskin the anatomy of mountains. The disdain of Science always seems to apply to things in which the artist is not specially interested, and we commonly find that figure-painters consider the anatomy of plants superfluous, but not human anatomy.

GLEN COE.

AUTOTYPE FROM A DRAWING IN WATER-COLOURS BY

A. P. NEWTON.

ENGLISH PAINTERS

OF THE PRESENT DAY.

XV.—THE LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

IT is not possible, in half-a-dozen pages, to do more than give a general account of the present condition of our landscape school, and mention a few of the best names; and our space is the more restricted that it is necessary to say something about the existence of landscape-painting as an independent art.

The division of painting into specialties is now believed by the most cultivated and thoughtful artists to have been the mistake of an essentially inartistic time. The greatest artists of the greatest time were men who, having learned thoroughly well how to paint, painted everything that interested them. The genuine modern landscape-painter replies to this, and with truth, that their landscape was always arbitrary, generally unequal, and often glaringly false and wrong, whilst the landscape back-ground of the figure-painters of our own day is commonly both ignorant and weak. On the other hand, our professed landscape-painters have unquestionably pushed their art much further into the realms of nature than the old painters-of-all-work ever could do, or at least ever cared to do. All this is perfectly true. In point of science there is not the slightest comparison between the most advanced landscape of the nineteenth century and the landscape of any century whatever that preceded it,—to compare the two would be like comparing the astronomy of the present day with the astronomy of Kepler or Galileo. But, on the other hand, the study of landscape is a bad school, perhaps the worst of all schools, in which to obtain a mastery of the technical art of painting; and so it happens that there has never been a century in which so many men could demonstrate at the same time that they had observed nature, and that they had *not* mastered the elementary principles of art. Landscape-nature is a bad school, for several reasons. It is almost always too complicated, so that you can hardly get a landscape-study which is simple enough to be profitable in early practice. Even the barest hill has varieties of form and colour which distract the attention from the modelling of it, and prevent one from attaining a full knowledge of it as an *object*. So soon as you have anything like a distance, the play of effect, which is unceasing in its changeableness, makes

tranquil copyism not merely difficult but impossible. The book of landscape-nature is like some magic volume, whose page should change from poetry to prose, from language to language, under the eyes of the bewildered reader. Our total ignorance of the real shapes of the objects which compose landscape adds to the unprofitableness of the study. You know what is the real form of the limbs of a man, and when the model places his leg or his arm in this or that attitude, you make, mentally, a comparison between the true form which you know, and the apparent form which you see, and the comparison is a lesson for ever. In landscape-nature there is no such lesson. We *never* know the real form of a cloud, we hardly ever ascertain the real form of a mountain, but are tricked and deceived by perspective. Again, you may draw landscape most inaccurately without ever finding it out, just as a man may pronounce a foreign language inaccurately if he learn it only from books. It is possible to work hard at landscape for many years without learning anything of form, without learning anything of modelling, and even without ascertaining in any certain manner the elementary laws of tonality. And so it comes to pass that landscape-painting is followed in a more uncritical spirit than any other branch of the fine arts. In music there are fixed laws of time and tune, in sculpture there are measurable shapes and proportions, even in poetry there are rules of grammar and versification. Landscape-painting is not lawless, but the natural laws which govern it are so complex and so difficult, that the painters and the public act very much as if there were no laws at all.

The popular impression that landscape-painting is easy is a mistake. Bad landscape-painting is easy, but the good is both difficult and rare. The apparently pleasant paths of this 'charming and delightful pursuit' are in reality very rugged and arduous, and would, if they retained any mark of the nameless ones who have painted and failed therein, bear many a melancholy record of unavailing effort. Considered as a road to Fame, and her sister Fortune, there is this terrible objection to landscape-painting, that it is exceedingly difficult to awaken any general interest in it; so that, whereas a mediocre figure-painter may often push himself into notice by an ingenious selection of popular subjects, the landscape-painter has little to rely upon but superlative excellence of work.

It has been objected to our present school of landscape that, whilst knowing more, it moves us less than the schools which have preceded it; that indefatigable labour and great imitative skill have ended in leaving the canvas uninteresting, and the spectator cold. The truth is, that there is nothing like *naïveté* in our present landscape work, yet there is emotion enough in the painters, and if it is not communicated to us, surely the fault is not entirely theirs. It may be fairly objected, however, to the landscape of the last fifteen years, that, with one or two exceptions, there is a want of grandeur about it; and even here we must distinguish. There has never been a time when natural grandeur was more

strongly felt than it is now, but there is not much grandeur in the artistic spirit of the time; so that, although the painters may paint higher mountains and heavier cataracts than their predecessors, and put them on canvases of considerable size too, the work somehow does not affect us as a grand human production. The truth is, that the study of nature has in our time rather crushed and enfeebled the artistic spirit, which ought to use nature as freely as an architect uses his precious woods and marbles; so that our painters have lost, for a time, the really grand and lordly way of treating the things they see about them in the world. For the great artists are *masters* in a sense not very generally understood in the England of to-day. The masters had a masterful spirit, and considered the natural world as their estate, wherein they found all manner of riches, which riches they used at their own high and unquestioned pleasure. The timid art of to-day, trembling in dread of scientific criticism, works in another temper. We live in a time when a truly great artist, dazzled and drunk with beauty, with passionate and necessarily personal and one-sided views of things, would find himself gradually chilled by the cool common sense of everybody around him. On the other hand, we live also in a time when natural beauty is more felt and appreciated in a mildly observant way than it ever has been before. So our landscape art is very observant, and very true, and has a great deal of tender and quiet feeling, but is hardly ever passionate, and seldom very profoundly affecting.

The drawing by Mr. Alfred Newton, given as an illustration to this paper, is quite a typical example of contemporary landscape art. By its evidence of acquaintance with mountain form and genuine love of lonely nature, it is separated from the landscape work of all the predecessors of Turner. It is literally certain that no artist whatever, before our own day, however good a draughtsman, could have drawn that mountain with such truth.* No artist before this century would have understood the structure of the mass of granite under the thin and broken turf. Nor would any elder artist have felt the loneliness of the natural scene in this half-melancholy, half-pleasurable spirit. It is clear from Mr. Newton's manner of work, and from his choice of effect, that he felt Glen Coe to be a melancholy sort of place, yet liked to be there, experiencing both feelings in rather a mild way, and seeing most truly the whole time. But let the reader follow the lines of this drawing anywhere, he will not recognise a trace of passion in any of them; nor, on the other hand, is there much artistic arrangement in the work. In fact, in this drawing, as in all works of its class, whether in oil or water-colour, nature, and the truth of nature, are so dominant that human passion is scarcely perceptible, and human art, though not absolutely excluded, is altogether subordinate. The reader is requested to bear in mind that I am not praising or

* This scene is usually somewhat hastily passed through by tourists on their way from the King's House to Ballahulish; but the writer of these pages encamped there to make studies of his own, and so may answer for Mr. Newton's fidelity.

blaming, but attempting to describe characteristics, as a botanist describes a plant. The work is impressive because the scene is impressive, and because the artist has trained himself to see, and feels enough to reproduce, but not enough to transform nature, and make a new creation of his own. Mr. Newton's knowledge of Highland landscape is, in range of subject, quite unrivalled. Before his time, when artists painted a lake, they used to content themselves with a reflection of the shore, crossed in the middle distance by a conventional streak of white. Mr. Newton has studied the local breezes and the local calms, and painted them with more truth of various form and colour than any other landscape-painter who ever lived. In all he does there is a manly thoroughness of purpose, and an unflinching conscientiousness, which quite belong to the modern spirit. He is a master of the anatomy of a mountain, and of its vesture of rich colouring too. Mr. Newton, and many less skilful and less accomplished artists of the same order, see nature as the best and most cultivated class of tourists would see it, if they learned to paint.

When Mr. Peter Graham exhibited his 'Spate in the Highlands,' the whole public was moved as it never is moved except by work which is not only scientific but passionate and artistically powerful. We not only knew that the representation was true, but we felt the electric energy of the man who had painted the work passing and radiating through it from him to us. When an artist has this power of *moving* the world, he almost always belongs to the most gifted class. Now, there has been a doubt whether our modern scientific landscape would admit of passionate work. The answer to this doubt is clear. So long as we were only *learning* the science of landscape we could not work with the freedom necessary to passion, but when the science is fully acquired, and has become part of ourselves, it leaves passion as free as ever it was. It is like learning a language. If you are only learning French, and are doubtful about your verbs and genders, it is impossible that you should speak eloquently in French: but go and listen to Jules Favre, and he will prove to you that the verbs and genders are not a bar to the torrent of passionate oratory! So it is and will be with our scientific landscape. The time is fast approaching, it is already at hand, when the scientific acquirements of this generation in landscape will offer no hindrance whatever to the eloquence of the passionate painters. The 'Spate in the Highlands' was as passionate as the wildest pages of Salvator, and yet it was as scientific as the most rigid of contemporary studies. The rush of a brown torrent was never more grandly given, the forms of its tumultuous water rising into great domes over the hidden stones were never more faithfully observed, or more freely and vigorously drawn. The broken bank above the river, with the reddish earth and pebbles in it, and the grey rock under it, the dark Scotch firs against the silvery shred of flying mist, the many-coloured cattle, the hue of the flooded land, the amber and topaz of the stained torrent, the rich green of the wet

mosses on the rock, the masterly greys of the torn and stormy sky, the subdued splendour of the struggling sunbeam—all these things, painted separately with such rare power, and, most of all, the mighty unity of the whole work, gave Mr. Graham a high and permanent reputation within two hours after the opening of the Academy Exhibition of 1866. Since then he has confirmed this first success by repeated proofs of the same uncommon powers.

As nothing is more interesting to me than the training of an artist who has succeeded, I took the liberty of asking Mr. Graham something about his experiences in study. He attributes his first education in effect to the delight he took, when a student, in the beautiful play of light and shade amongst the antique statues in the sculpture-gallery at Edinburgh, and believes that most of his power as a landscape-painter was acquired by the study of the figure. Mr. Graham was a figure-painter for many years before making his reputation in landscape; and this, I am now fully convinced, is the most logical and philosophical course of study. It is so for this reason. We ought to study what is comparatively simple and ascertainable before we attempt what is complex and unascertainable. The figure is simple,* and its proportions may be measured. Another very important point is, that a statue, or even a living model, may be set in a certain fixed and steady light, and kept in the same attitude, and under the same effect, for an hour together. By studying the figure first the painter learns his art with a quiet progressiveness, all but impossible in landscape. He learns to draw, he learns what modelling means, and he learns to colour. All this knowledge serves him afterwards when he comes to grapple with the difficulties of clouds and mountains. The especial difficulties of landscape, to be mastered afterwards, are its intricacy and its changeableness.†

The power and the weakness of contemporary landscape-painters have never been more strikingly exemplified than in the works of Mr. Maccallum. Nobody ever drew the strength of a beech-tree or the lightness of a birch with more entire understanding of the nature of the tree, and the giants of the forest were never celebrated by a hand more faithful and laborious. There is a striking completeness and elaboration about such works as the large picture of the 'Charlemagne Oak at Fontainebleau,' which make us forget that, after all, they are only studies. The realisation is sometimes amazing, as, for instance, in a beech-root in the picture entitled 'Summer,' and in the trunks of the 'Oaks of Birkland,' or on rounded surfaces of rock, such as those in the 'Gorge aux Loups, Fontainebleau.' Mr.

* As seen by artists. I do not mean to say that it is easy. As seen by surgeons in dissection, it is highly complex.

† I have seen very accomplished figure-painters much embarrassed, in the presence of nature, by the intricacy of landscape forms. But any good figure-painter with a natural love of landscape would overcome this in a year or two. The landscape of figure-painters is usually bad, merely because they have not studied landscape, not because they cannot paint.

Maccallum carries this power of imitation even to the faithful reproduction of transient effects, which cannot possibly be painted from nature. His 'After Sunset, Venice, Winter,' is of this class—a work of great difficulty, both technically, and from the perfect vividness of memory which it needed. The 'Rome from the Ilex Groves' is of the same class. But notwithstanding Mr. Maccallum's great powers of observation, and memory, and realisation, he has no spiritual power. Not one of his pictures ever affects us when we stand before it, or haunts us when we have left it. And this is the especial weakness of our scientifically accurate art.

I have selected three painters who best exemplify the main current of English landscape from 1850 to 1870. All three are men of consummate ability in their way, and thorough students of nature. Mr. Newton and Mr. Maccallum have fully expressed themselves, Mr. Graham has still a good deal to say to us, and may lead our younger school into action not more vigorous or determined than that of Newton and Maccallum, for that is scarcely possible, but more artistically energetic. There cannot be more science in the landscape of the future, but there will be, it is probable, a grander artistic *allure*, more *go*, if the reader will permit one syllable of slang. We have already a tenderly sentimental school in the Dudley Gallery, which is right in painting feeling (when the feeling is genuine) rather than fact, but whose feeling is not always of a very manly kind. But whatever turn artistic fashions may take, the great men, the poets, will always be very rare; and though it is easy to sneer at the matter-of-fact art of the last ten years, it is probable that posterity will be quite as grateful for it as it would have been for art of the pseudo-poetical order. Indeed, for the consolation of our sober realists, we may observe that very prosy painting is immortal when it is first-rate in its own kind. Of the three artists here mentioned, not one is so prosaic as Canaletto, and Canaletto is remembered. There will never be much enthusiasm about their fame (except, perhaps, in the case of Graham), because there will be cultivated men in succeeding generations able to do the same things; but it may be very safely predicted, on the other hand, that their works will not decline in value, for the reputation they have in our own day is not an exaggerated one, but is founded on substantial merits.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

DALLASTYPE FACSIMILE OF THE LINE ENGRAVING BY HOLLAR

There was a damp smell, as if the church were seldom opened; odds and ends of marble and other things lay about; high up on a ledge that ran round the building were vases, more appropriate to a museum: the place was a combination of church, ruined temple, and lumber-room. Below the ledge were the frescoes, half obliterated, and these we presently found so interesting that we resolved to record as much as possible of their subjects before they should be still farther destroyed, and at the same time describe the exact state in which we found them in the summer of 1869.

The frescoes are in one continued line round the walls. Each is divided horizontally, giving an upper and lower range of subjects, in this respect resembling the Mosaic tablets of Santa Maria Maggiore. On our first cursory examination we were struck with the great similarity they presented in style to the paintings from the Catacombs and other Roman works, those at the altar end of the church being far superior to the others; while we found their subjects to be chiefly from the New Testament, but including also the history of St. Urban and St. Cecilia, so far as we could decipher their fading lines.

Over the altar is the figure of our Saviour. The attitude is that of the Greek form of benediction, the thumb and third finger joined, and making what must be regarded as an imaginary monogram of the letters I C X C.* The robe is dark purple, the drapery over the left shoulder, and the features, even to the stray lock upon the forehead, being of the usual early type. But, so far as we know, this representation is the only one corresponding to the letter of Lentulus, in the hair being nut-brown, 'of the colour of the ripe filbert,' and the eyes blue-grey. The love of the artist fought its way through his ignorance of the principles of his art, and embodied itself in this expression of the traditional portrait, which, archaic though it be, looks down on us from the decaying walls, with its sad and earnest gaze dimmed by time, but still recording what those who lived nearest to His own day believed His Bodily Presence to have been like. On the right is St. Paul; on the left, the Roman place of honour, St. Peter. There are also attendant angels, but these are very rudely executed. We at first believed that the frescoes on the same wall represented, those beside St. Paul, his examination before Agrippa and Bernice, and his martyrdom outside the walls of Rome; the others, on the opposite side, the martyrdom of St. James, 'killed with the sword' while St. Peter was 'kept in prison.' And we still think it probable that they were so intended originally, but we have since found from the engravings in D'Agincourt,† that in his time the names above the figures were still visible, placing it beyond a doubt that ultimately, at any rate, they were regarded as representations of the history of St. Urban.

On the visitor's *left*, the *right* of the central figure, the upper fresco gives the arrest of St. Urban at the head of his clergy. He is brought before the Prætor, beside whom is a female. Behind are helmeted soldiers. The court of justice is in the open air;‡ the sky is of the pale, clear blue of old Roman frescoes; the soldiers, and indeed the whole group, might have been copied from bassi-relievi, and so strongly does it resemble a work of Pagan Roman Art, that my companion suggested that it might have been an antique fresco Christianised when the Temple was converted into a Church. The compartment beneath is so far obliterated that little can be made out beyond the figure of the same prætor, sitting in authority, attended among others by a lictor bearing the fasces; the figure of St. Urban, kneeling to receive the blow from the sword, being very indistinct. The upper part of the fresco on the visitor's *right* shows us the execution of Anolinus, the gaoler of St. Urban, and converted by him. He was martyred after his baptism. His head lies on the ground, blood runs from it, and both it and that of St. Urban, seen through the grated window above, are encircled with halos, so big that one would have thought they would have convinced the most incredulous. Here, also, the other compartments are greatly decayed; but that to the right again shows the figure of St. Urban preaching; and those below, a female figure; in one receiving something

* *See* Lord Lindsay's 'History of Christian Art,' vol. i. † L'Art en les Monuments,' Pl. xciv.
‡ Probably the Forum. *See* 'Adams, Rom. Antiq.' p. 207.

in a bag, in another standing before a judge: the former probably setting forth the alms-deeds, the latter the examination of St. Cecilia. These frescoes are the only ones on the altar-wall of the Church.

Going on from the last mentioned is the 'Annunciation;' commencing the present New Testament series, and most probably by other hands. These frescoes are often grotesque in their quaintness, as in the present instance. Mary is on a sedia before her house. The Angel is standing to deliver his message, and a servant having heard within that something unusual is going on, is peeping out from behind the curtain, which, as in Roman dwellings still, hangs across the doorway. The scenery in this, as in all, is of the rudest and most conventional type. Below is the Nativity, the Virgin sits beside a bed, on which is the Infant in swaddling clothes. Joseph has his hand to his head, in the traditional attitude, which gives an impression of his character so unlike the touches in the New Testament, which set before us the 'just,' kind-hearted, generous, uncrowned king, who watched and protected the Boy, of whom it was said, that to Him would be given the throne which was His own inheritance. There is a peculiarity in the Virgin's figure. The lines of the drapery turn back at the feet, and curve up and around her, enclosing her, so to speak, in a sort of cradle. The same arrangement may be seen in a mosaic of the Nativity at Sta. Maria Maggiore; and it may be a kind of first thought of a vesica.

There is no proper sequence of events in the frescoes, for the upper division of the next gives us the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, and the lower, Joseph's dream. In the latter Joseph is lying on a bed, while an angel is seen above. In the former, one angel is in the sky, delivering the message to a shepherd, who is seated on a large mole-hill. Another shepherd is playing on a fiddle. The sheep look out from an over-arched, circular pen, built like the mouth of a well;* but even this is less quaint than the upper fresco following it, of the rejoicing of the Wise Men at the sight of the star. They are fairly capering with delight. The star is large and *black*, the rendering its brightness on a dark background being an effort beyond the artist's skill. It is in the centre of a semicircular space, enclosed by a reversed rainbow coming from the top of the picture, probably a lingering remembrance of the symbol of heaven, a rainbow, universal in the earliest mosaics. The Presentation of the Gifts is the next upper one; it is represented as taking place out-of-doors. The Virgin, with the Child on her knee, is seated outside the city of Bethlehem, seen in the background; the Wise Men, the foremost of whom, according to D'Agincourt, has above him his name Melchior, bearing their offerings upon trays. The lower compartments of these are occupied, the first, by the Presentation in the Temple, in which is nothing specially to remark, the next by the Flight into Egypt, in which an angel follows the Holy Family, as it were to keep them from turning back.

We have now reached the end of this wall. So little attempt has been made to preserve any chronological arrangement in these frescoes, that we pass at once from the history of our Lord's Birth to that of His Death. It may be, that this subject was chosen for the end wall that it might be the centre of all the rest; but we shall find, when we come to the other side, that the events portrayed on it run backwards,—those which ought to come nearest the Crucifixion being at the upper end. It will be more simple for us not to arrange them, but to speak of them as they come. These are in far the worst preservation, and some are wholly obliterated. The first fresco, on the end wall, is in four compartments. The two upper represent the Visit of the Women to the sepulchre; the sky showing the 'early dawn' as they bear along the spices, and an angel in white visible at the empty tomb; under this is the Appearance of our Lord to Mary Magdalene. Above, on the left, is a representation of the Entombment, which, in its very quaintness, has more of the spirit of that loving, sorrowful Burial, than ambitious compositions often possess,—the desire to

* *See* 'Georgics,' iii. 463. 'The Land and the Book,' p. 201.

make a grand picture overcoming the simple and truthful feeling of what that laying in the grave was to those who did it. Rude in execution, the conception of the lower is very fine. The subject is the Descent into Hades. Christ walks on in triumph alone through the flames, which, rising red and angry to the right of the picture, have divided before Him, and made a way, like the way which He made for His people through the sea. That He did pass through the fire was the belief of the early Church ;* but these frescoes give us none of the 'Prisoners of Hope,' whom it was also believed that He set free at that time, and carried with Him in His triumph when He ascended on high and led captivity captive. The Crucifixion, as it has been pointed out, is the *Greek* representation of it; the Feet being crossed and fastened with *one* nail. The time chosen is the piercing of the Side: the Centurion is looking up in wonder. D'Agincourt gives his name, Calpurnius. We have now another fresco in four compartments. Beginning with the left upper it shows us, first, Pilate having water poured on his hands; next, the Scourging; underneath, the Betrayal; and then comes one showing us not only the Victim bearing the Cross, but having fallen under its weight, *two* scenes from the same subject not being unusual in early pictures. This latter is much effaced; in its first freshness, with its rough but powerful delineation of violent human passions on one side, and the meekness of the Lamb on the other, it may have been too painful to contemplate; and yet—what is the right name of the feeling which makes us shrink from realising what He shrank not from bearing?—for us men and for our salvation.

His Triumphal Riding into Jerusalem occupies the next fresco, and below this is the Raising of the Widow's Son. We have now the Raising of Lazarus, who, swaddled in graveclothes like a mummy, comes forth upright from his rock tomb. The representation of the Last Supper and the Washing the Feet of St. Peter, under this, is, probably, unique in its arrangement. St. Peter turns his head away, as if determined that such honour shall not be paid him; but he is overruled. It is *before* the moment when his love has been aroused by the reminder—'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part in Me.' The subjects of the next two are difficult to ascertain; for they are much obliterated. The upper may refer to the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, at any rate, one figure sits in state, while another lies among thorns; and the subject below, a man lying down, murdered by being beaten with round leaden balls at the end of poles, may be intended for the Parable of 'The King's Son.' Only from D'Agincourt can we learn what *were* the next: St. Urban with St. Cecilia and her husband Valerius; St. Urban baptizing a child by pouring water on its head; and a Martyrdom by broiling on a gridiron. Neither martyrdom can refer to the history of St. Cecilia, as she, her husband, and his brother, suffered in another manner. The last fresco has in its upper compartment the Resurrection—the Saviour rising from the ground, with angels in the sky. Below this, two figures are all that can be distinguished. One, his head encircled with a disk, is standing, the other kneeling before him. In its imperfect state, it can hardly be decided whether this represents the Conviction of St. Thomas, or the Appearance of the Angel to Valerius.

Such is the present state of these frescoes. The style of a few would make their reproduction at the present day undesirable, since that which was to these art-children the expression of their feelings of joy or sorrow, would be to us only quaint and grotesque; but they are examples of a period of art of which we have few records, and it is a pity that some of them cannot be copied and preserved before it be too late. D'Agincourt's plates show how rapidly they are perishing; and these, though valuable in themselves, are very small and hardly characteristic.

We cannot close without remarking, that while the names preserved by D'Agincourt identify some of the frescoes, it seems unaccountable that more has not been made in them of a story so full of picturesque situation as that of St. Cecilia, if the original intention

* *See* the Apocryphal 'Gospel of Nicodemus,' given in Lord Lindsay's 'History of Christian Art,' vol. i.; also Bishop Horsley's Sermons on 1 Peter, iii. 19, 'The Spirits in Prison.'

had been to illustrate it. The narrative is so well known that it is only necessary to say here that St. Cecilia was a Roman lady, who was converted to Christianity by Urban, Bishop of Rome, towards the middle of the third century. Married by her parents to the heathen Valerius, she told him that he could only see an angel by whom she was visited upon being baptized; when he also sought the instructions of Bishop Urban. Baptized, the angel appeared to him. He asked for the conversion of his brother Tiburtius, and was told that in a short time both should receive the crown of martyrdom, which came to pass. They were beheaded, and St. Cecilia was smothered in a bath. From her skill in the art she was made the patroness of music; the legend stating that the angel drew near her to listen to her songs of praise, as lovely as his own.

There is as much difference of opinion respecting the authorship as the subjects of these frescoes. Lord Lindsay regards them as 'of pure, unadulterated Latin art,' and states that they were painted by one Bonizzo, 1011.* Lanzi thinks that they are purely Latin;† D'Agincourt, that they are the work of a school of Greek artists established in Rome.‡ All agree that they were executed after the decline of Art, and before its revival. Of the origin of the fresco of the Madonna and Child above the altar in the crypt, there cannot be two opinions. It is in the worst Byzantine art. But we incline to refer the frescoes in the Upper Church to two different periods, and to at least two different hands. Those above the altar are (excepting the angels) so superior in execution, and those on the left display such accurate knowledge of the circumstances attending an accusation and execution in Imperial Rome, that we think they are, by some centuries, older than the rest, and were painted while the influence of antique art was still felt. Our conjecture is, that they were intended as representations of our Saviour, with the Apostles Peter and Paul alone; of the examination and martyrdom of the Roman Citizen Paul, and of the imprisonment of St. Peter, his martyrdom never having been added. That in after years the rest were supplemented, the angels being put in at the same time; and that then the Temple being dedicated to St. Urban, his name was given to the martyr who appeared in the earliest. There is a difficulty in regard to the figure of our Saviour. It apparently belongs to the earlier period; the colouring is *not* Greek, but the form of benediction *is;* and yet the entire Figure is apparently by the same hand. The benediction alone prevents our looking on this group of frescoes as purely Roman work; we can hardly believe that a Greek would have been influenced by Roman art to the extent that these works show, even though he had been educated in Rome, but that they were executed by such an one seems to us the most probable hypothesis.§ There are no differences in the manner of the rest; and the form of Crucifixion being Greek, disposes us to agree with D'Agincourt.

Turning away from the frescoes, we went down in the dell to the Fountain of Egeria, to the many descriptions of which we need not add another.

F. E. Tripp.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.—This reproduction of an engraving by Hollar will have an especial interest at the present time. As a work of art, though patient and honest, and done by a great engraver, it is curious and *naïf*, rather than especially meritorious.

It is not easy to ascertain, from the newspapers, the amount of injury which has been inflicted upon the Cathedral by the present siege of Strasburg. For our consolation let us remember that a wonderful amount of damage may be done to a rich Gothic edifice without either destroying its grandeur, or detracting very much from the sum total of its richness. And, moreover, much of the power of such edifices depends upon their history. We unconsciously attribute to them experience and memory of the dangers they have survived. If the Cathedral of Strasburg loses some statues and stones, and the roof of its nave, by this bombardment, it will gain a new poetry from the sufferings of the devoted city.

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* 'History of Christian Art,' vol. i. † 'Hist. Painting.' ‡ 'L'Art, Peinture,' &c.

§ Perhaps the painter also of the lovely fragment of fresco, representing angels and white-robed figures in 'Paul's hired house' in Via Lata.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM A GROUP IN THE FRESCO AT LYNDHURST BY

F. LEIGHTON, R.A.

ENGLISH PAINTERS

OF THE PRESENT DAY.

XVI.—FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A.

IT is now fifteen years ago since 'The Cimabue Procession' created no small surprise in the Academy. The 'West Room,' in the year 1855, wore an unusual aspect: one wall was occupied by a scenic picture of 'Rome,' the largest work we remember by David Roberts, and like space was accorded to the Madonna procession in Florence,—no small concession to a young and comparatively unknown painter. The picture, people in general learned to appreciate all the more when the Queen became its purchaser. Painted in Rome, the composition betrayed Italian influence; the style was cognate with the early schools of Tuscany and Umbria. The work, accordingly, responded to the educated tastes of the few rather than to the naturalistic requirements of the masses; and this the fate of the first achievement of the painter, may be said to be the fortune even of the latest. It so happened that the writer of the present notice was in Italy while 'The Cimabue Procession' remained fresh in the remembrance of artists and English residents in Rome. The work was much talked of at the Caffé Greco, and in society generally, and its merits were canvassed with a freedom common to artists. It was urged that the characters lacked individuality, that the figures wanted study from the life, but everybody paid tribute to the painter's talent, and rejoiced in his success. We believe that a sort of jubilation took place; the artists of Rome gave Mr. Leighton a dinner, and he in turn reciprocated the kindly feeling by throwing among the young painters a few commissions. 'Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence' (569), when it made its appearance in the Academy was favoured by the usual flood of criticisms; among these, a few extracts from the 'Notes by the Author of Modern Painters,' may best deserve remembrance:—

'This,' writes Mr. Ruskin, as long ago as 1855, 'is a very important and very beautiful picture. It has both sincerity and grace.' 'The principal figure is nobly principal,' 'and both the master and the young Giotto attract full regard by distinction of form and face.' 'The head of the young girl who wears the garland of blue flowers is also very sweetly

conceived. Such are the chief merits of the picture. Its defect is, that the equal care given to the whole of it, is not yet *care enough.* I am aware of no instance of a young painter, who was to be really great, who did not in his youth paint with intense effort and delicacy of finish. The handling here is much too broad; and the faces are, in many instances, out of drawing, and very opaque and feeble in colour. Nor have they, in general, the dignity of the countenance of the thirteenth century. The Dante especially, is ill conceived—far too haughty, and in no wise noble or thoughtful. It seems to me probable that Mr. Leighton has greatness in him, but there is no absolute proof of it in this picture; and if he does not in succeeding years paint far better, he will soon lose his power of painting so well.'

The public were naturally curious to learn what a painter who at a bound had sprung into fame, would do next, and some disappointment was felt on the appearance of 'Orpheus redeeming Eurydice from Hades.' Moreover, the works which followed over a period of several years were scarcely calculated to clear away the perplexities which seemed to beset the artist's aims. It is possible, indeed probable, that Mr. Leighton himself hardly knew at the outset what track he should take. Artists taught in village-schools a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, have before them a simple course; in the country lanes around them they find ready to hand all they can paint and comprehend. But men versed in classic literature, conversant with modern tongues, mixing at home and abroad with people of wide range in literature, science, and art, are often betrayed into discursive study. And painting is so much of a mechanical operation, that artists, as a rule, distrust any one of their brethren who may be distinguished by accomplishments. That the antecedents of Mr. Leighton had lain a little out of common routine may be judged from the following biographical data given on the authority of Bryant's Dictionary:—

Mr. Leighton was born at Scarborough, 3rd December, 1830, and from childhood evinced a strong passion for painting. His first systematic instruction was received in Rome during 1842–3, from a certain Filippo Meli. In 1843–4, he was student in the Academy of Berlin, the following year he passed in Florence. In 1846–7, Mr. Leighton studied in the Academy of Frankfort, and in the winter of 1848, he painted in Brussels his first picture 'Cimabue finding Giotto drawing in the fields.' In the following year he attended the Life school in Paris, and copied in the Louvre. Thence he went again to Frankfort, and was a pupil down to the year 1853, of Professor Steinle, sometimes described, though not very correctly, as a follower of Overbeck. During this period Mr. Leighton is said to have painted several pictures, among which is particularised 'The Death of Brunelleschi.' Subsequently, three winters were passed in Rome, and the result became patent in the 'Cimabue Procession.' After the success of this work, the painter resided four years in Paris, and was aided in his studies by the counsel of Ary Scheffer, Robert Fleury, and other French painters.

The artist's style may, in part, be designated by negations; it halts midway between naturalism and romanticism, classicism and mediævalism; in turns it approaches each, and yet is not identified with either. The relations in which it stands to nature are in these days exceptional; it seems, in fact, to shrink from absolute contact with reality, the forms are not so much individual as generic,

the compositions are not so much accordant with events which have happened in the outer world as consonant with ideas preconceived by imagination, the colours scarcely belong to material substances, they come rather as clothing fitting to the thoughts; neither is the light that of any one moment of time, but a sort of generic daylight in which poetry may be rehearsed, and high art enacted. Time and space scarcely intrude into this order of conception, and accordingly the backgrounds to Mr. Leighton's pictures are rather a remembrance than a reality. A painter of imagination loves to create his accessories, and it must be acknowledged that lovely, partly because not literal, are the surroundings to 'The Syracusan Bride,' 'David,' 'Cadiz,' and 'Dædalus and Icarus.'

It is certain that the painter's studies in Italy and Germany did not make him a mediævalist, his art is never guilty of archaicism, it is removed from the individualism of Masaccio, it is averse to the hard angularities of Albert Dürer. And any predilections which might naturally be shown to pre-Raphaelite painters in 'The Cimabue,' had evidently worn themselves out, when, in 1864, was exhibited 'Dante in Exile.' Yet there can be little doubt that the artist's style is of foreign origin; the mode of conception is Italian, the method of manipulation German. And herein Mr. Leighton differs to disadvantage from a brother Royal Academician to whom he is otherwise closely allied; his forms may be more sharply defined than those of Mr. Watts, but his colours are less resonant. Mr. Leighton does not rank as a colourist, and yet when, in 'Golden Hours,' he forgets his school in his subject, the canvas glows, and especially of late, in the 'St. Jerome' for example, it becomes apparent that the painter is striving to impart to forms founded on the antique a technique derived from Venice. The artist's style is not finally settled.

The analysis of the painter's productions gives as a chief component part classicism with a large intermixture of romanticism. The style, indeed, might be designated as romantic classic. It differs from the galvanized classicism of David, the petrified classicism of Ingres, the voluptuous classicism of Cabanel, and yet though the product be different, the school is the same. This generic style is known to have come in with the Italian Renaissance in the time of the Medici, and just as Mr. Leighton eschewed rigid mediævalism, so did his intuitions cling to those forms of beauty,—those lines of symmetry which were engrafted upon Italian art by the renewed study of the classic. All such careers are proverbially dangerous; the schools of Italy, from Correggio downwards, fell into Epicurean indulgence and Sybarite indifference to moral codes, and modern styles in Europe, derivative from this Italian epoch, are safe even in point of art only when under severe restraint. In the retrospect of works possibly obnoxious to criticism exhibited by Mr. Leighton, such as 'Venus Unrobing,' and 'Ariadne abandoned by Theseus,' few will pretend that delicacy was offended.

Mr. Leighton's recent travels in Egypt, Greece, and the Levant, are likely

to confirm his classic tendings. Certainly his contributions to the Academy of 1869 pointed to the quarter in which his imagination had set. 'Dædalus and Icarus' showed purity of form, and sharp, clean cut outline as of a cameo; 'Helios and Rhodos' were as floating figures on a Greek vase, and 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon,' in cast of drapery and repose in agony was eminently statuesque and classic. And yet Mr. Leighton, if in style Grecian, is far removed from Phidias; but, on the other hand, he is almost equally distant from Canova or Pradier. His manner is free from the affectation or dubious suggestion of modern Italian or French art; on the other hand it does not reach the grandeur, simplicity, and breadth of the old Grecian. His treatment rarely touches deepest chords in human nature; his compositions have seldom violent movement or dramatic force, they are not driven to a climax. And yet the style bespeaks a polished, scholarly cast of mind, the pose of a figure might have been suggested by the turn of a sonnet, the composition attuned to the grace and languor of Tennyson's 'Lotus Eaters.' A sense of beauty moulds the features, a fine type of humanity is carried through the limbs, and rhythm pulsates to fingers and feet.

The illustration prefixed to this notice is a proof that Mr. Leighton, in common with Messrs. Watts and Armitage, has matured a manner suited to mural decoration. This group of the 'Five Foolish Virgins,' is reproduced from the reredos of St. Michael's Church, Lyndhurst, situated on the borders of the New Forest. The whole composition consists of nineteen figures about the size of life; the wall-space covered is about twenty-four feet long, by eight feet high. As regards the technical process employed, the painter had the choice of four methods, all well known; he might have adopted tempera, or encaustic, or fresco, or water-glass. He preferred, however, a new medium tried by Mr. Gambier Parry in the Church at Highnam, near Gloucester, and in the nave-vault of Ely Cathedral. The medium in which the pigments are ground is a mixture of wax, resin, oil of lavender, and artist's copal; the wall when saturated with this preparation becomes on the evaporation of the volatile oils, a firm, solid mass. Mr. Gambier Parry says 'that the method meets all the requirements of wall-painting (where the walls are dry) with little risk from injury from the action of our climate, avoiding the objections to other systems, and retaining all that is good and effective in them.' The writer, in April last, revisited Lyndhurst, to ascertain whether the process has proved as permanent as expected. He has much pleasure in stating that the wall-surface is sound, hard indeed as a rock, not a single colour yields to rubbing with a white handkerchief. Mr. Short, who resides on the spot, and who has been in the habit of photographing the picture, likewise testifies that the colours have not changed; the only alteration he has observed over a period of five or six years is a certain mellowing in tone. In previous papers on Mr. Armitage and Mr. Watts, the decay of frescoes painted in London has been deplored. The better fortune which attends the 'Spirit-

fresco' in Lyndhurst, must be ascribed to two causes,—first, the difference of process, and, second, the difference in atmosphere. Pictures are endowed with constitutions for sensitiveness similar to plants and flowers, and just as vegetation dies in the London coal-smoke and gas-burnt atmosphere, so do frescoes decay. But on the borders of the New Forest, art does not suffer even from the inclemencies of the English climate. The notion then, that there are physical causes which preclude the use of high monumental art in this country is false. Mr. Leighton, while occupied on the picture of 'The Ten Virgins,' wrote, in February 1864, to Lord Elcho, as follows:—

'As I am, to the best of my belief, the only professional painter who has worked with Gambier Parry's spirit fresco, it may be convenient to you to refer to my unfinished works at Lyndhurst. I therefore send you two or three details which may interest your audience. The merits of the material are chiefly these:—Great similarity of result to buono fresco, which it approaches so nearly as to deceive anyone not conversant with the practice of painting. Great scope of colour, as it embraces the whole oil palette, and is not subjected to any of the limitations which are peculiar to fresco. Great facility of manipulation, admitting of washes, impasto, and glazing within the space of a very few hours. Little or no change in the drying, not more than in water-colour drawing on absorbent paper, Harding's, for instance. Facility of re-touching, as the surface is always soluble in spirit, though proof against water. The only point in which it is inferior to real fresco is in the absence of that pure crystalline quality of light so peculiar to the latter. On the other hand, it has in a great degree, that other quality of fresco, which is the alpha and omega of all grand monumental work—gravity—dignity.'

The composition at Lyndhurst is an original reading of 'The Wise and the Foolish Virgins.' Mrs. Jameson says, 'This striking parable has never, that I know of, been represented dramatically, except by the very late schools of art, and then generally in the worst taste. In the earlier times it was constantly employed in the decoration of the Gothic Cathedrals, and other religious edifices, in its mystical signification, as symbolising the Last Judgment.' In modern times it has been treated by Professor Schadow in an easel picture in the Städel Institute, Frankfort; by Cornelius in an oil-picture now in the Town Gallery, Düsseldorf; and by Mr. Millais as one of the series of the parables of our Lord. The Lyndhurst composition is panoramic, the figures are arranged on one plane after the manner somewhat of a bas-relief. Indeed the composition so closely conforms to the conditions of monumental art, that it might with little loss be translated into sculpture. Many works executed in marble are, in fact, less sculpturesque. The whole action,—Christ in character of the Bridegroom occupying the central position,—is brought into measured symmetry; the drama is played out within geometric spaces; the component parts are nicely balanced, smoothly rounded, unbroken by angularity or discord; indeed the whole performance has a harmony little short of musical. Moreover, beauty is preserved throughout, possibly even to excess, for these foolish virgins are by nature so finely endowed, that their crime appears little more than an accident, and the

going out of their lamps but an oversight. And herein again the treatment is that of the Greeks, who made it a law that passion or tragedy should not be pushed to an extreme which would mar the serenity of beauty. Yet the artist's manner owes much to the Italians. The fresco at Lyndhurst too independent for a compilation, has the balance and propriety which belong to careful adaptation. In style it cannot be identified with any one master from the time of Cimabue downwards; it has not the spirituality of Fra Angelico, the power of Michael Angelo, or the colouring of Titian. Perhaps on the whole, in common with other of the artist's creations, it admits of more just comparison with frescoes in Milan, Lugano, and Saronno, by Luini, a painter endowed with a delicate sense of beauty, and distinguished by balanced moderation and rare refinement.

Mr. Leighton's art is eminently eclectic; it is something more than negative, and yet something less than positive and aggressive; it never defies or assails, but rather by a well-chosen middle course arrives at a happy reconciliation which pleasantly and politely removes all elements of discord. This courteous, polished manner smoothes away roughness in surface and textûre, and rubs down abrupt angularities in composition. A man, well read in European literature, and thoroughly versed in the history of the arts, has so wide a choice of ideas, that pictorial treatment may become to him less a matter of absolute genius than of nicely discriminative taste. 'Under the name genius,' says Reynolds, 'great works are produced, and under the name of taste an exact judgment is given.' Mr. Leighton is guided by an æsthetic sense, and his habit of assimilation brings from time to time into his art new and poetic developments. His thoughts, though they move in cycles, have progression; his style, even to the present moment, gives sign of fresh phases; his conceptions are marked by a versatility which implies that a well-tilled soil is not easily exhausted.

Mr. Leighton was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1864, became an Academician in 1869; and his diploma picture, 'St. Jerome,' was exhibited the same year. The following is a list of his contributions to the Academy:—

'The Cimabue Procession,' 1855; 'The Triumph of Music' (Orpheus), 1856; 'The Fisherman and the Syren,' and 'Romeo and Juliet, Act IV. Scene 5,' 1858; 'Pavonia,' 'Sunny Hours,' and 'La Nanna,' 1859; 'Capri—Sunrise,' 1860; 'Portrait of Mrs. S. O.,' 'Paolo and Francesca,' 'A Dream,' 'Lieder Ohne Worte,' 'Capri—Paganos,' 1861; 'Odalisque,' 'The Star of Bethlehem,' 'Sisters,' 'Michael Angelo nursing his dying servant,' 'Duett,' 'Sea Echoes,' 1862; 'Jezebel and Ahab,' 'A Girl with a Basket of Fruit,' 'A Girl feeding Peacocks,' 'An Italian Crossbowman,' 1863; 'Dante in Exile,' 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' 'Golden Hours,' 1864; 'David,' 'Mother and Child,' 'Widow's Prayer,' 'Helen of Troy,' 'In St. Mark's,' 1865; 'Painter's Honeymoon,' 'Mrs. James Guthrie,' 'Syracusan Bride,' 1866; 'Pastoral,' 'Spanish Dancing Girl—Cadiz,' 'Knucklebone Player,' 'Roman Mother,' 'Venus Unrobing,' 1867; 'Jonathan's Token to David,' 'Mrs. F. P. Cockerell,' 'Ariadne abandoned by Theseus,' 'Acme and Septimius,' 'Actæa,' 1868; 'St. Jerome,' 'Dædalus and Icarus,' 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon,' 'Helios and Rhodos,' 1869.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

RAPHAEL.

STUDY OF THE HEADS OF THE MADONNA AND INFANT.

REPRODUCTION BY THE PERMANENT WOODBURY PROCESS.

streams;' and again, how London, instead of being as she is, might one day be 'full of gardens, and terraced round with hawthorn walks, with children at play in them as fair as their blossoms.'

It is not the general but the particular or practical part of our author's volume, however, which it is appropriate here to consider. Of all the gifts for which the student of art has to thank Mr. Ruskin, I do not know that there is any deserving greater thanks than his discussion in this book of the three elements of line, light, colour, under which the sense of sight gives us knowledge of the natural world, and which constitute the material of the painter's art,—together with his classification of the various historical schools according to the manner in which they have dealt with these several elements. This classification is here suggested rather than developed; and its development, which we may hope for in the sequel of this professional work, will unavoidably involve perplexities of detail of which we shall be curious to see the solution. Line, or that part of design which determines the boundaries between objects—or, to speak in terms of the visual sense, between spaces and masses of colour—is the initial necessity, the common foundation of all schools. But, the bounding lines being determined, one set of schools occupies itself rather with the degrees of light, another set rather with the qualities of colour, distributed among the objects bounded by them. This is the primitive division; it holds with the early schools, which agree in regarding the natural world as a plane expanse—as made up of surfaces and not of solids—and in ignoring the third dimension: and holds no less with the later schools, which recognise the third dimension, and occupy themselves with those visible signs which indicate it, namely, perspective line, and light and shade so far as independent of local accidents. Thus, at least, I interpret Mr. Ruskin's summary chart of the schools. Note that the word 'mass' corresponds to 'space' as solid to plane, and indicates the recognition of a third dimension:—

LINE.
Early Schools.

LINE and LIGHT.	LINE and COLOUR.
Greek Clay.	*Gothic Glass.*
MASS and LIGHT.	MASS and COLOUR.
Represented by Lionardo and his Schools.	*Represented by Giorgione and his Schools.*

MASS, LIGHT, and COLOUR.
Represented by Titian and his Schools.

It may perhaps strike the reader, as an objection to this arrangement, that in one sense the light quality of objects—their light and shade—is chief among the signs or indices of their solid form, modelling, or projection and recession in the third dimension; and hence that it is strange to find Lionardo's schools of light, and Giorgione's schools of colour, put down as equally addressing themselves to the representation of 'mass.' But some explanation of this will be found in Mr. Ruskin's observation that the Lionardo schools interpreted light and shade as being (what they are not) the negation of colour—independent white and black; while the Giorgione schools interpreted them as being (what they are) degrees or intensities of positive colour. 'The great splendour of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact, that shadow is as much colour as light, often much more.' Each school thus in its own way, at this stage of its advancement, gives equal attention to those lights and shades which serve for the indication of mass or relief. And beyond these there come the ulterior varieties and complexities of local incidence, relation, and contrast; and it is these which were pursued by the chiaroscuro schools and ignored by the colour schools, until the colour schools, 'advancing steadily' (from Giorgione to Titian, as the chart shows) 'adopt from those of light and shade whatever is compatible with their own power, and then you have perfect art.'

In the course of this sketch we have also, as the reader will for himself surmise, state-

ments concerning the moral and mental characteristics underlying the work of each school, which he will often think more positive than conclusive, but which he will always find full of suggestion.

The Catalogue contains a sketch of the plan according to which this most munificent of professors proposes to supply his pupils with series of examples for their study. The first is to be called the Standard Series, 'to be composed of types of various art, the best that I can obtain, as standards of method or school;' the second, the Educational Series, 'composed partly of exercises to be copied, partly of examples for reference with respect to practical questions;' the third, the Reference Series, made up of mixed examples, 'not standard, but having qualities worthy of notice and necessary for illustration.' Of the first two of these series, several dispersed groups are already in their places, and are in the pamphlet 'Catalogue' which is before us described and commented by their donor with that felicity which is his own.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

TAINE'S ESSAY ON INTELLIGENCE.*

ALTHOUGH M. Taine's book is an investigation of the laws of mind generally, so many of its pages concern the faculties on which the fine arts depend, that it does not lie out of our province. The book is particularly suggestive on the subject of art education, and many of its conclusions are likely to be valuable to the artist already cultivated as hints for the management of the mental powers which are most necessary in his profession, and for the preservation of knowledge which he has already acquired. Little that M. Taine has to tell us can be said to be positively new, but the clearness with which it is set forth, and the relief given to certain very important parts of his subject, are new. The ideas which the book suggests are likely to be of still greater use to that portion of the public which interests itself in art than to practical artists, especially in preventing controversies which are due to inevitable misunderstandings.

M. Taine begins by considering signs and substitution, and after these, images. The second book, on images, may appear to concern the fine arts more immediately than that on signs and substitution, because it is certainly true that the painter proceeds by the reproduction of images, whilst substitution is especially the process of the mathematician. But signs and substitution are very common in the fine arts also, and much of the misunderstanding which clouds the subject is due to the very prevalent ignorance of this fact. M. Taine explains substitution in his usual lucid manner:—

'I have a garden surrounded by a hedge, and my fruit is stolen. I make up my mind to surround it with a wall, and take as many workmen as I find in the village—say, four workmen—and I see at the end of a day that they have together made twelve yards of wall. The work goes on too slowly, so I send for six other workmen from the next village, and I wonder by how many yards each new day's work will increase my wall. In order to ascertain this I cease to fancy to myself the workmen with their blouses and trowels, the wall with its stones and mortar. I replace my first set of men by the figure 4, their first work by the figure 12, all my workmen together by the figure 10, the unknown work that they will do by the sign X, and I write the following proposition:

$$4 : 12 :: 10 : X = \frac{12 \times 10}{4} = 30.$$

'Substitution goes still farther; and the figures which are substitutes for things receive themselves substitutes which are letters. After having made many operations like the foregoing, I may observe that in all similar cases the proportion is written in the same way, that the first figure always replaces the first

* *De l'Intelligence*, par H. Taine. Paris: Hachette.

workmen, that the second always replaces their work, that the third always replaces all the workmen taken together, that the fourth always replaces the unknown amount of work. This observation makes me pass from arithmetic to algebra. Henceforth I replace the first figure by A, the second by B, the third by C, and I write the following proposition :

$$A : B :: C : X = \frac{B \times C}{A}$$

'Instead of this little example consider the work of an algebraist who writes out equations for an hour together. He operates outside of figures, and yet upon figures, as an arithmetician operates outside of things and yet upon things. He effaces figures in himself, as the other effaces things. Both of them set in order and combine series of signs, and these signs are substitutes. In point of fact they are not, as proper names are, substituted for the whole of the object, but only for a portion or a certain point of view of the object. The algebraic letter does not replace the arithmetical figure entirely, but only its function and *rôle* in the equation. The arithmetical figure does not replace the entire thing with all its qualities and characteristics, but only its quantity and number. One and the other replace only something of the imagined object— a fragment, an extract.'

After this explanation of substitution, M. Taine goes on to affirm, that *couples* such that the first term causes the second to appear instantaneously, and the aptitude of the second to replace the first either wholly or in part, are the origin of the higher operations which compose the human intelligence.

We have not space at present for the consideration of images, and must confine ourselves to the question of substitution. Let us see how far substitution is carried in practical fine art. M. Taine will not help us here, but he has set us on the right path, and we can carry forward our investigation without him.

Suppose a violin-case lying open in a room where sunshine does not directly penetrate, and that a very conscientious and laborious imitative artist sets himself to paint a study of that violin-case, and the instrument in it. He will so lay his colours on the canvas, that they shall produce upon our eyes an image as nearly as possible resembling the image which the actual green baize of the lining, the stained and varnished deal of the violin, the ebony of its fingerboard, the white resin-powdered hair of the bow, have produced upon us. He will not give us a merely intellectual substitute for the image, as an algebraic letter is a substitute for a quantity of things, but he will give us as nearly as possible the image itself. This is an example of the kind of art in which substitution is least resorted to, and the idea entertained about the fine arts generally by those who have not studied the subject is, that they are always simply imitative or reproductive of the image in this manner. This is, however, very far indeed from the truth. The truth is that substitution, the substitution of signs for things, is common in the works of almost all artists worthy of the name, and commonest in those of the greatest. And the chronic misunderstanding between those who understand art, and those who do not, is simply due to the fact, that the first read the signs instantaneously, and the second cannot read them at all. When we are so much accustomed to the substitution as to read the sign instantaneously, we are extremely liable to the illusion that the sign itself is intrinsically admirable, whereas what is really admirable is the idea or emotion which the sign conveys to us.

Amongst the fine arts there is one which, when rightly practised, as the greatest masters have practised it, depends almost entirely upon substitution, and that is etching. It is frankly interpretative, continually resorting to signs instead of images, considering that its end is achieved if images have been called into existence in the imagination of the spectator by the vivid suggestion of the sign. Those who are accustomed to read etching, couple together so rapidly the sign and the thing signified that it requires quite a dramatic gift to enable them to realise the state of a mind in which no such coupling takes place. In the same way, when we read a beautiful English poem, it is hard for us to realise the fact that what we actually see is merely black printer's ink on white paper, made beautiful for us only by a

dexterous play upon infinitely complex associations of ideas.* To go a little farther into detail, let me give as an instance the way in which all the best etchers agree in representing the open sky, namely by drawing horizontal lines. There cannot be found an example of substitution more open and avowed than this. Black horizontal bars bear no more resemblance to the delicate blue of heaven than an algebraic letter would, yet they recall the idea of blue sky instantly to any one accustomed to read etchings, just as the black marks in this parenthesis (London) recall the idea of a certain very great city to any habitual reader of English. Amongst living etchers, he who has carried substitution farthest is Jongkind. His plates are readable at a glance by landscape-painters who are accustomed to take rapid memoranda, because he has recourse to the kind of substitution which is commonly resorted to in memoranda of that kind, and to such spectators Jongkind's etchings seem good in their way because they recall very vividly impressions received from Nature. On the other hand, Jongkind's etchings seem to the ordinary spectator an insult to his common-sense, because he expects an image and gets nothing but a sign, to him not significant of anything but 'jumble.'

I have not space to do more here than hint at a very interesting speculation, but if the reader will follow the study for himself, he will observe where art ceases to give images and has recourse to signs. Let us always remember that we are far from making this distinction habitually. We all of us believe the sign to be an image, or to be intended for one, and if it is not one obviously we blame the artist. The history of the signs used in drawing would also be worth tracing; how it came to pass, for instance, that horizontal lines, and not perpendicular ones, stand for the open sky, and the gradual process of substitution by which art came to such a result as the least commonly legible work of Rembrandt in etching and Turner in oil-painting. It is a process of successive substitution, just as we have seen in the case of arithmetic and algebra. The marks used by a highly-accomplished modern painter, when he makes a rapid memorandum, are the algebra of art, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that they should be legible only by those who have studied that particular kind of algebra.

EDITOR.

* I have ascertained by experiment that what we call the music of verse is due to subtle mental associations and that the physical ear has little to do with the matter. However good may be a foreigner's ear for music, he will not hear the music of English verse, when you read it to him, if he is ignorant of English; the most melodious stanzas will seem to him as cacophonous as any. I have tried the experiment repeatedly, and have begged foreigners to try the experiment on myself in languages unknown to me. In all these instances their most melodious passages seemed to me no better than any others. Some of our very harshest words are musical for us by association with beautiful or tender ideas.

COLLINETTE.

AUTOTYPE FROM A DRAWING IN CHALK

G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

ENGLISH PAINTERS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

XVII.—GEORGE D. LESLIE, A.R.A.

IN a former paper I have spoken of the knot of young painters commonly known as the St. John's Wood School. P. H. Calderon, R.A. as the oldest and, on the whole, ablest painter of the party, furnished the subject of the first article, in which attention was drawn to the chief characteristics of this group. It occupies the debateable ground between home-life and history, the field on the whole most congenial to English tastes and most compatible with the conditions imposed on art by English life. Mr. Calderon's excursions into the classical region seem rather deviations from a familiar track, by way of concession to the chaotic state of English art-theories and art-patronage, than results of any genuine inspiration of antique form or classic legend.

George Leslie, after Calderon one of the most prominent, and certainly the most popular of the St. John's Wood group, has known less than most of his contemporaries of that interval spent in feeling the public pulse with which English painters usually begin. He early showed his bent, and as it was an eminently popular one, he has been able to follow it uninterruptedly and prosperously. The son of a distinguished painter, he has had the good sense not to invite comparison with his father. He has known how to profit by the fine taste and sound teaching of one of the most delicately observant and happily-tempered minds in the English school, without forfeiting his individuality.

Home is his field, but it is home with its sweeter, sunnier side towards us, and its prettier inmates most '*en évidence*,' masquerading usually in the stiff brocades, and tamboured muslins, or painted linens of grandmamma's wardrobe,—suggesting a faint fragrance of ancient pot-pourri and old-world lavender,—looking archly out from under the flat caps or flapping straw hats of 1790, or demure in the long mittens, short waists, gored skirts, and quaint little bonnets, of 1810. Indeed Mr. Leslie has quite created a taste for the style of that time, which, till he painted it, I had always thought the ugliest that fashion ever strayed into. There is quite a family of painters now revelling in short-waists, *robes-fourreaux*, and *chapeaux empire*. Mr. Leslie might almost be described as an innocent Boucher, —a Greuze or Chardin without *arrière pensée* or *double entendre*. He appeals to the instinct that draws us to pretty faces and graceful figures, but without a

shadow of prurient suggestion. The perfect innocence of his charming maidens, whether of town or country, high life or humble,—be it Clarissa reading her love-letter by the setting sun-light, in the quaint old garden, or Celia finding her lover's wreath in the summer-house, or Polly Peachum mending Macheath's coat in her London garret,—is as unmistakable as their prettiness. The sweet air of English home breathes about them; they walk, like the Poet Laureate's Godiva, 'clothed on with chastity,' though not as their sole garment. On the contrary, as I have already said, Mr. Leslie is great in costume. He must have the fashion-books between 1789 and 1815 at his finger-ends. But just as the charm of his women arises from something in their faces which is neither prurient nor mawkish, so his treatment of dress is not millinerish.

There are some painters of our time, fashionable portrait-painters especially, in whose hands the dress seems the most important part of the picture, just as there are many painters of pretty faces who suggest unreality as inevitably as prettiness, and whose work never gives us an inkling of the painter's individuality any more than it does of real life. None of these things can fairly be said of Mr. Leslie's women. There is the breath of life in their forms as in their faces. They are, like Wordsworth's Ruth,—

> 'Creatures not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food.'

Their substantial flesh and blood, a sweetness which does not exclude character, and a relish of good old literature about the names and dresses the painter gives them, altogether impart to his creations a delightful individual quality, and a healthiness rarely found in the pictures of men who chiefly employ themselves in painting woman under attractive aspects. As everything Mr. Leslie does shows an amiable and innocent mind, not employed about far-off fancies, or vapoury idealisms, but healthily homely, with a lettered fancy, and a manly delight in feminine charm, what wonder if his popularity has been rapid, and his success assured?

All the painters of the group with which Mr. Leslie is usually classed are alike in a sober good sense, which belongs to all their work, historical, legendary, humorous, or domestic. We find among them no trace of that morbid mind which seems able to intoxicate itself with the mysticism and romance of the past, as an opium-eater with his poppy-juice, or that determined and exclusive mediævalism which insists on forcing the fancy into ancient moulds, while, technically, it goes back in its worship of the past, to imitation of the quaint or contorted detail of an immature art. And yet there is a very decided liking among this school for past things, fashions, fancies, and people. But respect for life and nature controls it in all of them.

Born in 1835, a third son and sixth child, Mr. Leslie's art-education was from the first guided by his excellent father. He was sent first to F. S. Carey's School of Art, then a usual road of access to the Academy, at which drawing from the

antique was the principal—indeed, if I mistake not, the sole—employment of the students, and thence to the Royal Academy, where he was admitted in 1854. He had an unusual number of comrades who have since distinguished themselves; among them, Poynter, Simeon Solomon, Marks, Storey, Brett, and H. W. B. Davis. 'My father,' Mr. Leslie writes to me, 'gave me very little systematic teaching, but continually caused me to look at fine pictures, taking me to galleries and collections, and from a very early period I had formed a pretty correct taste in these matters.'

It is easy to conceive how valuable these oral instructions—clinical lectures on the art, as it were—from a master like Mr. C. R. Leslie must have been. No man, within certain limits, was more catholic in his taste, more modest, yet refined and exact, in his judgments. The soundness of his critical faculty is shown in his *Handbook for Young Painters*, of which I see no reason to qualify the opinion I have elsewhere expressed,* that 'there has been hardly any book written on the theory of painting containing a larger proportion of sound principles, or more likely to guide the student safely, so far as it attempts to guide him.'

At the same time it is there pointed out that Leslie wrote in ignorance of the finest examples of decorative painting in its connexion with architecture, which Italy alone supplies; and that he undervalued both the historical importance and the expressional qualities of early art. But the tendency of the time towards the mediæval, so marked among our younger painters, has corrected in the son whatever this limitation of the father's likings in art might have done to warp or limit appreciation. It is interesting to observe in a painter's personal belongings the turn of his tastes. Mr. Leslie loves quaint carved and painted furniture and properties, while that relish for Japanese art, which is common among our younger painters, has also left very visible traces in his surroundings. This, however, was also marked in his father, and from him the son might have imbibed it.

Like all our young painters, whose instruction has been confined to this country, Mr. Leslie strongly feels his own deficiencies in technical training. 'I always feel,' he writes, 'that I know more about art than I can give expression to in my works, owing to my having been all my life taught to appreciate the great masters. I have, I think, rather suffered in consequence of my unfortunate attempt to render my ideas without sufficient knowledge of the means; *and I believe a few years' study in Paris would have been of inestimable advantage to me.*'

One advantage Mr. Leslie has derived from his homekeeping habits as a set-off to any defect in his art training—essentially English feeling about personages, scenery, and subjects. His summers for many years past have been spent on the Thames. Hampton Court was a favourite summer haunt of his father's, and there and at Petworth many happy holidays were passed by an innocent and united family. George Leslie's pictures seem to me as redolent of home as of England. It gives them, to me, and I have no doubt to the public, their greatest recommendation and their most winning charm.

* In my Introduction to his Autobiography. Published in Two Volumes. Murray, London, 1866.

He first exhibited in 1857, at the British Institution, a little allegorical picture called 'Hope,' which was bought by Lord Houghton. I remember the picture, timid and tender in feeling and colour. His next picture (exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1859) was called 'Reminiscences of the Ball,'—a graceful girl, thinking over her ball triumphs by her dressing-room fire. Of this Mr. Ruskin writes in his *Notes on the Pictures of the Year:*—'It must be a great delight to Mr. Leslie to see his son do such good work as this. There is not a prettier little piece of painting on the walls, and very few half so pretty. All the accessories, too, are at once quaint and graceful: showing an enjoyment of elegance in form (even down to the design of the frame of the picture and the bars of the chair) which is very rare among the young painters of the rising school. This grace of fancy is shown no less in the little Chinese subject by the same artist, which, however, is not quite so thoroughly painted. I shall look anxiously for Mr. Leslie's work next year, for he seems to have truly the power of composition, and that is the gift of gifts if it be rightly used: he colours very well already.' This high estimate of the young painter's promise has proved just. Mr. Leslie has rapidly advanced in favour, and with hardly a back-cast. In 1860 he exhibited three pictures—two single emblematical or allegorical figures: 'Matilda' (from Dante) and 'Meditation;' and a sacred subject, 'Bethlehem,' the largest and most ambitious picture he had yet attempted—Mary and Joseph humbly turning aside to the stable, from the noisy and overcrowded inn. I remember the tender grace of Mary's expression and attitude, and some delicately painted pigeons fluttering about the stable-yard. But, if I recall it aright, the picture betrayed decided immaturity. It was an attempt beyond the painter's technical power; perhaps not within his range of invention or knowledge, in a realistic time which insists on the facts of Eastern life and landscape in treating Biblical subjects. In 'The Lost Carcanet' (exhibited at the British Institution in 1863) he had got back to his natural field; and in 1864, besides a composition from a subject suggested by Chaucer, 'The Flower and the Leaf,' at Mr. Wallis' Winter Exhibition, he exhibited at the Academy, under the title 'Say Ta,' a scene by the side of a canal—a bargeman's young wife making her child acknowledge the gift of an apple from two pretty girls, on a walk with a little brother.

In 1865 he took an historical subject, the siege of Lathom House, with the heroic Countess of Derby lashing the splintered flagstaff, at the foot of which lay a cavalier wounded in the same work. Her figure and face were both spirited and charming, but I remember thinking the composition disagreeable. In the same year was exhibited a pretty single figure of a girl in a blue dress, in an old-fashioned garden, called 'The Grassy Path.' In 1866 was exhibited at the Royal Academy 'Clarissa,' at sunset, reading Lovelace's letter in the garden of her father's house—a sweet and graceful figure in half-mourning, which achieved the greatest success up to that time reached by the painter. It was decidedly one of the 'hits' of the year. Encouraged by its success, Mr. Leslie, in 1867, exhibited three pictures,—'Willow,

Willow,' a love-lorn maiden, in a sedgy and willowy nook, contemplating the water in a way suggestive, but not too painfully suggestive, of suicide,—one felt a consoler was not far off; 'The Cousins,' a delightful version of the Town and Country Mouse —a fine lady visiting her home-keeping relation at the farm, and unsettling her with her town airs, town dress, and town gossip; and 'Ten Minutes to Decide:' Mr. Leslie's favourite old formal garden, with a pretty young lady of 1794 in the agonies of making-up her mind, at short notice, on an offer of marriage. This picture was a commission from Sir Edwin Landseer, of which the painter was, and is, justly proud. 'The Rose Harvest,' a group of girls making *pot-pourri* in a garden,—

'Roses,
'Mong roses, mingled with their fragrant toil,'

exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, showed the same charming sitters and becoming costume which Mr. Leslie had already used in the Country Cousins. The flowers, I remember, were painted with great finish, force, and feeling. The drawing of the arms was complained of, not without reason. In the same year was exhibited a *piquante* figure of Polly Peachum in her garret, sadly but contentedly sewing a button on Macheath's coat. In 1868 were exhibited at the Royal Academy 'Home News,' and 'The Empty Sleeve,' an old Admiral in a quaint summer-house, telling the story of his wound to two children. In the same year Mr. Leslie painted a lunette at South Kensington, and a picture never exhibited, 'The Boat-house.' Next year marked a decided advance in Mr. Leslie's power and popularity, with 'Cupid's Curse,' a deserted girl consoled by an old woman; and 'Celia's Arbour,'—suggested by the sweet old-fashioned glee of the same name—a lovely figure in white, and a wreath of red roses round her neck, by pearly morning light, in a garden-house grown about with pale climbing roses. Mr. Leslie had not, till now, produced any figure on this scale, and showing this carefulness of study both in face, form, and drapery. It is, and remains to my mind, his most painter-like work, even beside his largest and probably most popular composition exhibited last year, under the title of 'Fortunes,'—a group of lovely English girls in a park watching flowers, emblematic of their fates in love, gliding down a stream. He has painted nothing so complicated in combination of figures and landscape, as this picture. It illustrates both his merits and defects in a conspicuous way. The purity and beauty of the faces, the taste of the dresses, the grace of the figures and felicity of the grouping, with the amenity of the landscape, give it a charm which was widely and directly felt. The picture had always a crowd round it at the Exhibition; but, after acknowledging its delightful qualities, the critic was bound to admit that the forms wanted solidity, the colour more force with its sweetness, and the figures firmer and exacter drawing.

In truth, Mr. Leslie has never got over the want of more thorough artistic training, which he himself is the first to feel and acknowledge. It is the want of all English artists who do not avail themselves of foreign training. Only in the *ateliers*

of France, Belgium, and Germany, can the student learn anything from authoritative tuition of the principles on which pictures are painted and put together. At the schools of the Royal Academy, hitherto, all that the most diligent student has been able to acquire is drawing the figure. The use to be made of that knowledge in picture-making our Academy has thus far hardly made even a pretence of teaching. Mr. Leslie has worked hard, and is still working, like all our rising painters, to supply by his own efforts what Academy teaching has left undone, or rather unattempted. It is to be hoped that, with its new habitation, the Academy is about to infuse new life into its instruction, with a wider reach in its range of teaching.

One of Mr. Leslie's most interesting pictures, painted at Knowsley in 1869, represents the late Lord Derby in his dressing-gown, as a gouty invalid, with his little grandchild, a boy of four or five, leading him along one of the corridors of the house. Lord Derby chose the subject himself, and was very strict in his requirement of accuracy in facts. The combination of the grey, gouty old statesman and the little child, exactly suited the painter.

In an agitated and pretentious time, when all conspicuous ability is sorely tempted into excess and affectation, and when young artists are very apt to draw apart into mutual-admiration coteries, one values any man who ventures to be thoroughly himself; above all, in a simple way. Though Mr. Leslie is usually classed with the St. John's Wood School, his connexion with it is rather one of friendly intimacy and neighbourhood than of style or subject. In his choice of these he has happily found, and honestly followed, his own bent. As this is towards all that is most sweet, innocent, and attractive in English home-life and womanhood, let us be thankful that he has been content to remain himself, in spite of the many influences about him tending to make artists other than they are, and to impress on much clever work of our time a morbid character, which combines the ascetic with the sensual in a way that seems to me as unmanly as it is unwholesome.

Mr. Leslie was elected an Associate in January 1868. The little study of which we publish a reproduction is a pretty, if slight, example of his graceful hand. As an illustration of hereditary transmission of artistic talent, I may add that, besides a sister, Mary, whose drawings show exquisite grace, finish, and feeling, and a rare, if peculiar, fancy, Mr. Leslie has an elder brother, Robert, whose passion for the sea has led him to make his abode by sea and river, and to confine himself in his art to subjects of sailor-life, shipping, and seascape. All that he has exhibited of this kind has shown a genuine love and pure feeling for nature, a thorough mastery of the technical element of his subjects; and a consistency in all parts of his pictures, such as, in this particular walk of art, only exact knowledge can secure. These qualities give a distinctive value and interest to Robert Leslie's pictures, which have as yet hardly received the recognition to which their merits entitle them.

TOM TAYLOR.

THE UNKNOWN RIVER.

AN ETCHER'S VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

By the Author of 'Etching and Etchers.'

CHAPTER XII.

ON leaving Gueugnon, in the cool of a bright autumn evening I saw a magnificent piece of black oak which had been disengaged from the bed of the river during the great inundation, and thrown upon the high shore. The whole trunk was complete, and measured seventy feet in length by forty in girth. I cut it in several places with a penknife and found it as black as ebony. How many centuries it had lain in the river's bed I know not, but, judging from the colour and condition of the wood, which was all black bog-oak of the finest quality, the tree must have lain beneath the flowing water as long as the black oak in the deepest bogs of Ireland. What noble chambers might have been furnished out of it! what rich inlaying of parquets and wainscot would it not have supplied!

The landscape now began to wear an aspect of uncommon sadness and desolation. The river divided itself into many straggling currents in a wide desert of sand and pebbles. A low, yellow precipice of the same material hid all the fields from my sight, as I sat low in the canoe on the level of the dreary grey water. How mournfully, too, the water seemed to murmur down its tortuous, divided channels! For miles and miles there was nothing to be seen except a great château on the top of a bare slope, a long, ugly, melancholy building, enough to make one miserable to look at it, and think that any one could be condemned to live in it.

When I came near this château, the twilight was already very far advanced, and I landed to eat a little supper. The land was bare of trees, a desolate expanse of uncultivated soil, where a herd grazed in the distance. Suddenly I wondered not to see Tom galloping towards me, as he generally had done at these improvised meal-times on the shore. I called and whistled for him long and loudly, but in vain, and during all that remained of the voyage I saw his affectionate face no more. This caused me some anxiety, and rather spoiled my pleasure, but I trusted that he would find his way home again. On my return I made inquiries, and found that he had first returned to the inn at Gueugnon, after losing me in the tortuous channels of the river, and stayed at the inn till *déjeûner* the next morning. After his meal he suddenly disappeared, and the innkeeper could give no further

account of him. The same evening, however, he arrived at my house, a distance of fifty kilometres, where he rushed to his kennel at once, and fell down in it like lead, exhausted. The next day he was all right again. But it was a severe run, for no doubt he had made the fifty kilometres a hundred, and followed the

river's brink in the thick underwood; often, I dare say, swimming against the stream. I never knew such a persistent swimmer. He never had the sense to follow the canoe on the bank, but would always swim behind it, however cold the water or long the distance. It was this which had separated him from me. Being rather pressed for time in the late evening, I had pushed on too fast for Tom.

The voyage had been a lonely one from the beginning, but it seemed doubly solitary after the loss of my companion. I had never been able to do with him in the canoe,—he was much too large and heavy for that,—but every time I landed, either to make an etching or eat a dinner—and I never did either afloat—Tom had always joined me, and so the long solitude had been made less difficult to endure. I humbly thank Divine Providence for having invented dogs, and I regard that man with wondering pity who can lead a dogless life.

The dreary hours and the dreary landscape both came to an end at the same time. The moon rose, trees began to reappear on the river's brink, the scattered currents met together again, and there were vistas of prolonged perspective. I remember one especially, a scene of most perfect and extraordinary beauty. For a length of about a thousand fathoms the stream was straight as a cathedral aisle, and at about half the distance there was a transept on each side, that might

have been designed by art. All along, the shores were shaded by the richest foliage. Boughs hung gracefully till they dipped their golden leaves in the glassy water. Tall poplars rose at intervals, like towers, to mark the far perspective. It was midnight. A pure semi-transparent mist filled the still and silent air, and above in the clear heaven shone the round and brilliant moon. Not a sound was to be heard but the alternate dip of the paddle, which I used as gently as might be, for it seemed wrong to break so beautiful a mirror. At last I toiled no more, and the little boat glided on and on with its own motion, as if drawn by invisible spirits. During the whole voyage I had found nothing so exquisite as this, nor has any other impression fixed itself so perfectly in my memory.

That scène was too etherial to be etched, but next day I drew this bridge, partly because it was the last bridge on the Unknown River, and partly as a memorial of the great and disastrous flood. In these terrible months of 1870, when a thousand bridges that spanned the fair rivers of France, have been ruined to

check the progress of an invader more to be dreaded than any inundation, men pray that the rains may fall and the waters rise till the streams are all torrents and the plains all inland seas.

After this bridge, the scenery of the shore began to assume the large aspect that belongs to the stately Loire. A steep bank rose in the distance, clothed with vines and crowned with a group of buildings clustering round convent-towers. The current became swifter, as if the Unknown River were hastening to its end; it

curved rapidly once or twice, then suddenly behold an expanse of broad water before me, flowing westwards, and before I had time quite perfectly to realise the change, the canoe was carried out upon the Loire.

And so the voyage came to a successful end, and for the first time since first his waters flowed, the Unknown River has been navigated. Shall I conclude with a triumphant boast, and affirm that although Gaul and Roman have dwelt upon its shores, and reddened it in sanguinary conflict, its perfect exploration was reserved for the audacity of an Englishman? Let me rather, more modestly, rejoice in sharing that capacity for taking pleasure in the beauty of natural scenery which belongs to so many in our own time. It is this, much more than any particular satisfaction in the somewhat monotonous business of paddling, which constitutes the principal charm of all canoe voyages, and it is this, more peculiarly and especially, which made privations light to me, and labour pleasant, and time swift, during the weeks I spent in 'An Etcher's Voyage of Discovery.'

RESULTS.

A FEW words concerning the especial purpose of this voyage—etching from nature—may possibly be of use to a few readers who may undertake etching tours.

No art is more agreeable for direct work from nature than etching is. The rapidity of it, and its freedom, are greatly in its favour, and so is its remarkable independence of damp and wet. Many of the plates in this series were immersed in the river, after being etched, when the artist was upset; others were executed in bad weather, with the rain literally pouring over the copper in a manner which would have rendered any other kind of drawing quite impossible. In the course of the excursion I did sixty plates, from which these are selected. It is better, I think, to be rather prolific in production, and select afterwards the plates which seem most successful, than to spend much time in correcting bad plates in the studio. My advice to etchers would be to spend time rather in doing many plates than in polishing and mending a few. This may be contrary to the feeling of some painters, who rightly, in their art, obey the maxims of Boileau; but whatever value an etching may have depends mainly on the inspiration of the moment. If it were only possible to possess that inspiration always, the art would be easier than it is. The only consolation I have to suggest for the many failures and the disappointing uncertainty which ever attend it, is that it leads us to work from nature, and look at nature, in the most essentially artistic spirit.

I have applied myself, since this voyage was undertaken, to diminish the uncertainties of etching by improvements in some of its processes, of which an account is given elsewhere in this periodical. But although processes may be rendered chemically certain, and work more methodical, there is a practical difficulty in keeping to the safest methods when you work directly from Nature. The engravers, at least the more accomplished ones, are quite sure of what they do.

They begin by analysing the work to be done, and then proceed systematically from one order of labour to another, till the plate is finished. An etcher may in the same way make his work methodical in the studio, resuming it day after day, but in the hurry of working from Nature he is driven to do things as Nature pleases, and not as he pleases. For instance, it is a good rule to reserve skies and distances to the last; but in working from Nature, if a particularly good sky or a particularly good effect of light presents itself when the plate is just begun, it is impossible, and it would be unwise if it were possible, to resist the temptation to fix it there and then upon the copper. This involves endless trouble of stopping-out afterwards, when you come to the biting. Mr. Haden's slow and safe path, and Lalanne's rule of keeping lines that are to be deeply bitten well apart, making the lines closer and closer as the biting is to be shorter, are the best aids to the safety of etching that can be recommended. I would advise other etchers to use larger plates than these, whose small dimensions I found rather cramping to the hand.

In conclusion, it may be well to remind the reader that etchers who work directly from Nature may fairly expect a certain indulgence. All labour from Nature must have rather the qualities of a study, or of a sketch, than of a finished picture. Nature seldom leaves much time for thoughtful arrangement of subject, and prudent sequence of processes. The great thing is to secure the freshness of a first impression, and if this can be done the etcher may be pardoned for occasional incompleteness of composition, or the absence of what is called 'finish.'

THE HOTEL DE BEAUCHAMP, AT AUTUN.

THIS etching shows the interior of the court-yard of an old house at Autun, which has been pretty well preserved. I have not been able to ascertain the precise date of its erection, but we know that Nicolas Rolin, Chancellor of Burgundy, died there in the year 1461. The house is at present inhabited by workpeople, and the ground-floor is a joiner's workshop. It is confined within the limits of the donjon or fortress of Autun, one of the exterior towers of which is just behind the staircase tower in the etching.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PROCESS OF ETCHING.

1. *A new Ground.*—A mixture of Japan varnish thinned with turpentine, and a solution of beeswax in turpentine, quite fluid and well filtered, in equal quantities, makes a ground which may be applied to the plate as photographers apply collodion. The mixture must be used in a quite fluid state, and when the plate is cooled it must be left all night to dry in a place free from dust. On the following day a second coat must be applied in the same manner, and immediately smoked, without waiting for it to dry. After being smoked, the mixture hardens at once, and is as bright as a mirror, quite free from imperfections of any kind, and very agreeable to work in with the etching needle, whilst it resists the acid perfectly. The use of the two coats is to ensure adhesion to the plate. A single coat will shell off in the acid bath. The ground requires to be well filtered through an old linen rag.

This ground is more reliable than the one commonly used, which, as all experienced etchers are aware, is exposed to inequalities in the application, and is often treacherous in the acid bath. At the same time the new ground is more easily applied than the ether solution of the common ground, because it dries less rapidly. It may also be smoked much more easily. The Japan varnish is the hard ingredient, and the wax the soft one. The proportions of the two may be regulated according to the prevailing temperature.*

2. *To prevent rotten lines.*—Rotten lines are lines in which breaks occur, or which present the appearance of a series of dashes and dots. To prevent their occurrence first clean the plate with the finest emery paper, and then plunge it in a Haden bath till it takes a uniform tint. About one minute's immersion suffices. The slight roughening of the plate is easily removed afterwards, without injury to the etching. The Haden bath is composed of ten parts of hydrochloric acid, two of chlorate of potash, and eighty-eight of water. The slight roughening of the plate ensures at the same time the adhesion of the ground. It also obviates the deceptive glitter of the lines during work.

3. *To prevent the burning of the ground during the operation of smoking.*—In the ordinary manner of smoking a ground the flame of tapers twisted together is brought in contact with the ground and rapidly passed along its surface. In this way the ground is frequently burnt, at least partially, and sometimes defects of this kind are only discovered when the plate has been drawn upon, and is already in the bath. To prevent the possibility of this, wire-gauze may be placed between the flame and the plate. The flame is arrested by the gauze (principle of Davy's safety-lamp), but the smoke rises through it unimpeded, and in much greater quantity than before. By holding the plate five or six inches above the gauze we insure its safety from attack by fire, whilst at the same time it is perfectly smoked.

In the new Japan ground the main advantage over the ether solution of the ordinary ground (which may be applied in the same manner) is, that it takes smoking better. If the

* In cold weather the ground must be made softer, and in warm weather harder.

ground, however, is smoked over the wire-gauze it does not solidify so rapidly afterwards as when the flame just touches it, or nearly touches it.* Yet, as this ground is exceedingly inflammable, great care is required to avoid burning if the gauze is not used. The less we smoke this or any ground the better, as a mixture of lampblack by no means strengthens the nature of the ground, and is valuable only because it shows the lines better.

It is a great thing to get rid of dabbers, which almost always convey foreign particles to the ground. As to the inconvenience of waiting a night for the plate to dry, it is practically of little consequence, and the ether solution requires equal patience. On the whole, the Japan ground is the most perfect, and the most reliable, that I have tried.

Etchers who use very blunt points for parts of their work will find this ground too hard for them, and should greatly increase the proportion of the wax solution. In cold weather they may dispense with the Japan almost entirely. Each etcher, according to his mode of practice, has the facility for hardening or softening the ground at pleasure, by altering the proportion of the two solutions.

P. G. H.

PALISSY.

THE brilliant school of the French Renaissance, sculptors, architects, painters, engravers, are all reputed to have been more or less influenced by the teaching of 'la Religion.' Tradition has fastened on the names of Palissy, Jehan Cousin, Bullant, Stephanus, (Etienne Delaune), Germain Pilon, and the two Bunel; to the memory of Goujon she has attached the touching legend of his death, a martyr of the St. Bartholomew, as he stood upon his scaffold, retouching some unfinished work; but with the solitary exception of Palissy, tradition comes down to us unsupported by direct proof. History has embalmed the brutal freaks of Charles the Ninth, the midnight excursions of Margaret of Navarre, the suppers and intrigues of Catharine de Medicis, whilst it is only by laborious research amongst the account-books of chapters and princes that we can ascertain even so much as an isolated date in the lives of those who reflected lustre on the courts of the Valois. But though making one of this group, Palissy stands somewhat alone, for he was wholly carried away by one of the two great movements of his age. His uncompromising Calvinist convictions, his strong individuality, and the self-confidence of the self-taught artisan, marked him out for dislike and persecution, and prevented him from being penetrated by any tincture of that Humanist culture which it was then the task of France to keep alive, and spread through Europe. Of the life of Palissy we know much, but it is to Palissy himself that we owe the chief of our knowledge concerning him. From his contemporaries we learn little: D'Aubigné twice records the memorable dialogue which took place on Henry the Third's visit to him when imprisoned in the Bastille at the suit of Launoy, a renegade minister. 'If you will not abjure,' said the king, 'I am forced to leave you in the hands of your enemies.' And Palissy dismissed him with these words, 'You have said, "I am forced." Neither you nor those who force you can force me, for I know how to die.' In 1590, his death is chronicled by L'Estoile. A prisoner for religion in the *cachots* of the Bastille of Bussi Leclerc, he died aged 80, of want, misery, and ill-treatment. The day before his death he sent, by the hand of a female relation, two curious stones, one which he used in his work, the other a fossil skull, as a parting gift to L'Estoile, who had done for him in his need,—not what he would but what he could. In the morning the woman going back, through streets made terrible by the horrors of the siege, that she might see how the old man did, was told 'He is dead.' 'And,' added Bussi, 'if you wish to see him you will find him on the ramparts with my dogs, for I have had him thrown there like a dog as he was.' D'Aubigné tells us how he bore himself in the face of death, L'Estoile how he died; but if we wish to learn more of Palissy, as man, artist, or martyr, we must seek it at his own hands.

Two passages in his writings have become popular by force of repeated quotation. His description in the 'Recepte véritable' of the commencement and troubles of the Reformed

* It takes twelve hours to harden properly.

Church in Saintes, of which he was a member, and the passage in 'L'Art de la Terre,' containing a minute chronicle of his painful labours, and of the distressing hardships to which he subjected his family and himself, in his efforts to produce enamelled ware. Both these passages are so remarkable for the simple dignity of their style, and are so rich in dramatic incident, that they naturally produce a powerful impression even on the superficial reader. In point of general interest there is nothing else to be compared to them, either in the 'Recepte véritable,' or in the 'Discours,' but to the historian of Physical Science, or the student of his work and the times in which it was executed, there is scarcely a page in his writings which is not full of illustration and allusion. Complete appreciation of the artist is only possible in conjunction with thorough knowledge of the man. This is true with special truth as regards Palissy. 'He was,' says one of his contemporaries (La Croix du Maine), '*d'un esprit merveilleusement prompt et aigu.*' He owed everything to the natural force and vigour of his character and understanding, and consequently was always inclined to feel aggrieved when credit and influence were bestowed on men of education and accomplishments, but whom he suspected or knew to be inferior to himself in native acuteness and original power. It is this sentiment which lurks behind the open dislike which he frequently displays towards Philibert de Lorme. It is acknowledged that Philibert de Lorme, if not a great architect was a man of special constructive ability, and he stood in high favour with all the Valois. As Superintendent of Works to Catharine de Medicis, he had Palissy in some degree under his control, and conscious of his superiority in point of character and genius, Palissy was chafed at the commanding position occupied by De Lorme in virtue of his cultivation and acquirement. In his treatise 'Des Eaux et Fontaines,' he taunts him covertly as the French architect who had made himself, as it were, the god of sculptors and architects, who possessed 20,000 in *bénéfices*, and knew how to get on at court; then he attacks him openly as *Monsieur l'Architecte de la Royne*, who had hung about Italy, and had got power and authority over all the other artisans of *la dite Dame*, and twits him with the failure of his projected waterworks, which might have been easily executed had he possessed ever so little '*philosophie naturelle sans aucunes lettres.*' '*Opinâtreté*' is a quality commonly ascribed by Catholics to Huguenots. Palissy was typically '*opinâtre.*' Both as Huguenot and artist his convictions were strong, and his self-reliance intense; he had set himself severe tasks, and had never found himself unequal to them. Not a trace of self-doubt is to be found in any of his writings, or in any of his work. He employed the fruits of the Renaissance just as confidently, with as clear a sense of ownership, as he would have employed the forms of any strange shell or foreign bird. From his daily conversation and fixed habit of mind, French charm and pliancy were banished, just as they are banished from the daily conversation and fixed habit of mind of a French Huguenot at the present day; but they found a vent through the fingers, and took besides a certain severe accentuation and sober force which now and then become almost grandeur. A poorer nature coupled with this ascetic cast of character would have dwarfed and narrowed under the shadow of it; on the fertile genius of Palissy, with its diversity of interests, it seems to have acted as little more than a wholesome check. The influences then flowing in on the French world of art were peculiar. All the artists of Paris were working under a foreign stimulus. It has been said with equal justice and felicity that 'Italian art was dying out as a French exotic.' There clings to the very best sixteenth-century work in France a strange air of over-swift maturity. The technical imperfections of a growing school are surcharged by the over-refinements and wilful affectations of one verging on decay. The habit of solitary effort produced in Palissy an independence of judgment and want of veneration for authority which preserved him from the taint of Florentine '*afféterie*,' which poisons with its strained elegance the work of Germain Pilon, and which now and again infects even the stronger and healthier Goujon. Paris, with the revelation of the ideals of Greece and Italy, drew aside the northern veil which hung before his eyes, but Palissy did not suffer his own personality to pass away with it. His work retained that '*naïveté*' and distinctness of purpose which stamp it as the product of original thought.

There is a large oval plate, lithographed, in the 'Album Dusommerard,' it is described as '*Femme couchée avec jeux d'enfance.*' The lithograph is but a coarse and blurred image of the original; but those to whom the original is not accessible may gain from it some idea of the fine natural sentiment with which Palissy could treat the nude. The Ceres and Bacchus cup, together with several exquisite specimens of his decorative work, are reproduced

with greater success in 'Monumens inédits de la France,' by M. Willemin. Besides their beauty of colour, they are remarkable for great elegance of outline and the perfectly adjusted decision of their forms. It has been inferred, by MM. Riocreux and Alex. Brongniart, that the *coupe esmaillé* which stimulated the first efforts of Palissy was of German origin, because the work of Palissy, in common with the faïence of Nuremberg, is distinguished by unmodulated tints, and the employment of figures and ornaments in high relief. It is a point of minor importance which cannot be proved, and for the decision of which we may be content to accept the opinion of such experienced authorities. But this opinion must rest wholly on technicalities. It is only at the first glance that any of Palissy's ware appear to be German in character. The *porte lumière* of the Cluny collection, lithographed in Dusommerard, deceives by its strong air of quaint realism the hasty observer; but a more lengthened examination convinces us that its character is due, not to foreign influence, but to the bias of Palissy's own taste, which, even when somewhat provincial, is still supremely French. Probabilities are in favour of the early belief in the Italian origin of the enamelled cup. Francis I. imported not only the ware of Florence, but her artists also. In 1532, Girolamo della Robbia, executing the works in faïence of the château of Madrid, received a pension from Francis, and bore the title of *émailleur du roi.* The secret which Palissy chose to penetrate for himself, he might have learned at Paris. His choice was fortunate. He created a new type in his art essentially national, owing nothing to foreign imitation.

In spite of the innumerable lives and notices of Palissy and his work, in French alone, much remains to be done. For instance, no satisfactory explanation has yet been offered of the remark made by Henry III. in 1588, that Palissy had then been forty-five years in the service of the Queen-mother and himself. Forty-five years take us back to Francis I.; and even if we interpret Henry's speech liberally, as covering the whole house of Valois, we are as far as ever from a satisfactory conclusion, unless we like to accept the statement of M. de Clarac (which rests apparently on his own authority), that Francis I. made Palissy director of two establishments for the production of *poterie vernissée* at Rouen and Limoges. But this is manifestly absurd; for, at the usual calculation, Palissy did not achieve success till about the accession of Henry II. in 1547; and there are passages in his works which seem to cast a doubt even on that date as too early. In this short notice it is impossible to enter into the question fully, and the many other doubtful points, together with the ceaseless suppositions by various writers of unproved facts, must also be passed over in silence. There is an article by M. Pottier in the text to Willemin's 'Monumens inédits de la France,' which, though very brief, is distinguished above many more voluminous compositions, by critical insight and conscientious accuracy in matters of fact. M. Pottier justly rejects the unauthorised gift made to Palissy of the windows from Ecouen containing the history of Psyche.* He estimates Palissy as a potter. His claims as a chymist have been carefully weighed by M. Hoefer and M. Chevreul, whilst all that can be known of his labours and sufferings for *la religion* will be found in an article written with unusual care in 'La France Protestante' of MM. Eug. and Em. Haag.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

TAINE'S ESSAY ON INTELLIGENCE.

(*Second Notice.*)

WE now to proceed to the consideration of images. The painter's first gift, the gift which most distinguishes him from other men, is that of receiving and retaining them, and calling them forth at pleasure, and fusing them together afterwards in the beautiful or affecting unities of the creative imagination.

The first notable fact is, that the eye may receive an image an unlimited number of times without either conveying it to the brain or fixing it in the memory; consequently without attention we learn nothing. No one ever saw a single natural object artistically who had not looked at it with intentional reference to art, either as artist or

* Engraved in H. Lenoir's 'Musée des Monumens Français.'

student. Our blindness to what is before our eyes may be proved in many ways. For example, English military men always write that the *morale* of their troops is excellent, which is quite absolute and pure nonsense. They imagine that *morale* used in this sense is a French word, which it is not; the word all Frenchmen would use is *moral*, yet English officers read French books on war and go on writing about the *morale* of their troops just the same. So with the pet English phrases (they are not French ones) 'coûte qui coûte' and 'à l'outrance,' which have neither grammar nor sense. No Frenchmen ever said or wrote either the one or the other, yet English writers who read French meet the phrases *coûte que coûte* and *à outrance* continually, and as continually Anglicise them into barbarisms. The eye sees *moral, coûte que coûte,* and *à outrance;* but the brain having a pre-conceived idea, due to erroneous English usage, receives the impressions *morale, coûte qui coûte,* and *à l'outrance.* Another good example is 'Claude Lorraine,' a piece of bad grammar, of which not a single countryman of Claude ever was or could be guilty. Seeing that Claude was of the masculine gender, he was a Lorrain and not a Lorraine; just as the present Emperor is a *Parisien* and not a *Parisienne.* Yet English writers have talked about Claude Lorraine for generations, and it is to be supposed that when they meet with Claude Lorrain in French books they see a final *e* which does not exist. But a much more striking instance of habitual oversight than these is the following. Ask any Frenchman, however well educated, provided he is not a printer, whether capital letters take accents, and he will reply unhesitatingly that they do not; open a French book and you will find the capitals accented from beginning to end. The explanation is, that since capital letters are not accented in manuscript, Frenchmen do not see the accents on them in print, and are altogether unaware that accents are used in print, until you direct their attention to the fact, when, after looking through several volumes, they admit it finally in great astonishment. Again, the French believe that the animal on the arms of England is a leopard and not a lion, and so strong is the force of a pre-conceived idea, that they tell us the British lion is never represented with the leonine attributes, that he has no mane, whereas the fact is that in all paintings or carvings of the arms of England, whether old or modern, the leonine attributes are quite perfectly defined.

When we come to the more subtle natural appearances upon which artistic representation depends we have abundant evidence that facts of structure and colour do not reach the brain which is not educated to receive them. Few people have any knowledge of the modifications of hue produced on an object when direct sunshine falls upon it, and it may be quite safely asserted that *no one* knows the structure of any thing whatever until he has studied it. Even the most famous painters, though educated to see form and colour, must in addition to this general education study the structure of each thing specially before they can paint it. There have been classical masters of the figure who could not paint a stone or a tree; and accomplished landscape-painters who could not draw a tolerable figure. Every violinist knows that although violins are continually painted, it is next to impossible to find an instance of a violinist in a picture who holds his bow properly, or has a properly constructed instrument. The painter does not see the awkwardness of a bow-hand, which the violinist sees at a glance.

It follows that to receive an image on the brain, and retain it there, we need the exercise of a considerable force of attention, either intensely excited attention during a short time, or quieter attention spread over a longer time. If you found the corpse of a murdered man in a wood, your excited attention would fix the image of it in the memory, but to remember the plants in the wood it would be necessary to give more prolonged and repeated attention, because any attention you could give to the plants would be of a far milder character. The art of learning to paint is mainly the art of fixing images in the memory, but this subject is too large to be treated at the end of an article, and will require a paper to itself. EDITOR.

London: Printed by STRANGEWAYS AND WALDEN, Castle Street, Leicester Square.